

SONGS FOR YOUNG CANADIANS

R. T. BEVAN



BOOK ONE

NELSON

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SONGS FOR YOUNG CANADIANS

Book One

FOR USE IN GRADUATES 1, 2, 3, 4

EDITED AND ARRANGED

BY

R. T. BEVAN, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O.

HEAD INSTRUCTOR, PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

ALBANY, N.Y., CANADA

SUMMER SCHOOL

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SONGS FOR YOUNG CANADIANS

BOOK ONE

FOR USE IN GRADES 1, 2, 3, & 4

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

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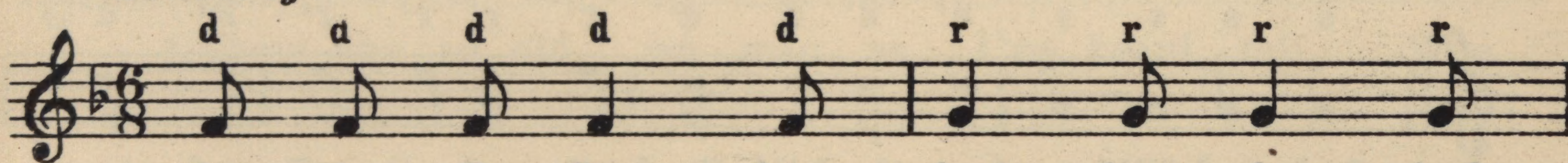
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NURSERY SONGS.

Many of these nursery songs may be dramatized in a simple manner.

LITTLE BO - PEEP.

Tenderly.



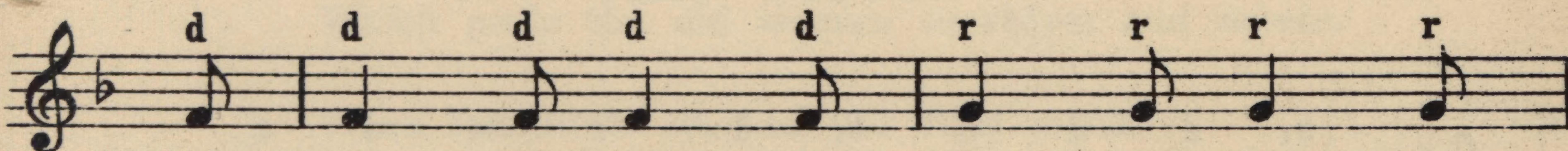
1. Lit - tle Bo - Peep has lost her sheep, And
2. Lit - tle Bo - Peep fell fast a - sleep, And



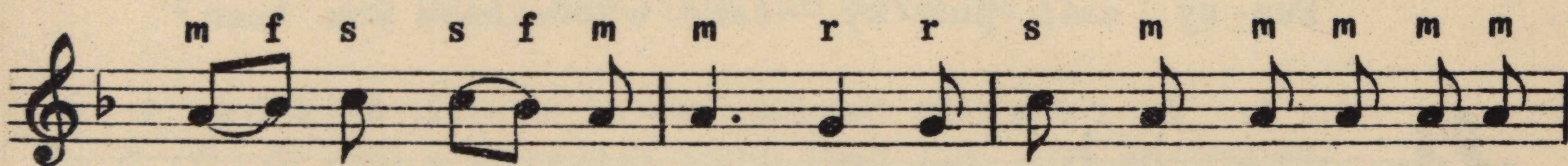
can't tell where to find them; Leave them a - lone and
dreamt she heard them bleat - ing; When she a - woke, she



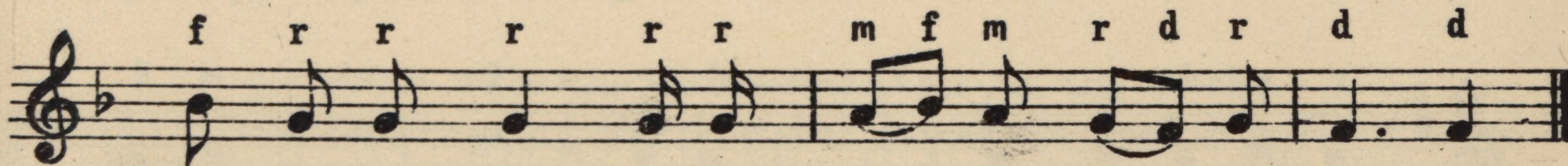
they will come home, And bring their tails be - hind them.
found it a joke, For they were still a - fleet - ing.



3. Then up she took her lit - tle crook, De -

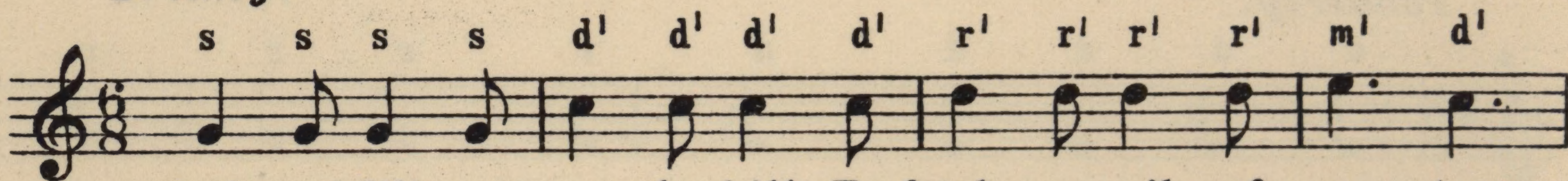


ter - min'd for to find them; She found them in-deed, but it

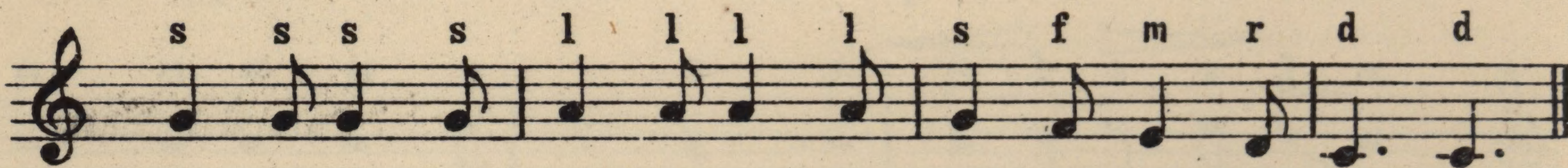


made her heart bleed, For they'd left their tails be - hind them.

JACK AND JILL.

Briskly.

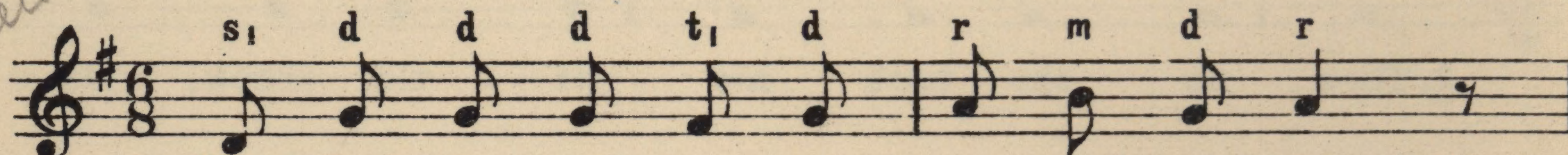
1. Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa - ter;



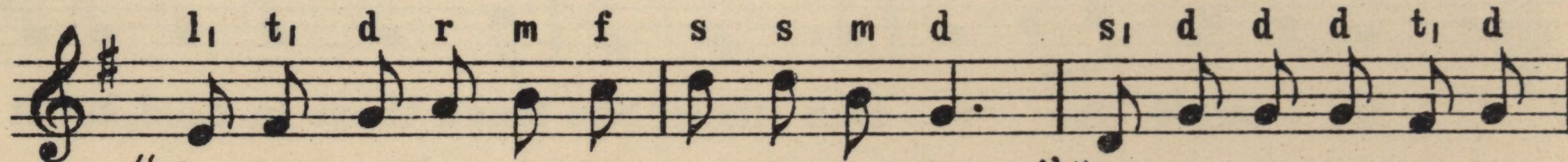
Jack fell down, and broke his crown, And Jill came tum-bling af - ter.

2. Up Jack got and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
Went to bed to mend his head
With vinegar and brown paper.

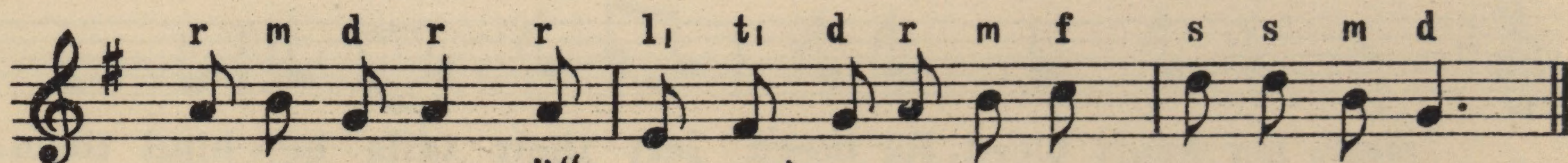
PUSSY CAT.



"Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat, where have you been?"



"I've been to Lon-don to see the new Queen." "Pus-sy cat, pus-sy cat,



what did you there?" "I fright-en'd a lit-tle mouse un-der a chair."

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN.

In steady rhythm.

d d d d s s s l l s s

 I. There was an old wo - man, as I've heard tell, Who

f f m m m r r r d d d d s s s

 went to mar-ket her eggs for to sell; She went to mar - ket all

l l l l s s f f f m m m r r d

 on a market day, And she fell a-sleep on the King's high-way.

2. There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and sneeze.
3. When this little woman did first awake
She began to shiver and began to shake
She began to wonder, she began to cry,
"Oh deary me! this can never be I!"
4. "But if it be I, as I hope it may be,
I've a doggie at home that I'm sure knows me.
And if it be I, he will wag his tail,
And if it's not I, he will bark and wail!"
5. Home went the old woman all in the dark,
Then up got her dog and began to bark.
He began to bark; she began to cry,
"Deary me, dear! this is none of I!"

BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP.

p d d s s l l l l s *mf* f f m m

Baa! Baa! Black Sheep, have you an - y wool? Yes sir, yes sir,

r r d s s s f f f m m m r r

three bags full; One for my mas-ter and one for my dame, But

s s s f s l f m r r d

none for the lit - tle boy who lives down the lane.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK!

m f s s l t d' m

Hick - o - ry, dick - o - ry dock! — The

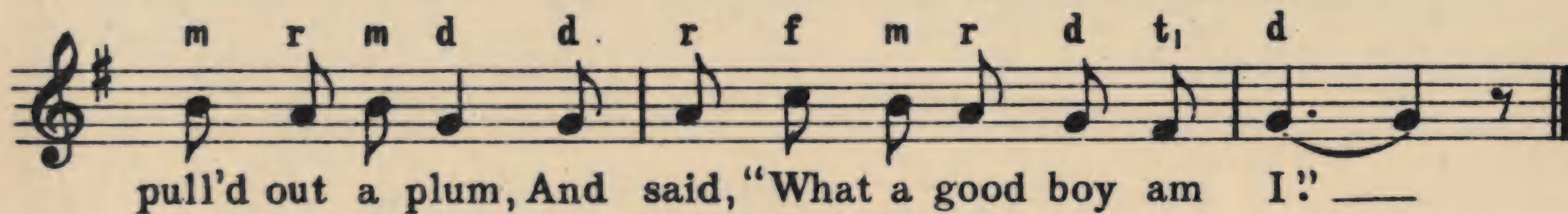
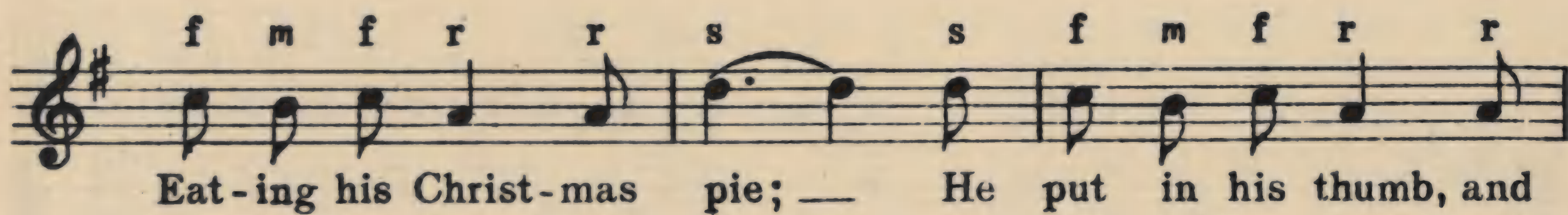
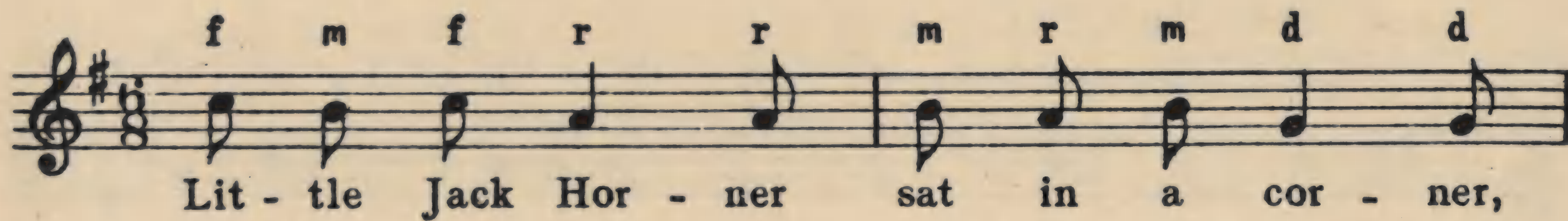
m f s s l t d' s d' d' t t

mouse ran up the clock; The clock struck one, The

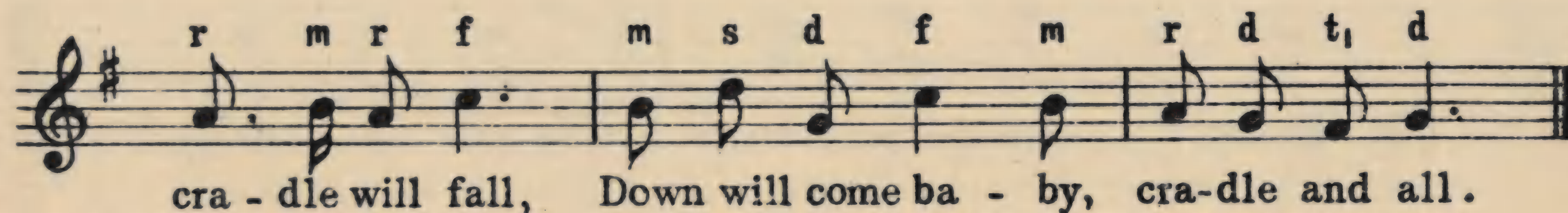
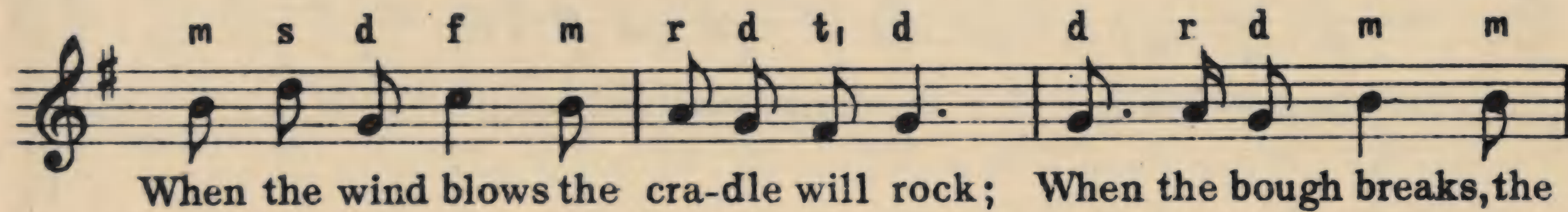
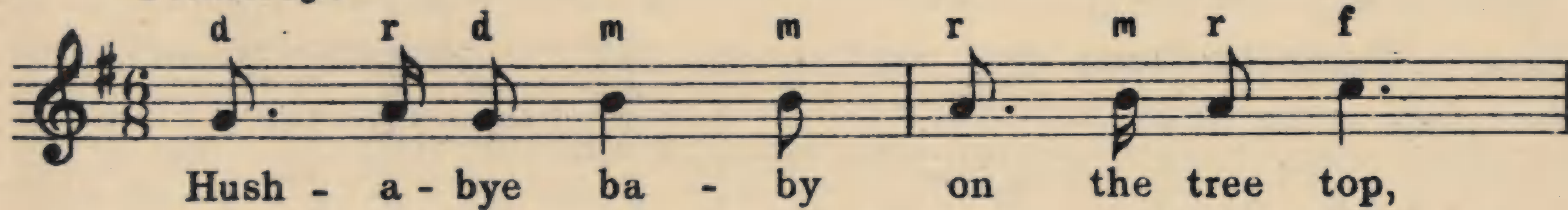
l l s s l s f m r d

mouse ran down, Hick - o - ry, dick - o - ry dock! —

LITTLE JACK HORNER.



HUSH-A-BYE BABY.

Tenderly.

SEE SAW SACRADOWN.

[illegible]

See Saw Sa - cra-down, which is the way to Lon-don town?

s s d d d s s d d r m f s l s m d

One boot up and the oth-er down, and this is the way to London town.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Hump-ty Dump-ty sat on the wall, Hump-ty Dump-ty

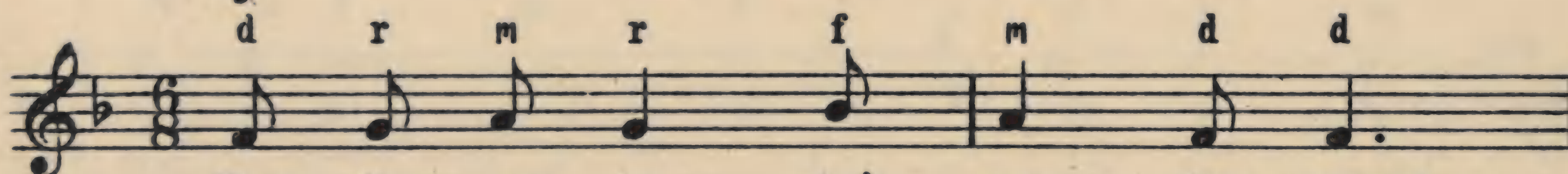
s m d r m m s f f l s l t d' d' r'

had a great fall. All the king's hor-ses and all the king's men Couldn't

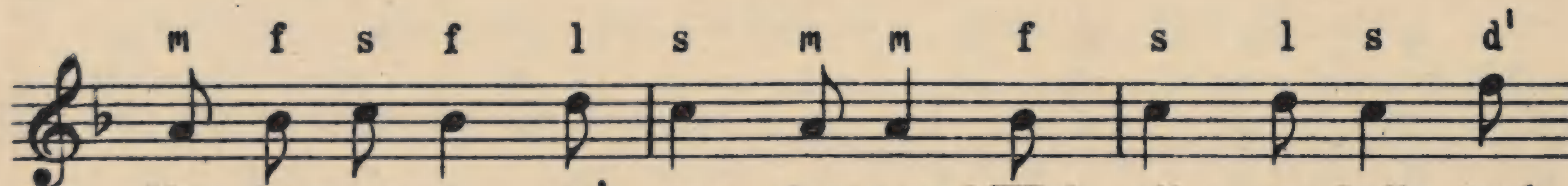
First line of musical notation: m¹ d¹ d¹ f¹ f¹ m¹ r¹ d¹ t d¹

put Hump - ty Dump - ty to - geth - er a - gain.

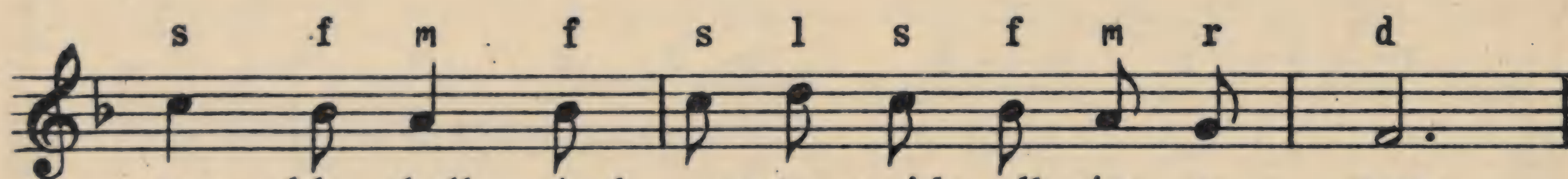
HOW DOES MY LADY'S GARDEN GROW.

Gaily.

How does my la - dy's gar - den grow?

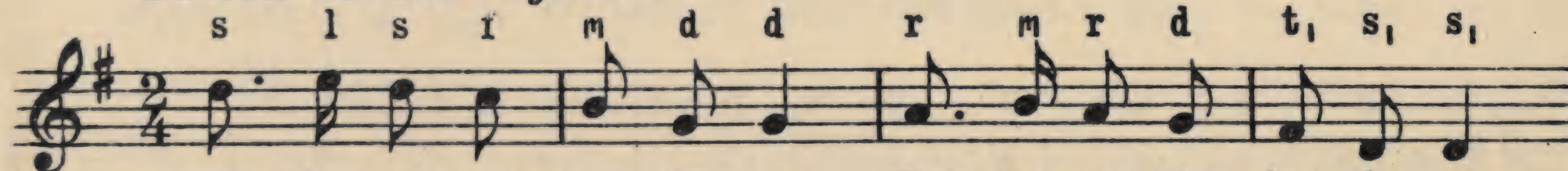


How does my la - dy's gar - den grow? With sil - ver bells and

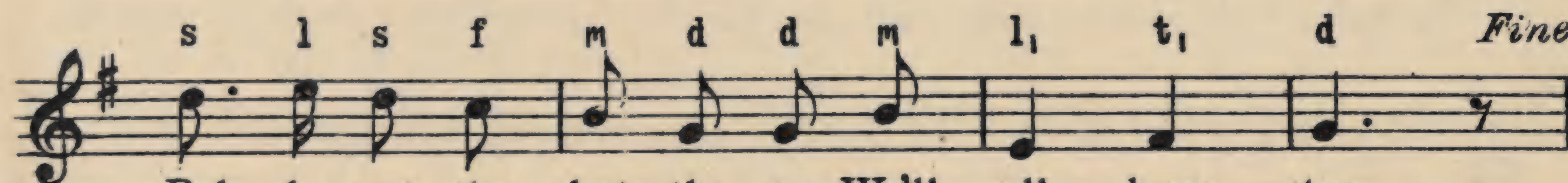
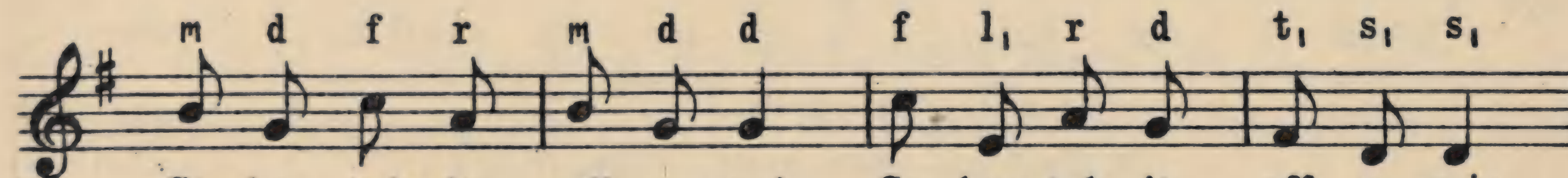


coc - kle shells And pret - ty maids all in a row.

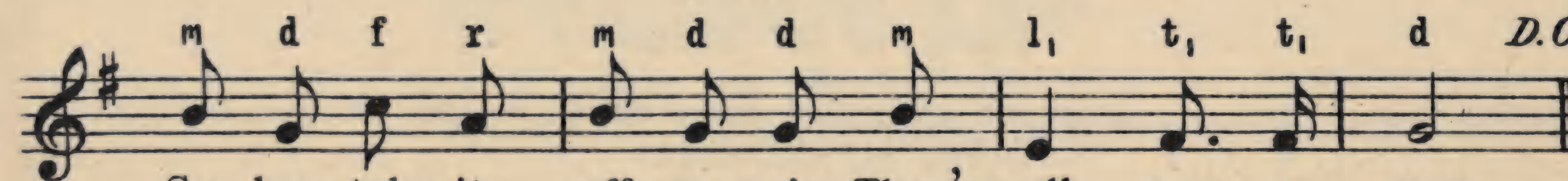
POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON.

In well marked rhythm.

Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on,

Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, We'll all have tea. *Fine.*

Su - key, take it off a - gain, Su - key, take it off a - gain,

Su - key, take it off a - gain, They've all gone a - way. *D.C.*

TOM, TOM.

X
3

Tom, Tom, the pi - per's son, Stole a pig and a -

way did run; The pig was eat, and

Tom was beat, And Tom ran roar - ing down the street.

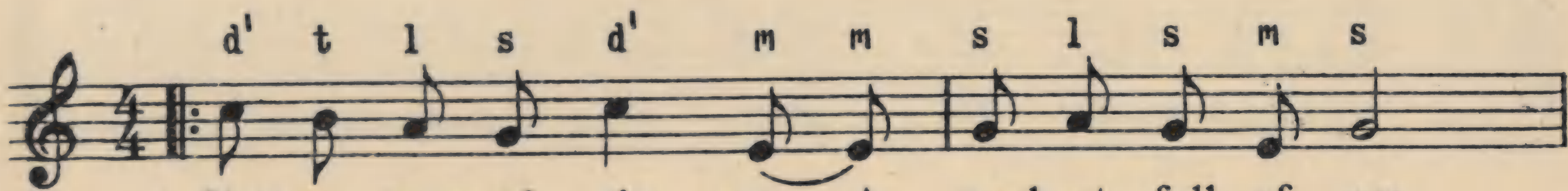
LAVENDER'S BLUE.

1. Lav - en - der's blue, dil - ly, dil - ly, Lav - en - der's green;

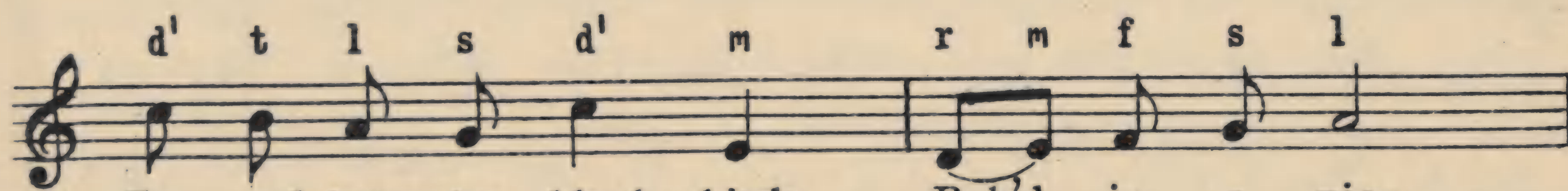
When I am king, dil - ly, dil - ly, You shall be queen.

2. Call up your men, dilly, dilly!
Set them to work;
Some to the plough, dilly, dilly!
Some to the cart.
3. Some to make hay, dilly, dilly!
Some to cut corn;
While you and I, dilly, dilly!
Keep ourselves warm.

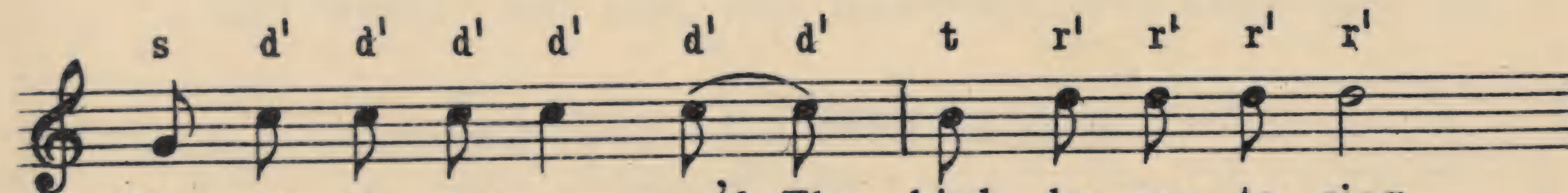
SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.



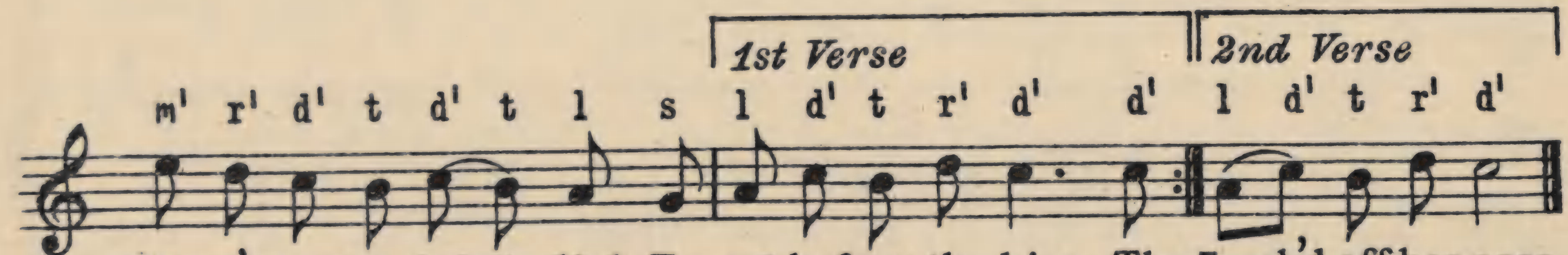
1. Sing a song of six - pence, A pock-et full of rye,



Four and twen-ty black - birds Bak'd in a pie,



When the pie was o - pen'd The birds be-gan to sing,



Was-n't that a dainty dish To set before the king. The [peck'd off her nose.

2. The king was in his counting-house,
 Counting out his money:
 The queen was in the parlour,
 Eating bread and honey:
 The maid was in the garden
 Hanging out the clothes,
 When down flew a little bird
 And pecked off her nose.

LUCY LOCKET.

Lu - cy Lock - et lost her pock - et,
 Kit - ty Fish - er found it; But ne'er a pen - ny
 was there in't, Ex - cept the bind - ing round it.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

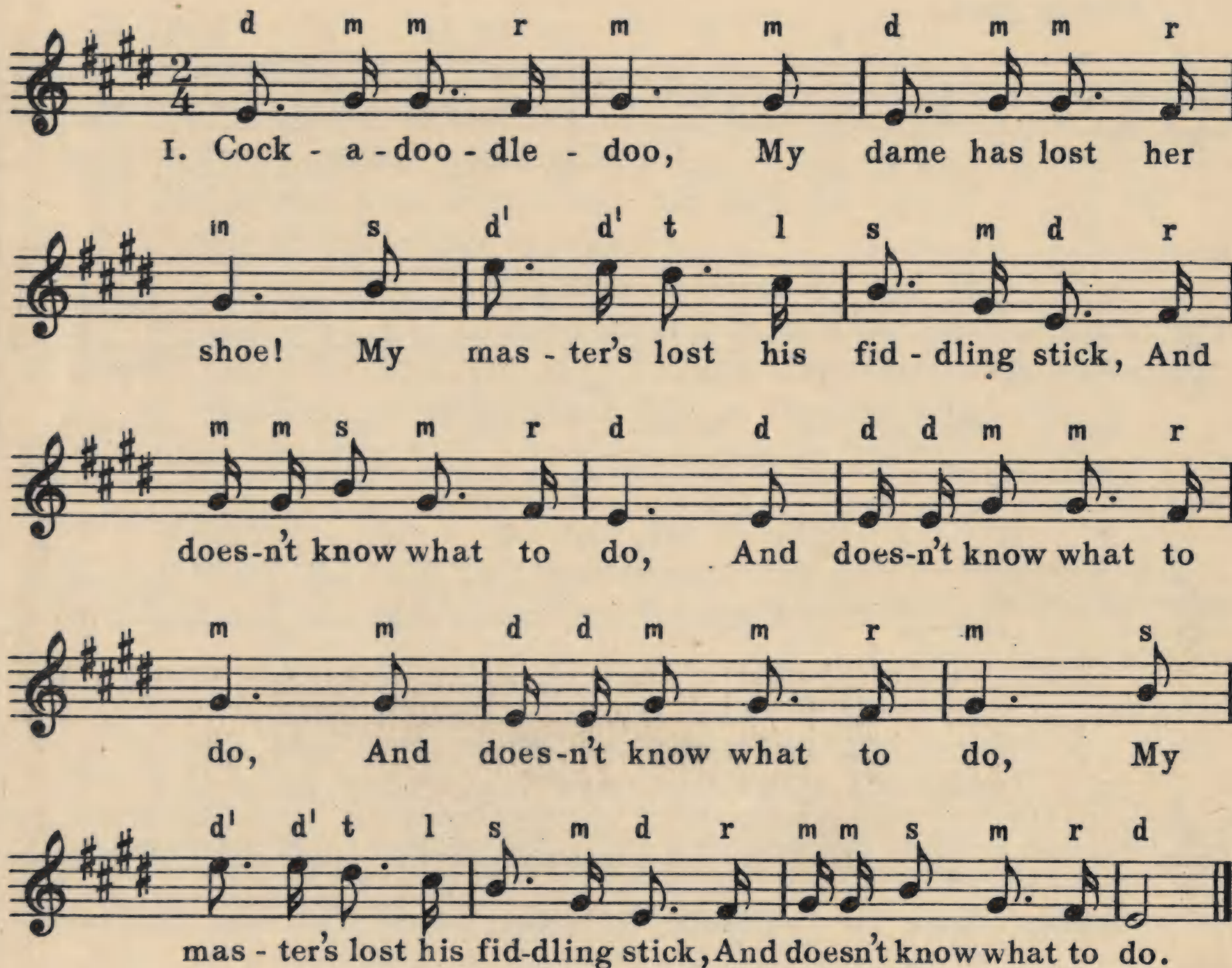
1. There were three lit - tle kit - tens Put on their mit - tens, To
 eat some Christmas pie, Meow, meow, meow, meow, Meow, meow, meow.

2. These three little kittens,
 They lost their mittens,
 And all began to sigh,
 Meow, meow, meow, meow,
 Meow, meow, meow.

3. The three little kittens,
 They found their mittens,
 And joyfully did cry,
 Meow, meow, meow, meow,
 Meow, meow, meow.

(18 minutes)

COCK - A - DOODLE - DOO !



I. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo, My dame has lost her
shoe! My mas - ter's lost his fid - dling stick, And
does-n't know what to do, And does-n't know what to
do, And does-n't know what to do, My
mas - ter's lost his fid-dling stick, And doesn't know what to do.

2. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

What is my dame to do?

Till master's found his fiddling stick

She'll dance without her shoe.

3. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

My dame has found her shoe,

And master's found his fiddling stick,

Sing doodle-doodle-doo.

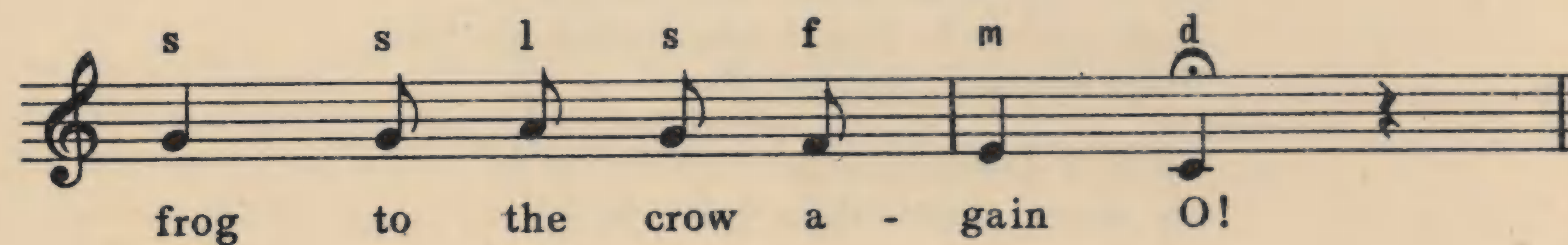
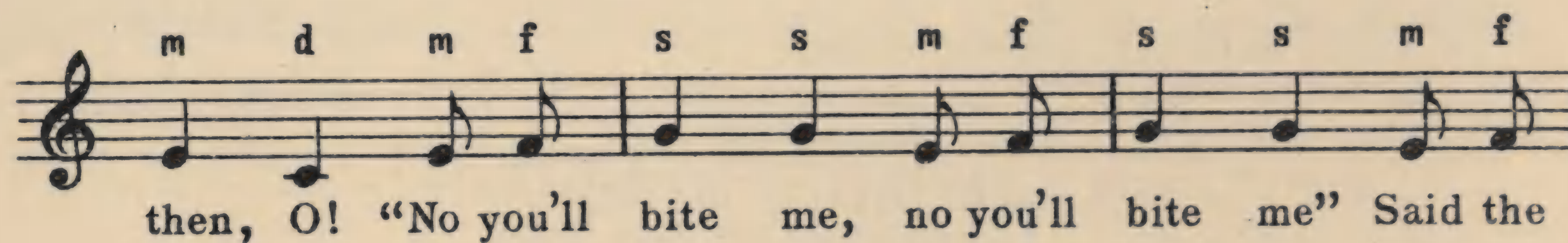
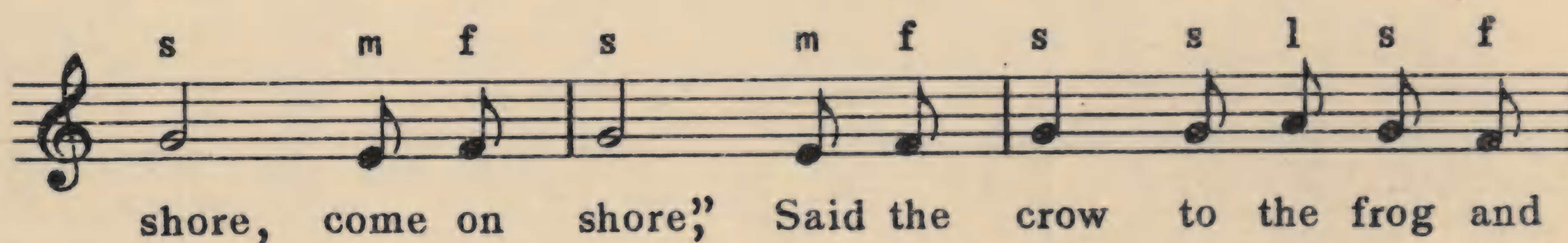
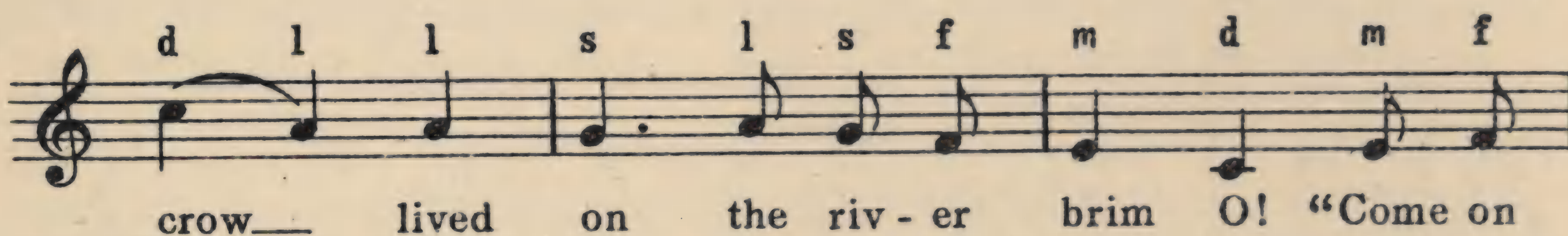
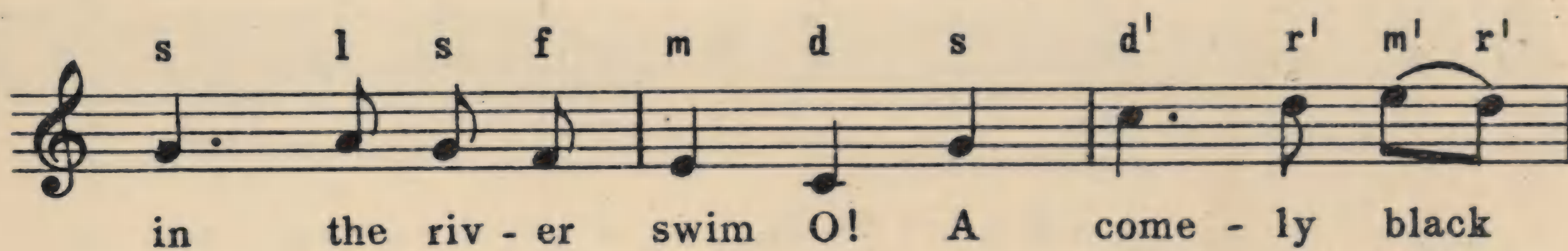
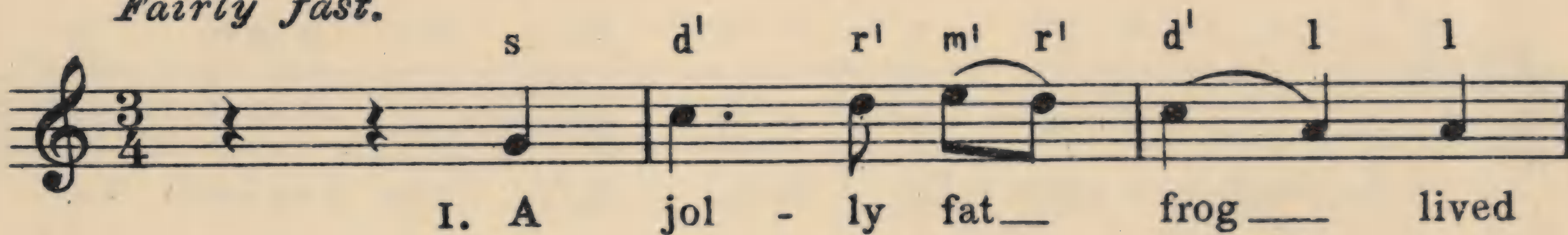
4. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

My dame will dance for you,

While master fiddles his fiddling stick,

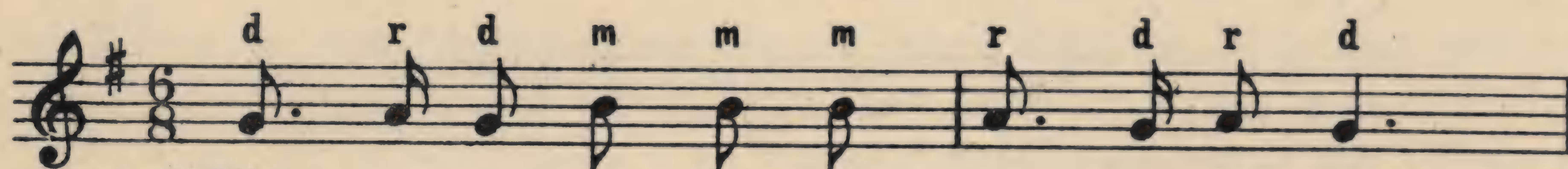
For dame and doodle-doo.

THE FROG AND THE CROW.

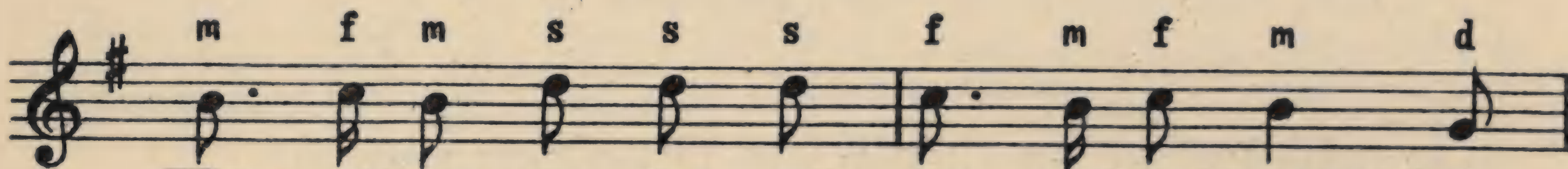
Fairly fast.

2. "O there is sweet music on yonder green hill O!
And you shall be a dancer, a dancer in yellow,
All in yellow, all in yellow"
Said the crow to the frog and then O!
"All in yellow, all in yellow"
Said the frog to the crow and then O!
3. "Farewell, ye little fishes that in the river swim O!
I'm going to be a dancer, a dancer in yellow?"
"O beware! O beware!"
Said the fish to the frog and then O!
"I'll take care, I'll take care,"
Said the frog to the fish again O!
4. The frog began a swimming, a swimming to land O!
And the crow began jumping to give him a hand O!
"Sir, you're welcome, sir, you're welcome,"
Said the crow to the frog and then O!
"Sir, I thank you, sir, I thank you,"
Said the frog to the crow again O!
5. "But where is the sweet music on yonder green hill O?
And where are the dancers, the dancers all in yellow?
All in yellow, all in yellow,"
Said the frog to the crow and then O!
Sir, they're here, sir, they're here,"
Said the crow to the frog — [Swallows the frog]
(All shout)

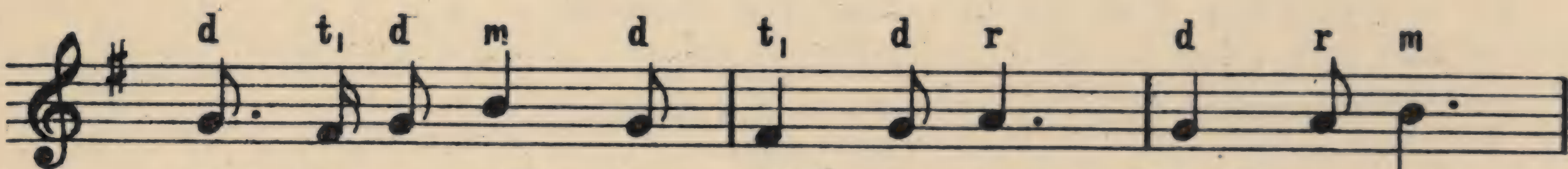
WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO?



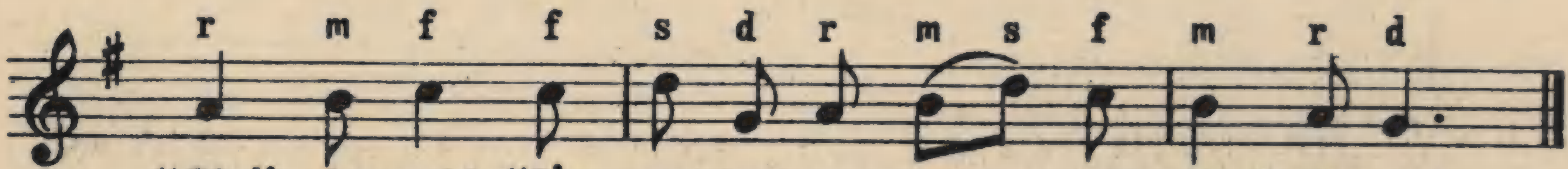
I. "Where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid,



Where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid?" "I'm



go - ing a - milk - ing, sir," she said, "Sir," she said,



"Sir," she said, "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.

2. "Shall I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes if you please, kind sir," she said.
3. "What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
4. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
5. "Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid"
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

ACTION SONGS AND SINGING GAMES.

COME, LET US BE JOYFUL.

Traditional.

m f m f s d' d' d r d r

(1) Come, let us be joy - ful While life is

m f m r m f m f s d' d'

bright and gay, Come, ga - ther its rose - buds

m m r d r d *Fine.* s s f r m f

Ere they fade a - way. (2) Oh, don't you wor-ry and

s m d s s f r m f

don't you fret, (3) There's lots of life in the

s m d s l f d' l s m d' s

old world yet, We'll take the rose, the thorn for - get, (4) And

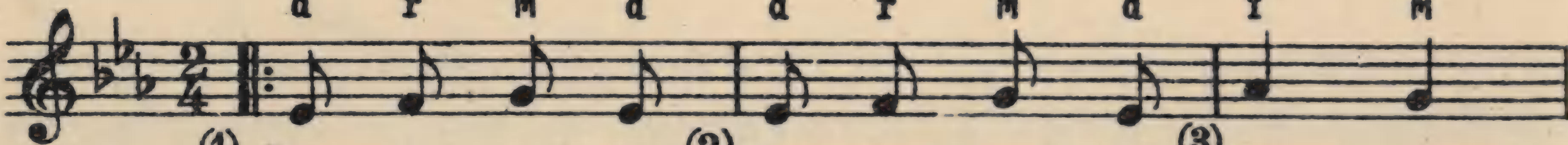
s l s s f m m r *D. C.*

go our way re - joic - ing.

Actions: (1) Clap hands. (2) Nod head from side to side. (3) Point with finger. (4) Clap hands.

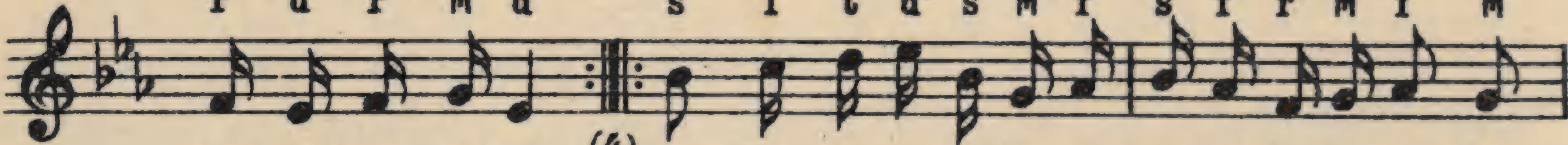
CLAP, CLAP, PARTNER.

Traditional.



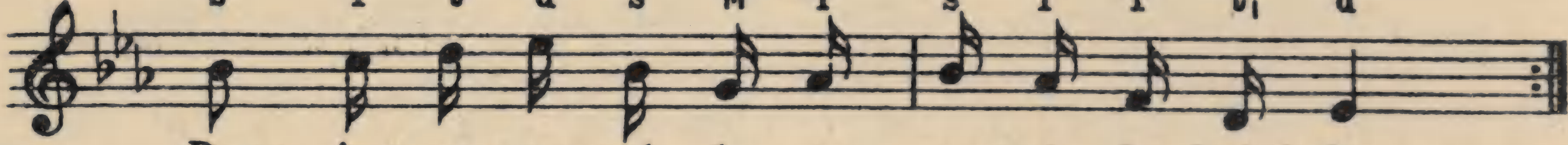
 d r m d d r m d f m

 (1) Clap, clap, part-ner, (2) Clap, clap, neigh-bour, (3) Stamp, stamp,



 r d r m d s l t d' s m f s f r m f m

 turn yourself a-bout (4) Danc-ing so merrily, so merri-ly to-ge-ther,



 s l t d' s m f s f r t, d

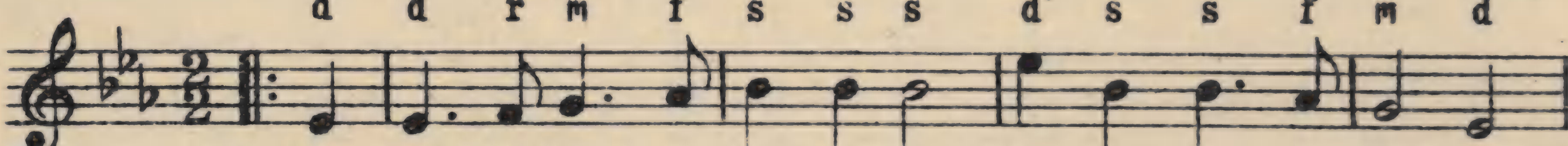
 Danc-ing so mer-ri-ly, so mer-ri-ly, heigh ho.

Actions: Children in pairs. (1) Clap. (2) Turn to opposite child and clap. (3) Turn round. Repeat (1), (2) and (3). (4) Take partner's hands and swing in time to music.

THE FLORA DANCE.

Traditional.

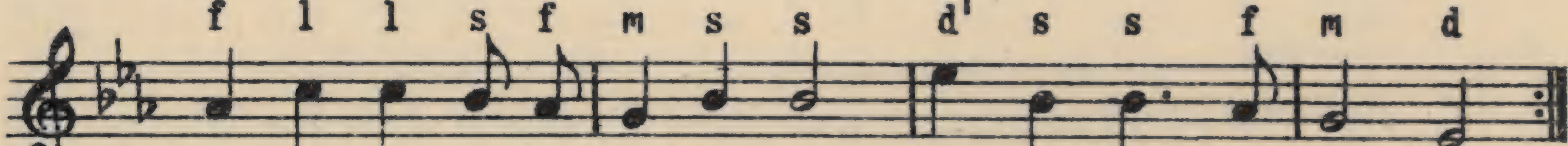
Old English.



 d d r m f s s s d' s s f m d

 (1) The first of May's the Flo-ra day, Can you dance the Flo-ra?

 (3) Fa la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la.



 f l l s f m s s d' s s f m d

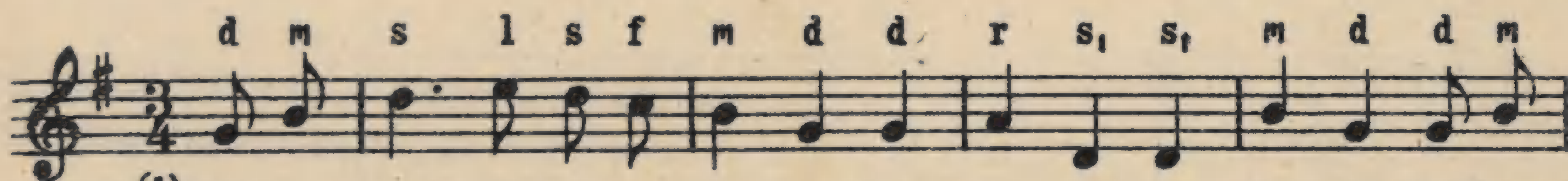
 (2) Yes, I can with a gen-tle-man, I can dance the Flo-ra.

 Fa la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la.

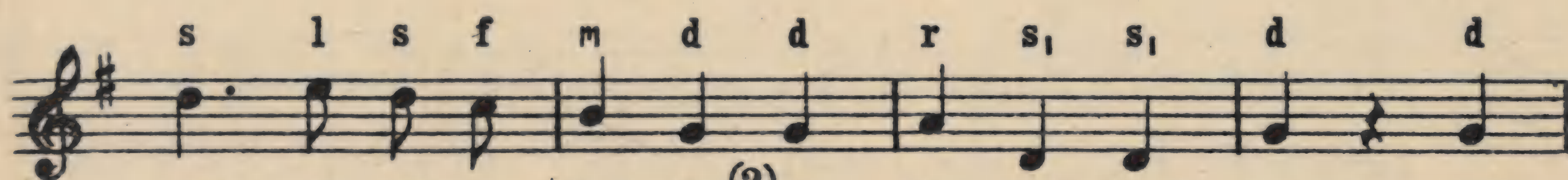
Actions: Children face each other. (1) Child on left addresses child on right, pointing to her. (2) Child on right nods and beckons with finger. (3) All face front and clap hands to rhythm.

DID YOU EVER SEE A LASSIE.

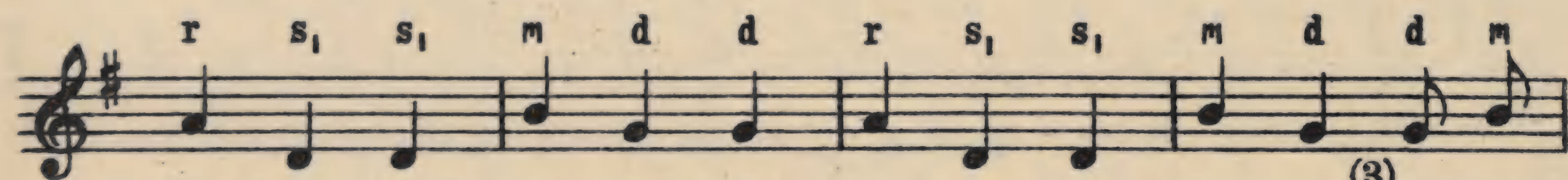
German.



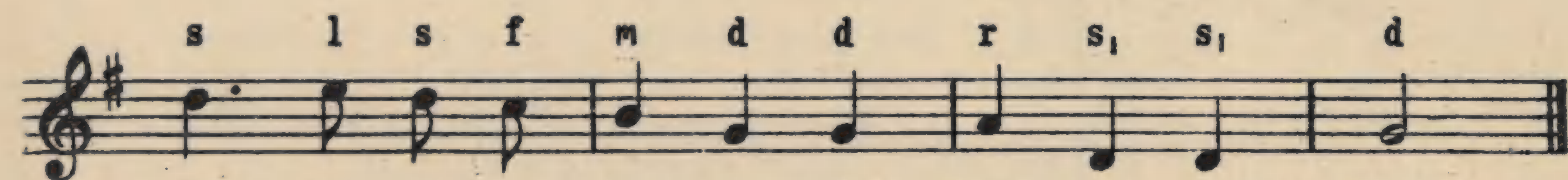
1. (1) Did you ev - er see a las - sie, a las - sie, a las - sie, Did you



ev - er see a las - sie (2) do this way and that? Do



this way and that way, Do this way and that way, (3) Did you



ev - er see a las - sie do this way and that?

2. (5) Did you ever see a laddie, a laddie, a laddie,
 Did you ever see a laddie (6) do this way and that?
 Do this way and that way, Do this way and that way,
 (7) Did you ever see a laddie (8) do this way and that?

Actions: (1) Girls sing to boys, or partners. (2) Girls curtsey. (3) Stand still. (4) Girls curtsey. (5) Boys sing to girls. (6) Boys salute. (7) Stand still. (8) Boys salute.

THE FARMER IN THE DELL.

Traditional.

1. The farm - er in the dell, The

farm - er in the dell, Heigh ho! the

Der - ry O! The farm - er in the dell.

2. The farmer takes the wife,
The farmer takes the wife,
Heigh ho! the Derry O!
The farmer takes the wife.
3. The wife takes the child,
The wife takes the child,
Heigh ho! the Derry O!
The wife takes the child.
4. The child takes the nurse,
The child takes the nurse,
Heigh ho! the Derry O!
The child takes the nurse.
5. The nurse takes the dog, etc.
6. The dog takes the cat, etc.
7. The cat takes the rat, etc.
8. The rat takes the cheese, etc.
9. The cheese stands alone, etc.

Broken

THE MUFFIN MAN.

Traditional.

Old English.

1. (1) Oh, do you know the muf - fin man, the

muf - fin man, the muf - fin man, Oh, do you know the

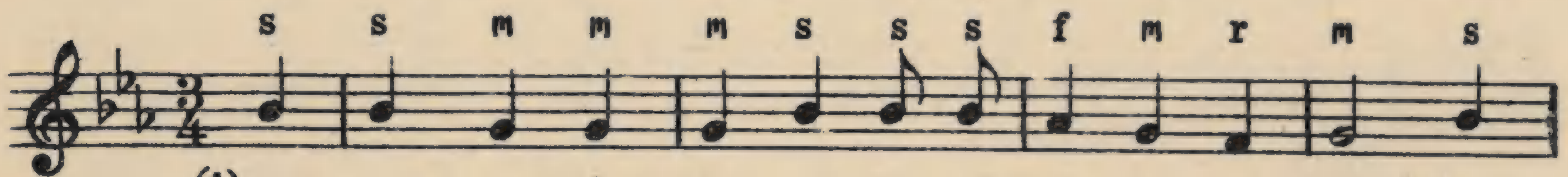
muf - fin man That lives in Dru - ry lane?

2. (2) Oh, yes, I know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man,
Oh, yes, I know the muffin man
That lives in Drury lane.
3. (3) Now two of us know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man,
Now two of us know the muffin man
That lives in Drury lane.

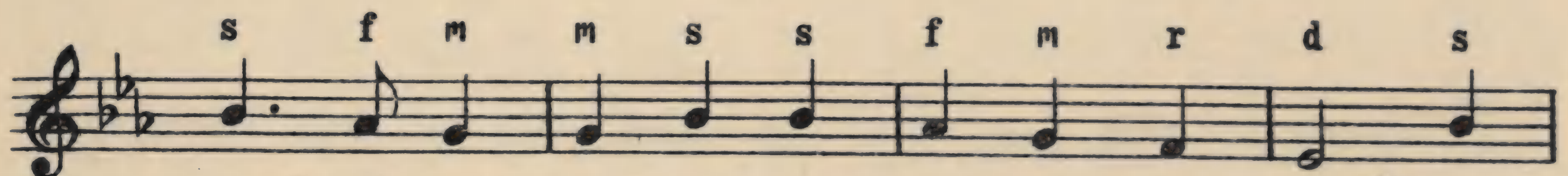
Actions: Children face each other. (1) Child on left holds up first finger to child on right. (2) Child on right nods. (3) Both face front and hold up first finger of each hand.

MY SHIP'S HOME FROM CHINA.

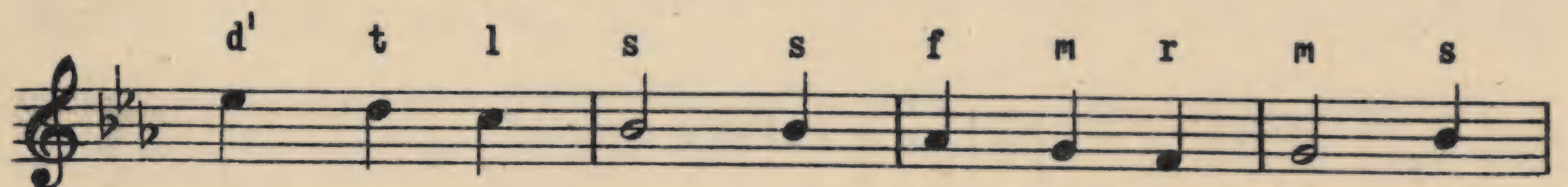
Traditional.



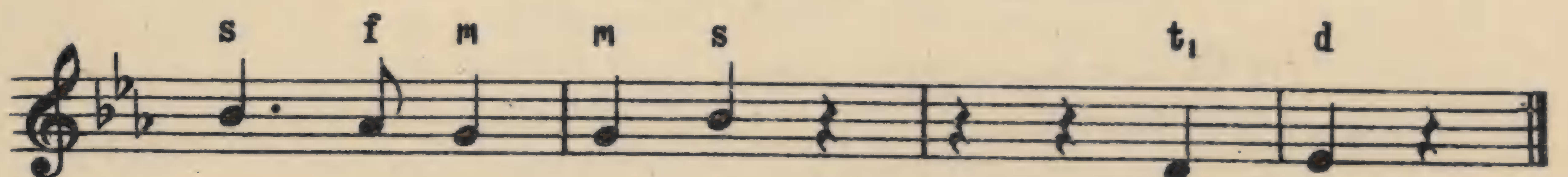
(1) My ship's home from Chi-na with a car-go of tea, (2) And



plen - ty of pres - ents and nice things for me. (3) She's



brought me a fan, just think of my bliss! I



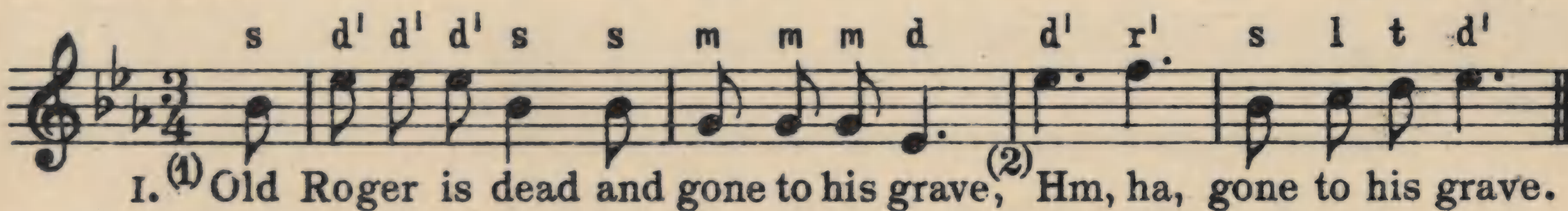
fan my - self dai - ly, (4) like this.

Actions: (1) Point and move finger in front. (2) Clasp hands away from body in front, (to indicate clasping presents, etc.). (3) Indicate opening of fan. (4) Fan in motion.

OLD ROGER IS DEAD.

Traditional.

Old English.

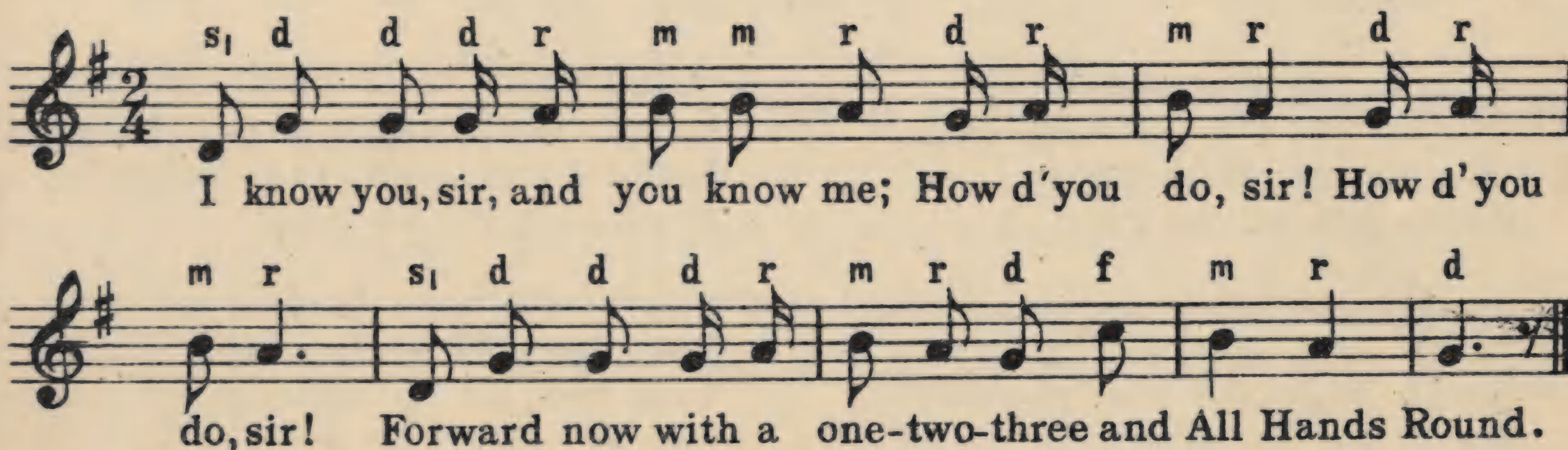


2. (3) They planted an apple-tree over his head.
3. (4) The apples were ripe and ready to drop.
4. (5) There came an east wind a-blowing them off.
5. (6) There came an old woman a-picking them up.
6. (7) Old Roger got up and gave her a (8) knock.
7. (9) Which made the old woman go (10) hippity-hop.

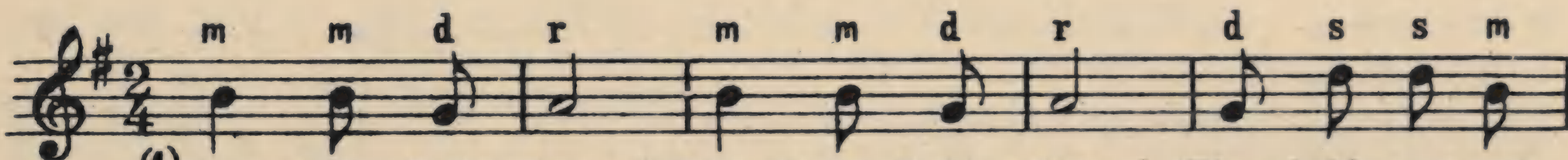
Actions: (1) Incline head to right, rest head on hands pressed together on right cheek. (2) Hands down, head erect, nod head forward to 'hm' back-ward to 'ha' in all verses. (3) Clasp hands over head. (4) Unclasp hands and droop over head. (5) Flutter fingers and gently lower arms. (6) Imitate picking up apples. (7) Stand erect. (8) Clap hands on 'knock'. (9) Hands on hips. (10) Jerk body and lean first to right and then to left.

I KNOW YOU.

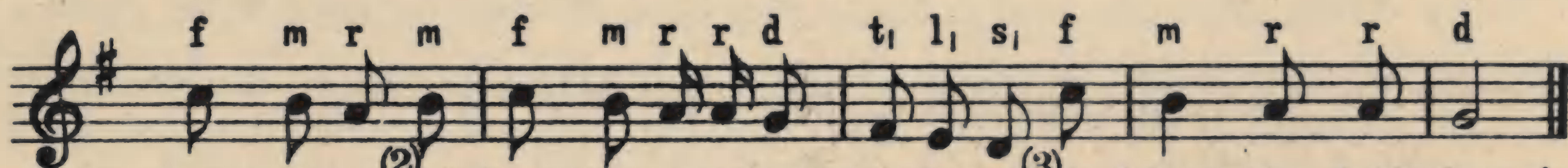
Traditional.



DANCE, THUMBKIN, DANCE.



1. ⁽¹⁾ Dance, thumb-kin, dance! Dance, thumb-kin, dance! Thumb-kin can-not



dance a-lone, ⁽²⁾ So dance, my merry men, ev-'ry one, ⁽³⁾ And dance, thumb-kin, dance!

2. Dance, foreman, dance, etc.

4. Dance, ringman, dance, etc.

3. Dance, middleman, dance, etc.

5. Dance, littleman, dance, etc.

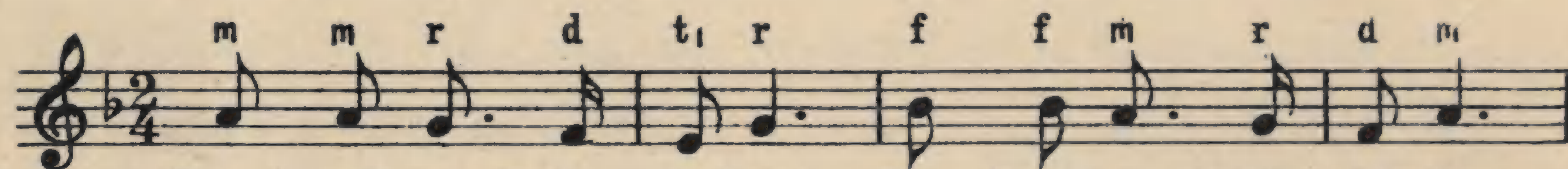
Actions: (1) Close right hand, point thumb upward, hand still remain in position.

(2) Hold up left hand fingers in motion. (3) Thumb joins in movement.

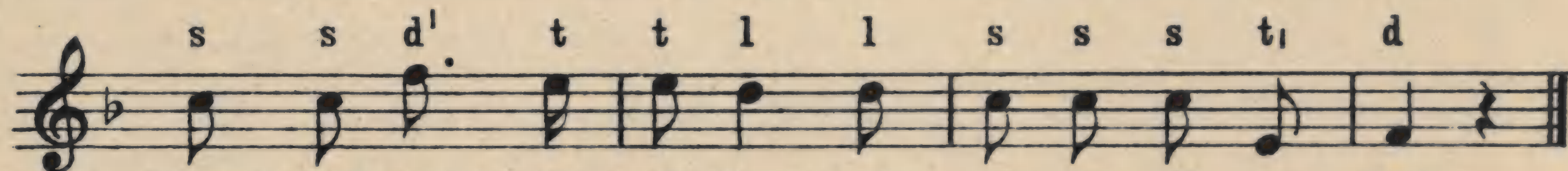
Other verses exactly as above but use the finger indicated.

ROUND AND ROUND THE VILLAGE.

Traditional.



1. Round and round the vil-lage, Round and round the vil-lage,



Round and round the vil-lage, As we are all so gay.

2. In and out the window,
In and out the window,
In and out the window,
As we are all so gay.

4. Shake hands with your lover,
Shake hands with your lover,
Shake hands with your lover,
As we are all so gay.

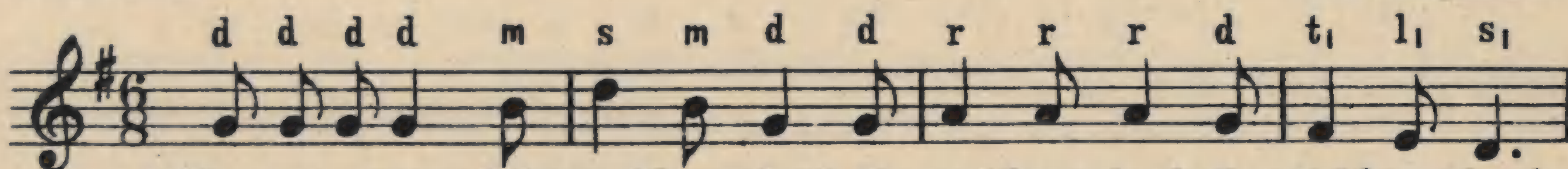
3. Stand and face your playmates,
Stand and face your playmates,
Stand and face your playmates,
As we are all so gay.

5. Take her off to London,
Take her off to London,
Take her off to London,
As we are all so gay.

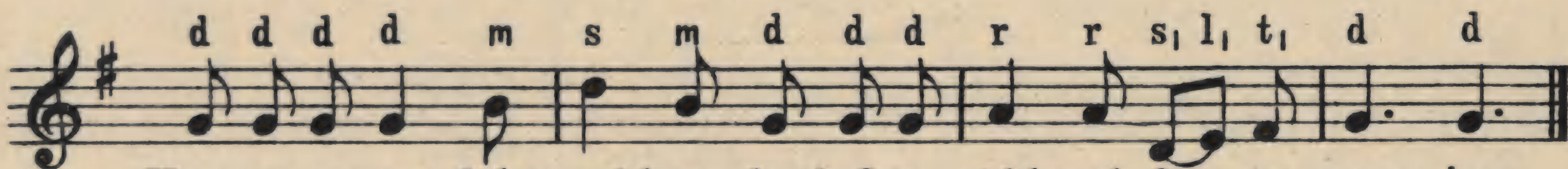
THE MULBERRY BUSH.

Traditional.

Old English.



1. Here we go round the mul-berry bush, the mul-berry bush, the mul-berry bush,

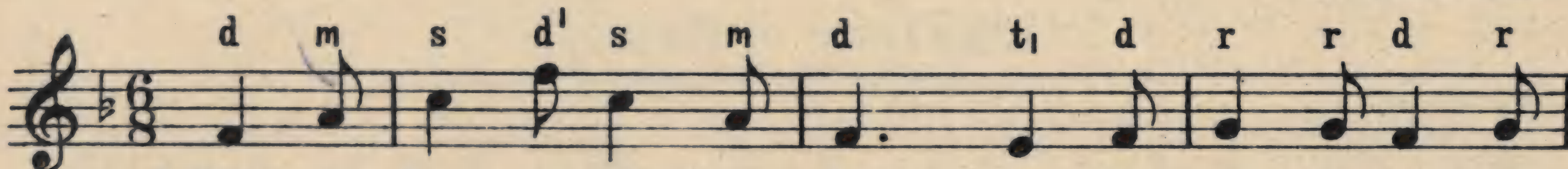


Here we go round the mul-berry bush, On a cold and fros-ty morn-ing.

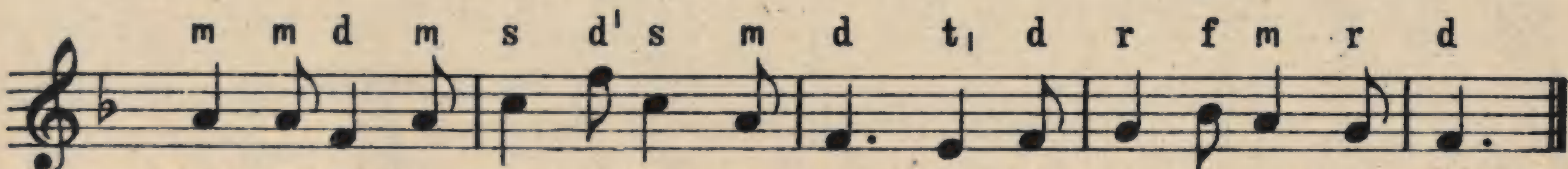
2. This is the way we wash our hands, etc.
3. This is the way we dry our hands, etc.
4. This is the way we clap our hands, etc.
5. This is the way we warm our hands, etc.

IN OUR PRETTY GARDEN GREEN.

Traditional.



1. This is how we plant a bean, In our gar-den, in our



gar-den, This is how we plant a bean, In our pret-ty gar-den green.

2. Now we plant it with our foot,
In our garden, in our garden,
Now we plant it with our foot,
In our pretty garden green.
3. Now we plant it with our hand, etc.
4. Now we plant it with our elbow, etc.
5. Now we plant it with our knee, etc.
6. Now we plant it with our chin, etc.

A RING O' ROSES.

Traditional.

Old English.

I. A ring, a ring o' ro - ses, A pock - et full of po - sies;
Tish - oo, Tish - oo, All stand still.

2. The King has sent his daughter,
To fetch a pail of water;
Tishoo, tishoo,
All fall down.

3. The bird upon the steeple,
Sits high above the people;
Tishoo, tishoo,
All kneel down.

4. The wedding bells are ringing,
The boys and girls are singing;
Tishoo, tishoo,
All fall down.

LONDON BRIDGE.

Traditional.

Old English.

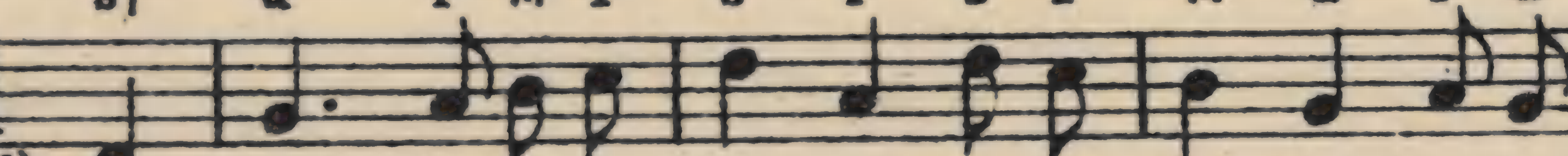
I. (1) Lon - don bridge is (2) bro - ken down, (3) Dance o - ver my La - dy Lee:
(4) Lon - don bridge is (5) bro - ken down, (6) With a gay la - dye.

2. (7) How shall we build it up again? 3. (8) Build it up with iron bars,
Dance over, my Lady Lee. Dance over, my Lady Lee.
How shall we build it up again? Build it up with iron bars,
With a gay Ladye. With a gay Ladye.

Actions: (1) Arms raised and hands clasped above head. (2) Unclasp and let arms fall to sides. (3) Clap hands. (4) As (1). (5) As (2). (6) As (3).
(7) Appealing to each other. (8) Raise arms slowly to form an arch.

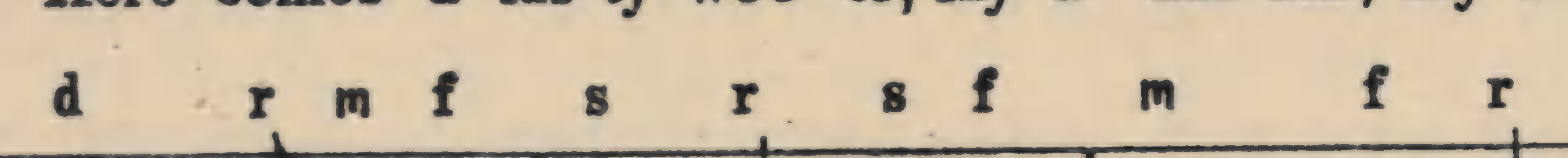
THE LUSTY WOOER.

Traditional.



 s, d r m f s r s f m d r d t, s, s,

I. ⁽¹⁾ Here comes a lus-ty woo-er, My a dal-din, my a dal-din: Here



 d r m f s r s f m f r d

comes a lus-ty woo-er, Lil-y bright and shine - a.

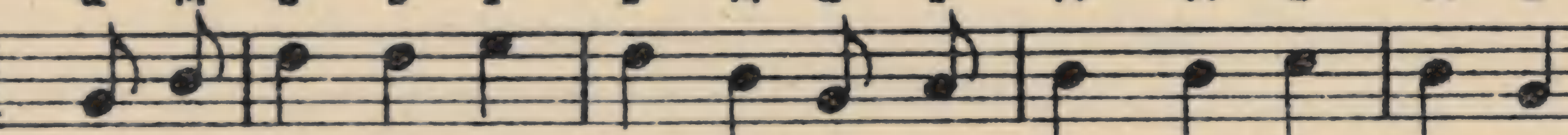
2. ⁽²⁾ Pray, whom do you woo?
My a daldin, my a daldin: etc.
3. ⁽³⁾ For your fairest daughter
My a daldin, my a daldin: etc.
4. ⁽⁴⁾ Then there she is for you sir,
My a daldin, my a daldin: etc.

Actions: (1) Hands shading eyes as though looking afar. (2) Turn to child on right. (3) Child on right points to child on left. (4) Child on left holds both hands outstretched to child on right.

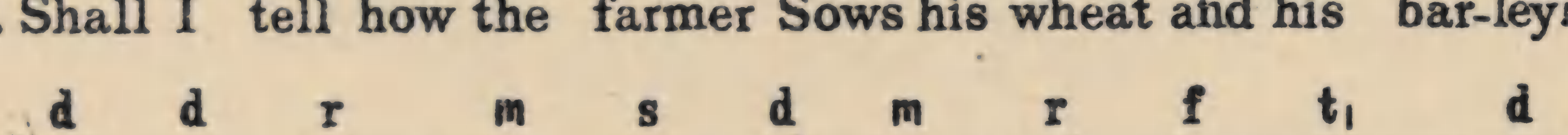
THE FARMER.

Traditional.

Old English.



 I. Shall I tell how the farmer Sows his wheat and his bar-ley? Shall I



 tell how the farm-er Sows his bar-ley and wheat?

2. Look, 'tis thus that the farmer
Sows his wheat and his barley; etc.
3. Shall I tell how the farmer
Reaps his wheat and his barley? etc.
4. Look, 'tis thus that the farmer
Reaps his wheat and his barley; etc.
5. Shall I tell how the farmer
Threshes his wheat and his barley? etc.
6. Look! 'tis thus that the farmer
Threshes his wheat and his barley; etc.

MOTHER DEAR, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Traditional.

I. (1) "Moth-er dear, where are you go-ing?" Tra la
la, tra la la, "Moth-er dear, where are you
go-ing?" Tra la la la la!

2. (2) "I am going to my garden."
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, etc.

3. (3) "What shall you do in your garden?"
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la. etc.

4. (4) "I shall pick a bunch of flowers."
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la. etc.

5. (5) "To whom will you give your flowers?"
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la. etc.

6. (6) "They are for my very best friend."
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la. etc.

7. (7) "And who is your very best friend?"
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la. etc.

8. (8) "This is my very best friend."
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la. etc.

G C B A E D

Actions: (1) Children face each other in pairs. Child on right represents mother.

(2) Mother sings and points. (3) Child sings and addresses mother. (4)

Mother picks flowers standing erect. (5) Child addresses mother. (6)

Mother indicates with finger. (7) Child addresses mother. (8) Both join

hands in front and sing together.

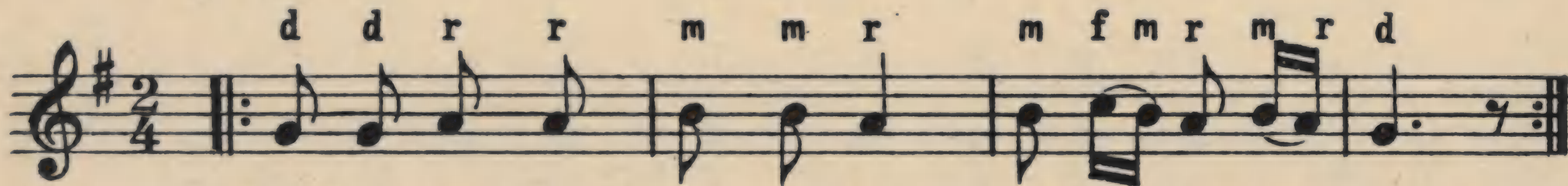
GENERAL SONGS.

LITTLE SNOWFLAKES.

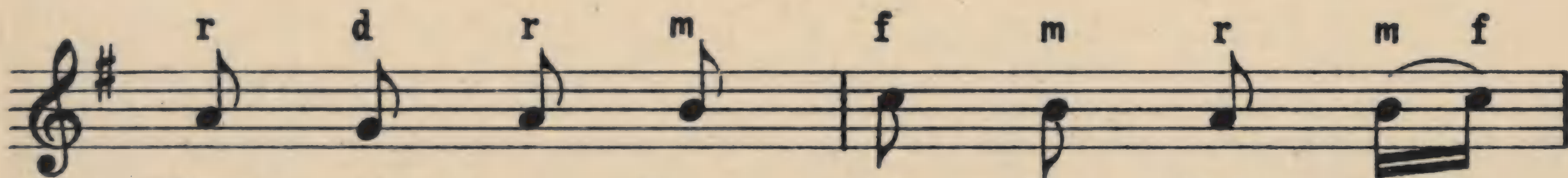
Gertrude Murray.

R. T. B.

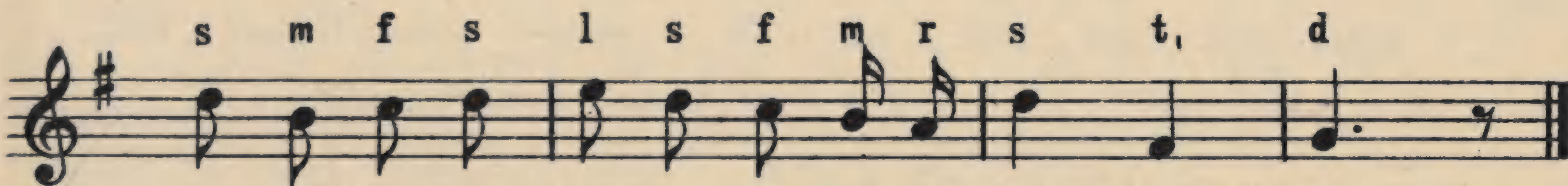
Very lightly.



Lit-tle snow-flakes white, so white, Fal-ling from the sky.



Flut - ter - ing from left to right Like

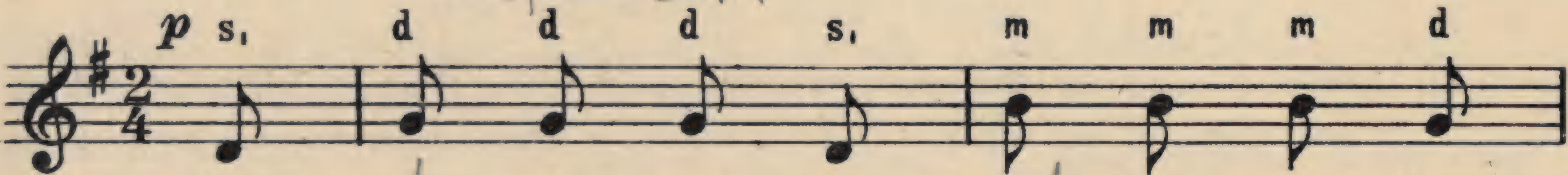


lit - tle fair - ies, O so shy, Lit-tle fair - ies shy.

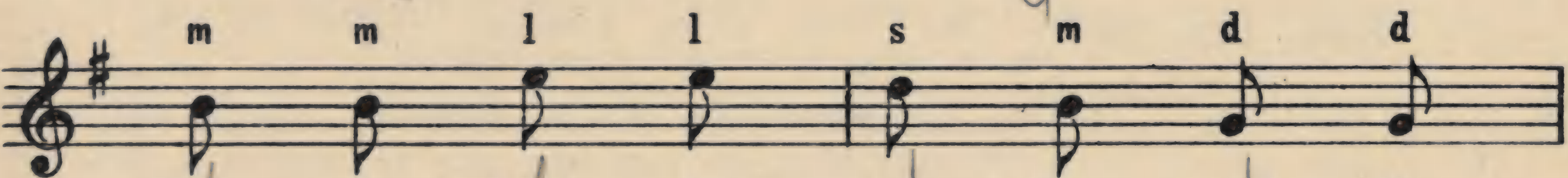
THE SANDMAN.

From the German.

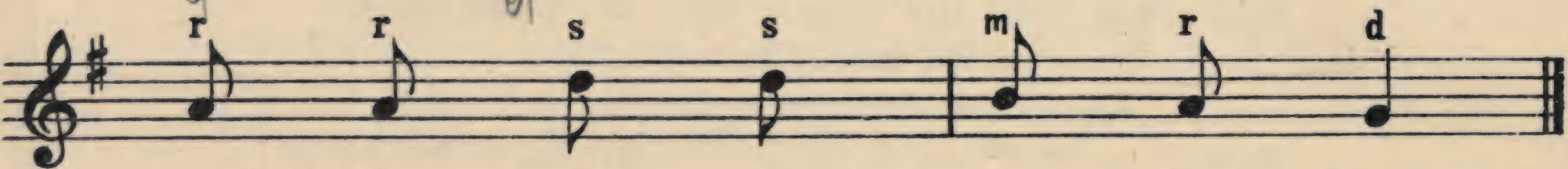
Folk Tune.



The sand - man comes, the sand - man goes, He

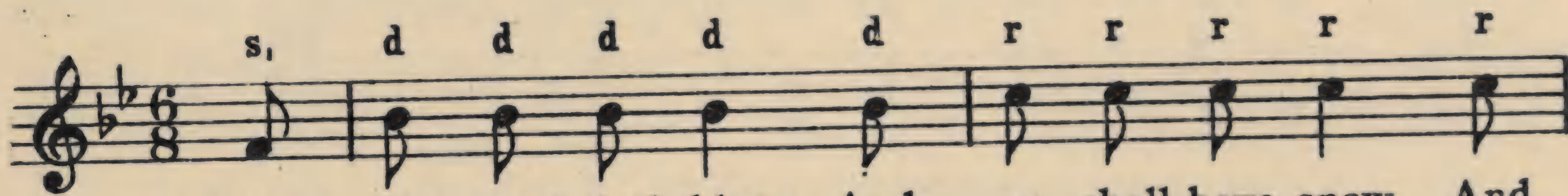


has such love - ly gol - den sand, To

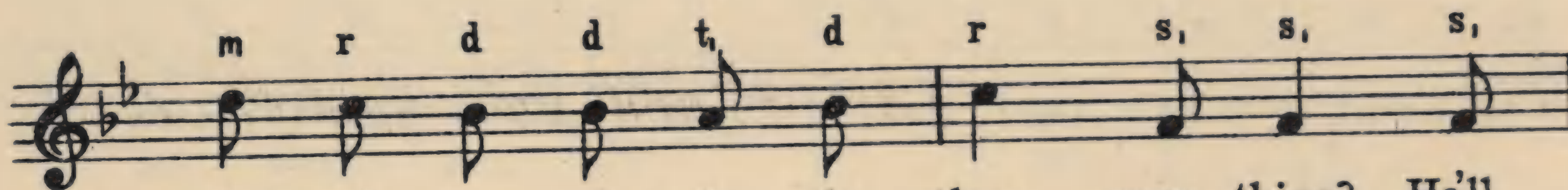


sprin - kle on all eyes not closed.

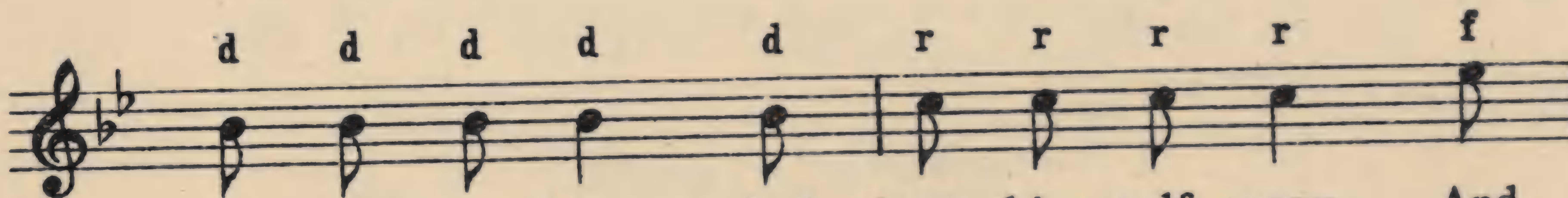
THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW.



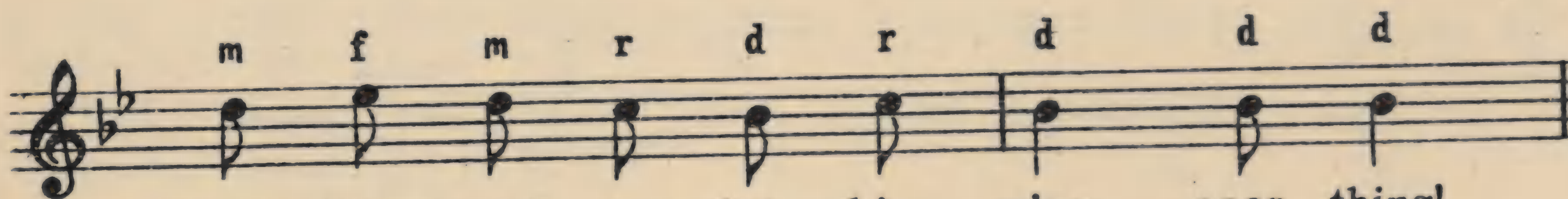
I. The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And



what will the rob - in do then, poor thing? He'll



sit in a barn, And keep him - self warm, And



hide his head un - der his wing, poor thing!

2. The north wind doth blow,
 And we shall have snow,
 And what will the honey-bee do, poor thing!
 In his hive he will stay,
 Till the cold's passed away,
 And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing!

TWINKLE, TWINKLE LITTLE STAR.

French.

d d s s l l s f f

I. Twin - kle, twin - kle lit - tle star, How I

m m r r d *Fine.* s s f f

won - der what you are, Up a - bove the

m m r s s f f m m r *D.C.*

world so high, Like a dia - mond in the sky.

2. When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.
Twinkle, etc.

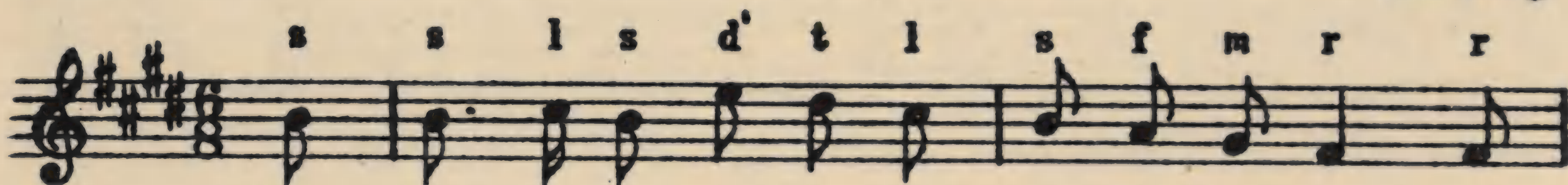
3. Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
Could he see which way to go
If you did not twinkle so?
Twinkle, etc.

4. In the dark blue sky you keep
While you through my curtains peep,
And you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.
Twinkle, etc.

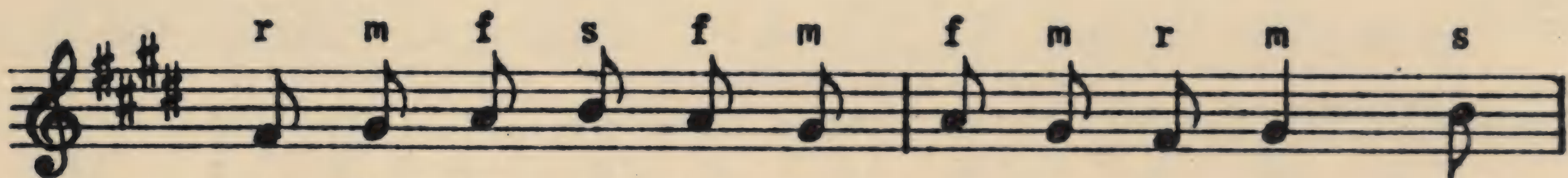
THE ROBIN.

Anon.

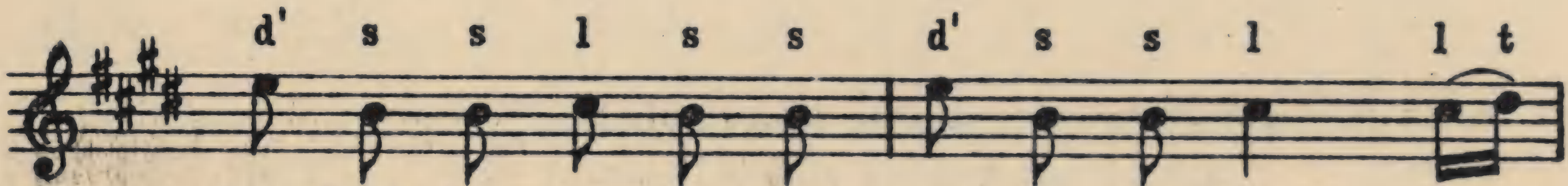
Old Song.



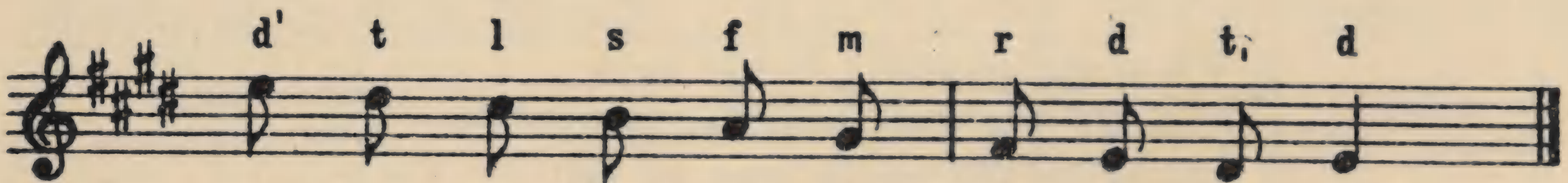
I. There came to my win-dow one morn-ing in spring A



sweet lit - tle rob - in, she came here to sing. The



tune that she sang it was pret - ti - er far, Than



an - y I've heard on the flute or gui - tar.

2. Her wings she was spreading to soar far away,
 Then resting a moment seemed sweetly to say,
 "Oh happy, how happy the world seems to be,
 Awake, dearest child, and be happy with me."

THE RAINDROPS.

Gertrude Murray.

R.T.B.

The rain - drops pat - ter pat - ter down From
out the cloud - y skies, Sing - ing lit - tle
sil - ver songs, and sigh - ing sil - ver sighs.

CLOUDS.

Gertrude Murray.

R.T.B.

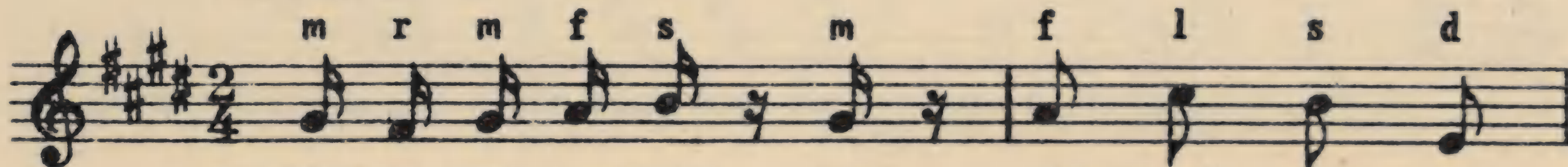
Very smoothly.

When I look up in the heav - en's blue, The
clouds are pass - ing by, There are the lit - tle white
hug - me-tights The an - gels hang to dry.

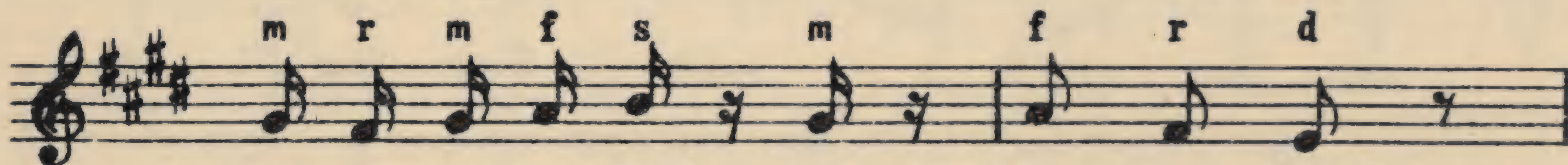
WILLY WILLY WILL.

Anon.

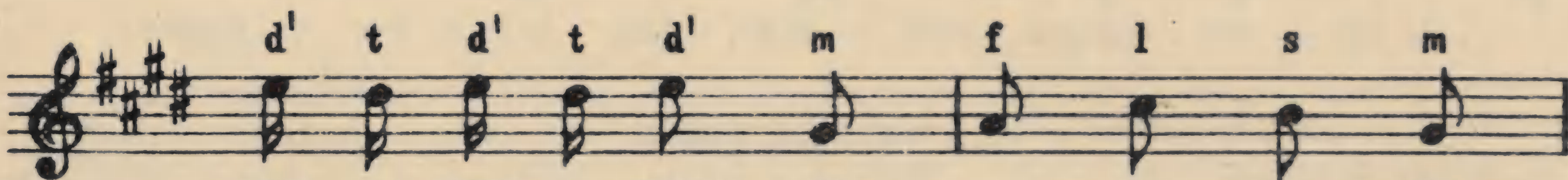
Old English Tune.

Crisply.

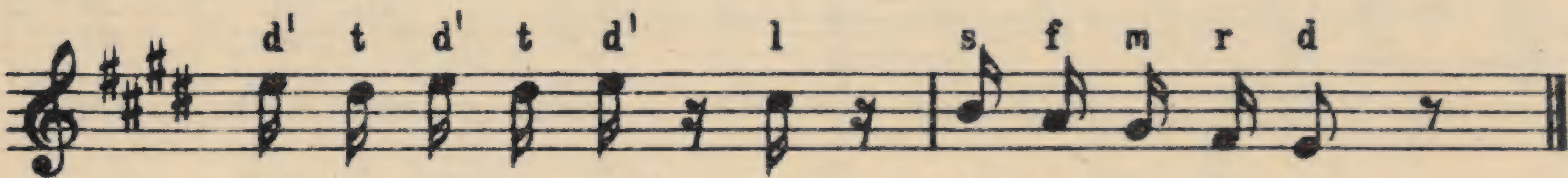
1. Wil - ly Wil - ly Will, The old man's com - ing,



Wil - ly Wil - ly Will, What brings he here?



Wil - ly Wil - ly Will, Nice su - gar can - dy,



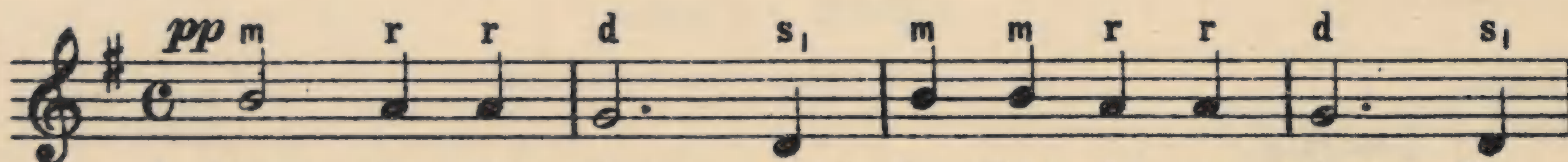
Wil - ly Wil - ly Will, For you, my lit - tle dear.

2. Willy Willy Will, The old man's coming,
 Willy Willy Will, What else has he,
 Willy Willy Will, Such pretty playthings,
 Willy Willy Will, A pocketful for thee.

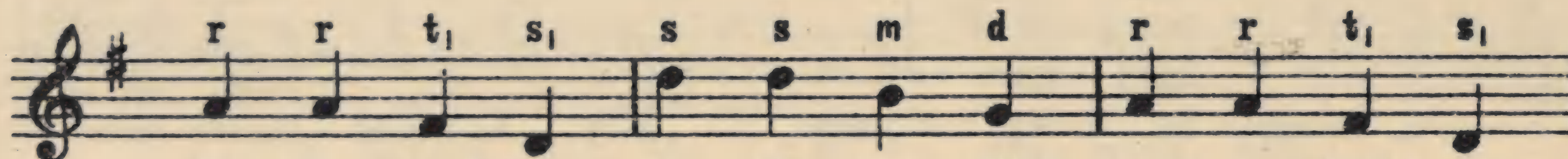
SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

From the German.

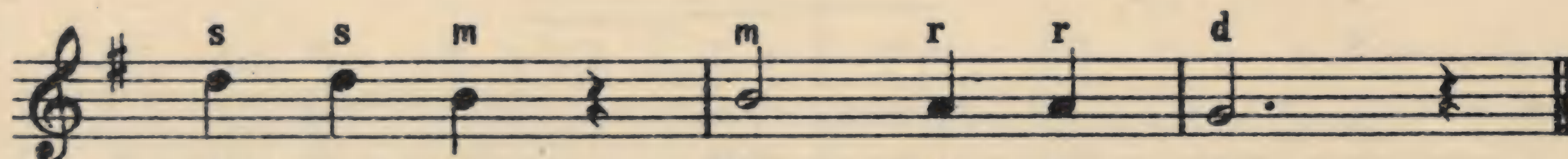
Folk Tune.



1. Sleep, ba-by, sleep, my dar-ling ba-by, sleep, The



lit-tle lamb is on the green, With snow-y fleece so



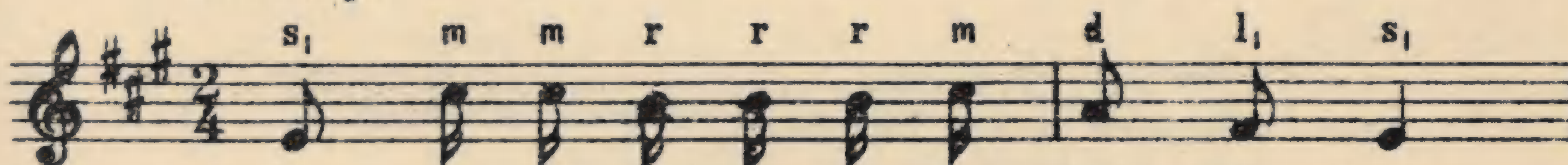
white and clean: Sleep, ba-by, sleep.

2. Sleep, baby, sleep, here where the wood-bines creep,
 Be always like the lamb so mild,
 A meek and mild and gentle child,
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

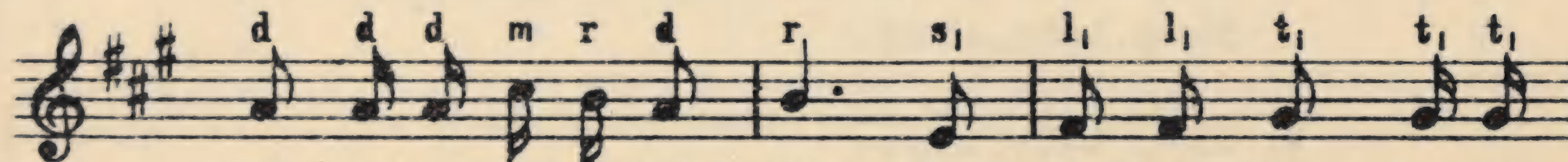
MUSICAL TEDDY.

Gertrude Murray.

R. T. B.

Proudly.

I've got a ted-dy but he is - n't brown,



His is a beau-ti-ful pink, And if you squeeze him he



plays a tune! Won-der-ful, don't you think?

A SLUMBER SONG.

Anon.

Folk Tune.

Quietly.

pp m r d r m ḍ d m m r d r m

I. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Thy fa - ther tends his

d s, d d r r m r d s,

sheep, Thy moth-er shakes the dream-land tree And

r r m m f m r p s m r d

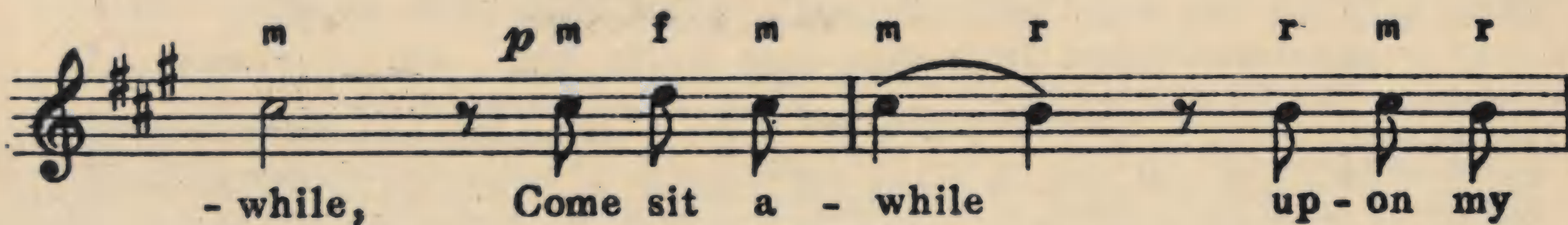
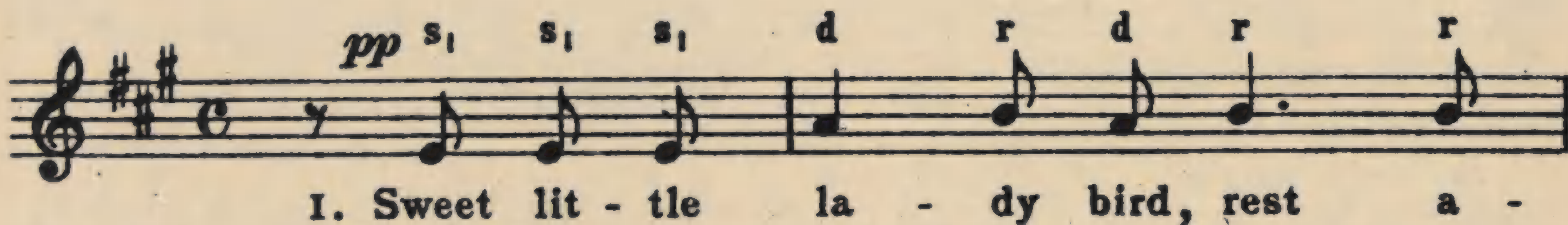
soft - ly dreams do fall for thee; Sleep, ba - by, sleep

2. Sleep, baby, sleep,
Heaven sends us sheep,
The little stars are lambkins white,
The moon she tends them all the night;
Sleep, baby, sleep.
3. Sleep, baby, sleep,
And you shall have a sheep,
And he shall have a golden bell,
And play with baby in the dell;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

LADY BIRD.

Traditional.

German Folk Tune.



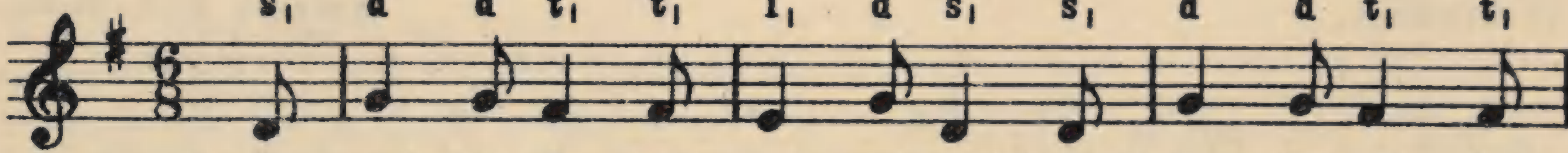
2. Sweet little lady bird, fly away,
Thy house afire, the children say,
I never will affright thee.
3. Dear little lady bird, pray return
To me once more, to me once more,
I never will affright thee.

BED IN SUMMER.

R. L. Stevenson.

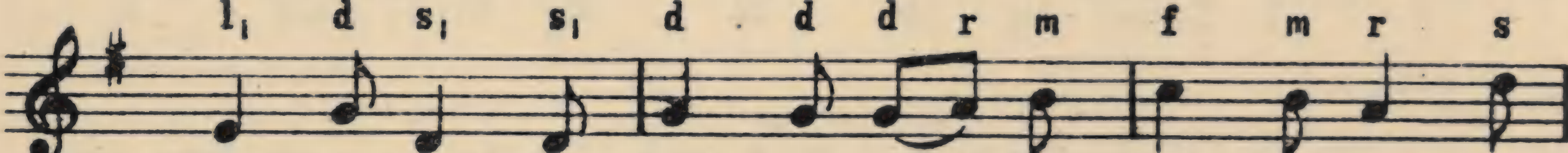
Thomas Crawford.

s, d d t, t, l, d s, s, d d t, t,



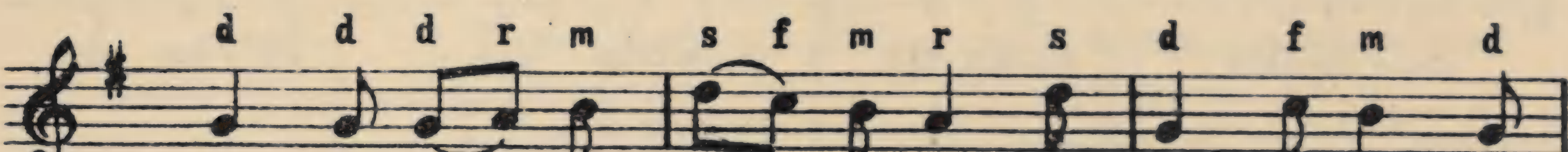
I. In win-ter I get up at night, And dress by yel - low

l, d s, s, d d d r m f m r s



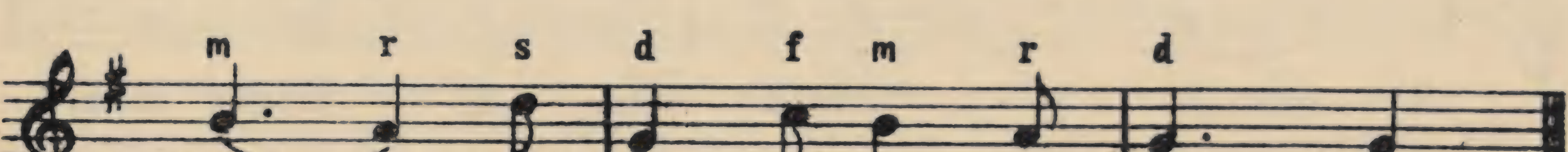
can - dle light. In sum - mer quite the oth - er way, I

d d d r m s f m r s d f m d



have to go to bed by day, - to go to bed by

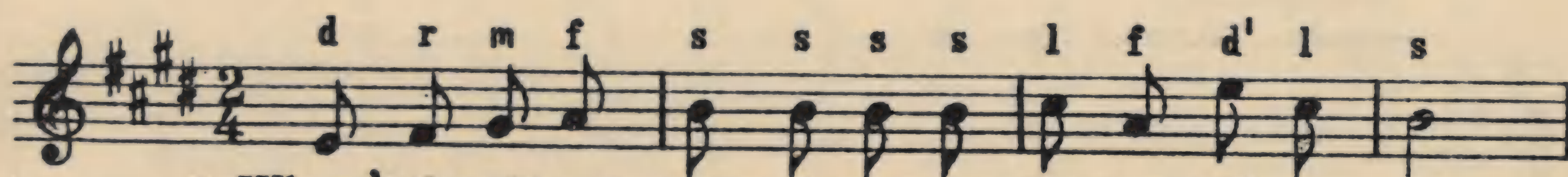
m r s d f m r d



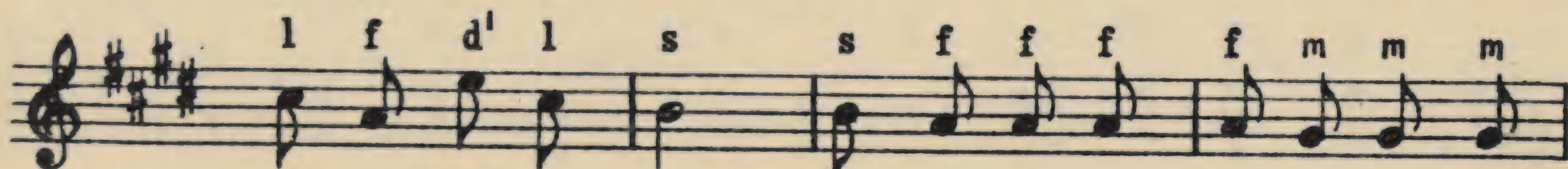
day, - to go to bed by day.

2. I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.
3. And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

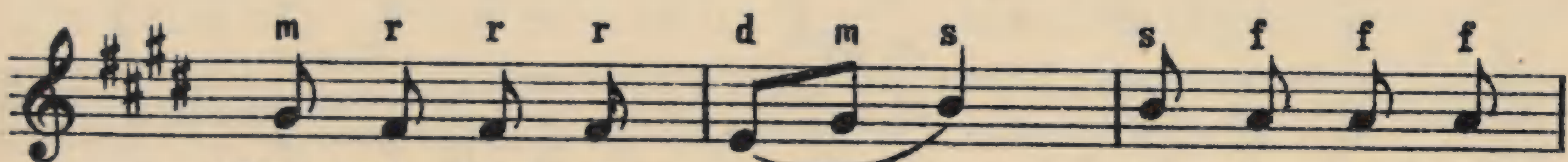
WHERE'S THE OLD GRAY GOOSE?



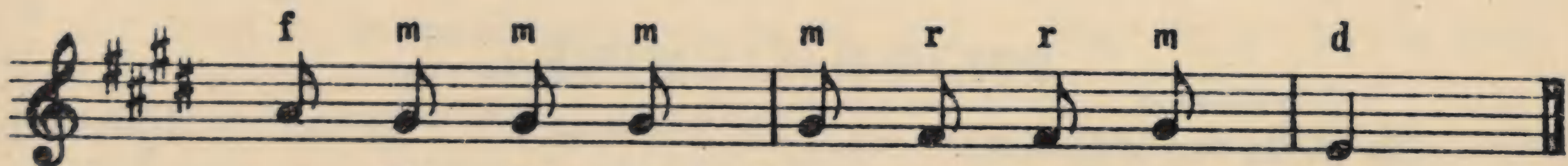
1. Where's the old gray goose, I won-der; She is stol'n a - way,



She is stol'n a - way; Mas-ter Fox, have you the plun-der?



Bring it back, I pray; Mas-ter Fox, have



you the plun-der? Bring it back, I pray.

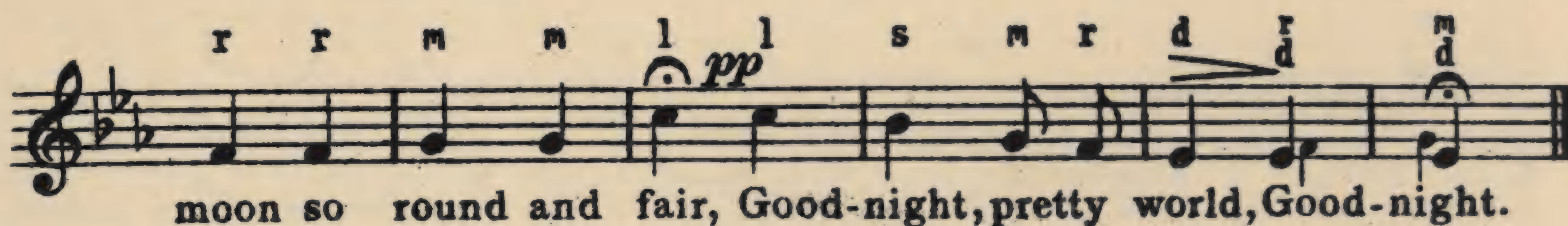
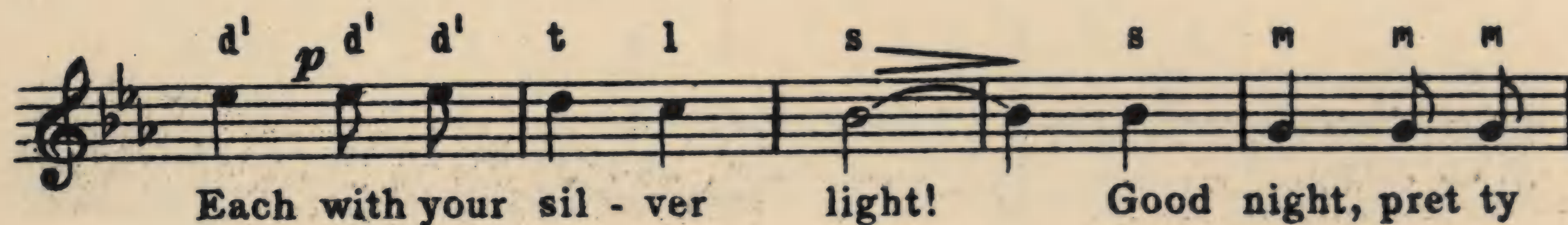
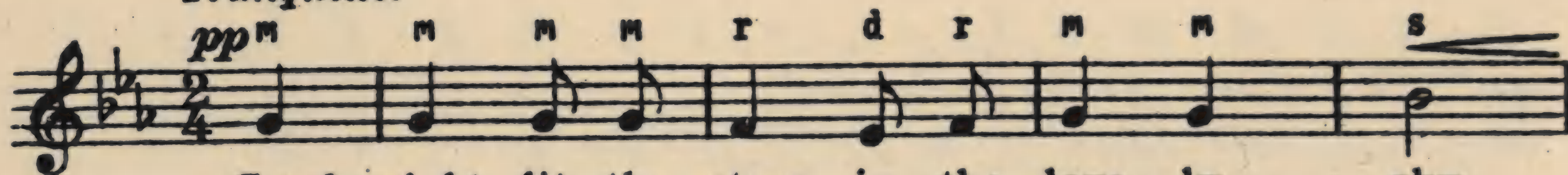
2. Some fine day, you sly old sinner,
When the huntsmen meet,
When the huntsmen meet,
You will find yourself at dinner
Where you cannot eat,
Where you cannot eat.

3. Quit then, fox, your thieving habit,
It will never do,
It will never do;
Keep to rat, and mouse, and rabbit,
Goose is not for you,
Goose is not for you.

GOOD NIGHT.

Gertrude Murray.

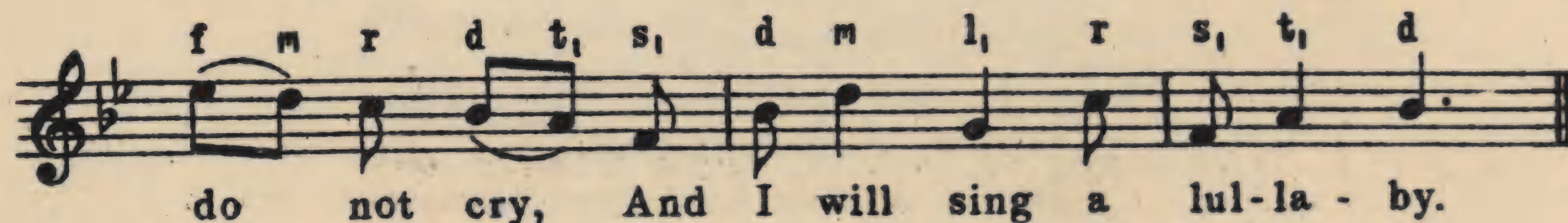
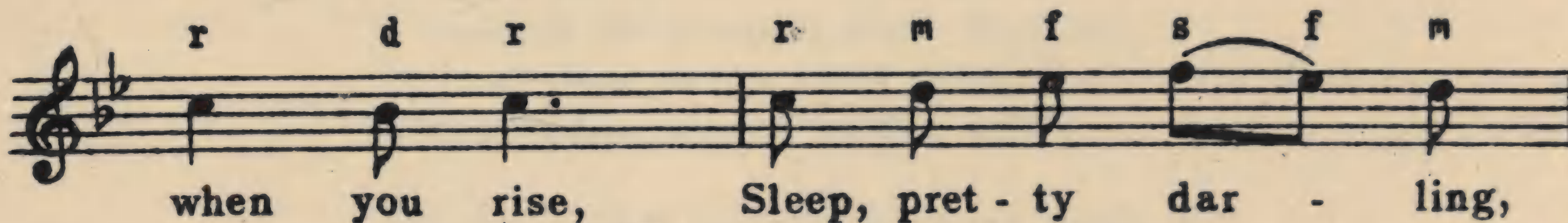
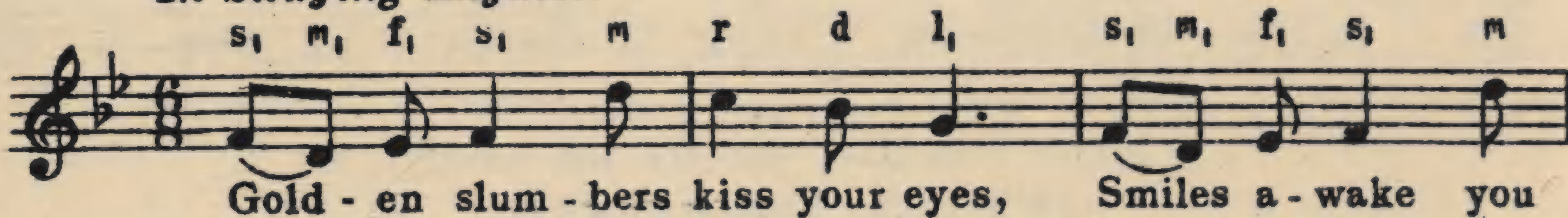
R. T. B.

Tranquillo.

GOLDEN SLUMBERS.

In Swaying Rhythm.

17th Cent.



GRASSHOPPER GREEN.

Gaily.

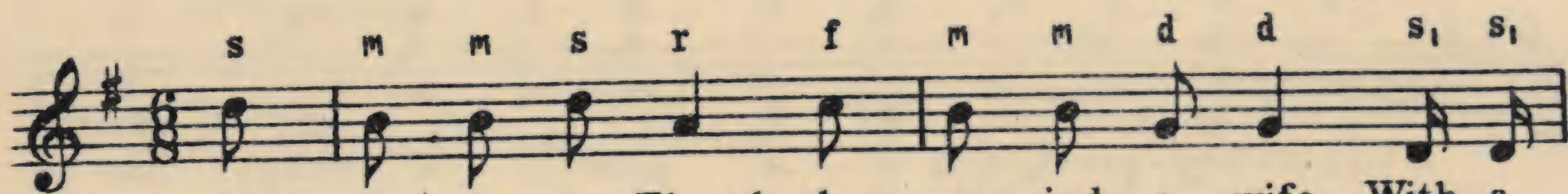
R. T. B.

1. Grass-hop-per Green is a com-ic-al chap, He
lives on the best of fare. Bright lit-tle trou-sers,
jack-et and cap, These are his sum-mer wear.
Out in the mead-ow he loves to go, Play-ing a-way in the
sun; It's hop-per-ty, skip-per-ty low and high,
Sum-mer's the time for fun.

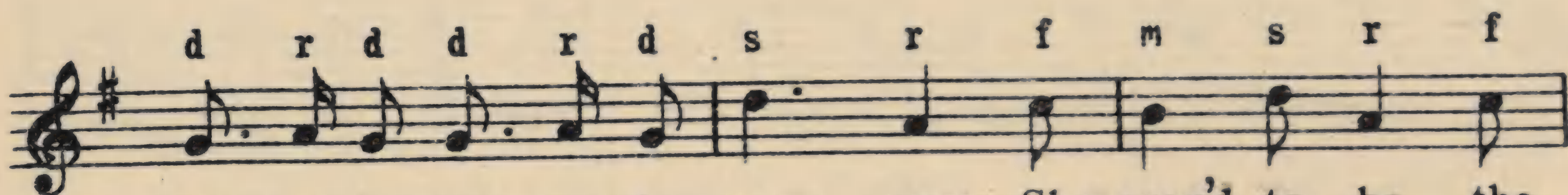
2. Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house;
It's under the hedge so gay.
Grandmother Spider, still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

ROBIN-A-THRUSH.

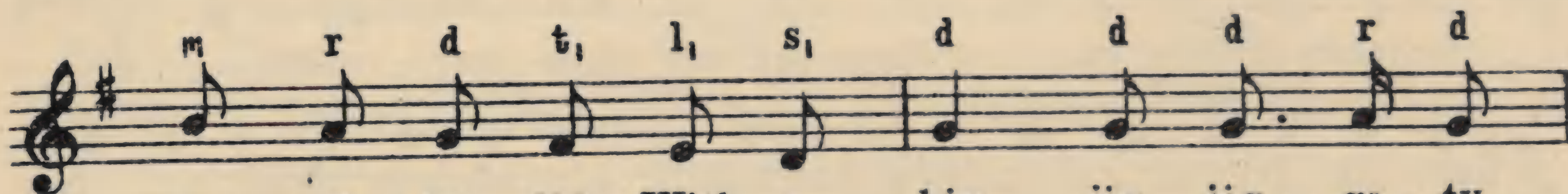
Traditional.



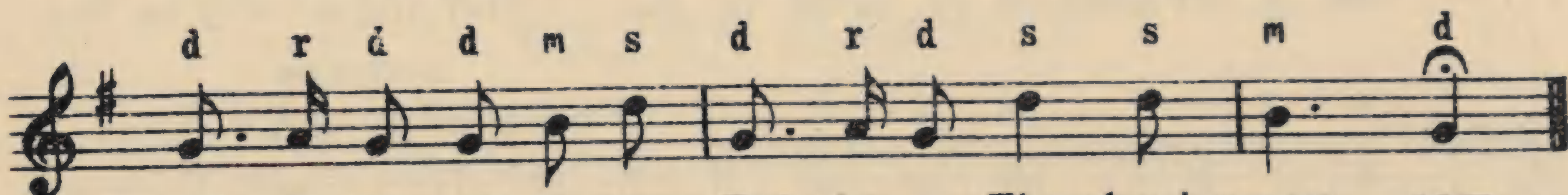
I. Oh Rob-in - a - Thrush he mar-ried a wife, With a



hop - pe - ty, mop - pe - ty mow now; She prov'd to be the



plague of his life; With a hig jig jig - ge - ty



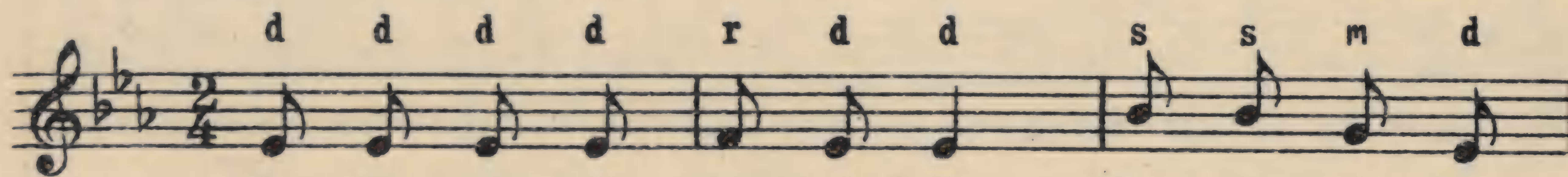
ruf - fe - ty pet - ti - coat. Rob - in - a - Thrush cries mow now.

2. Her cheese when made was put on the shelf
With a hoppety, moppety mow now,
And it ne'er was turn'd till it turn'd of itself,
With a hig jig jiggety ruffety petticoat.
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow now.
3. It turn'd and turn'd till it walked on the floor
With a hoppety, moppety mow now,
It stood upon legs and walked to the door,
With a hig jig jiggety ruffety petticoat.
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow now.
4. It walked till it came to Banbury Fair,
With a hoppety, moppety mow now,
The dame followed after upon a grey mare,
With a hig jig jiggety ruffety petticoat.
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow now.

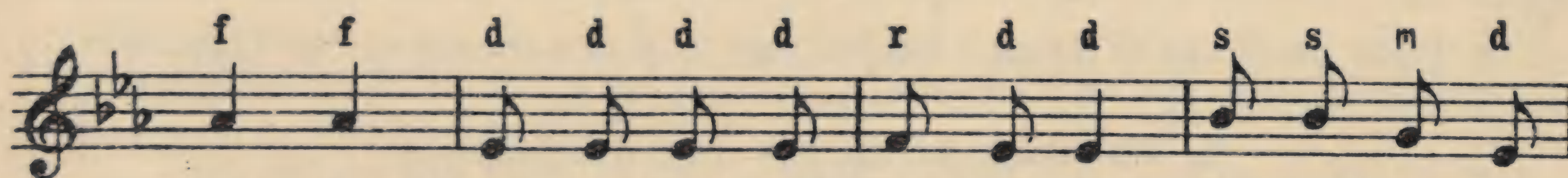
THE WILD ROSE.

Anon.

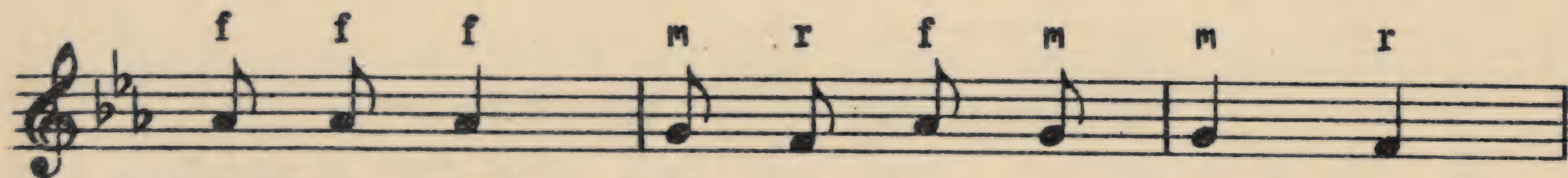
German Folk Tune.



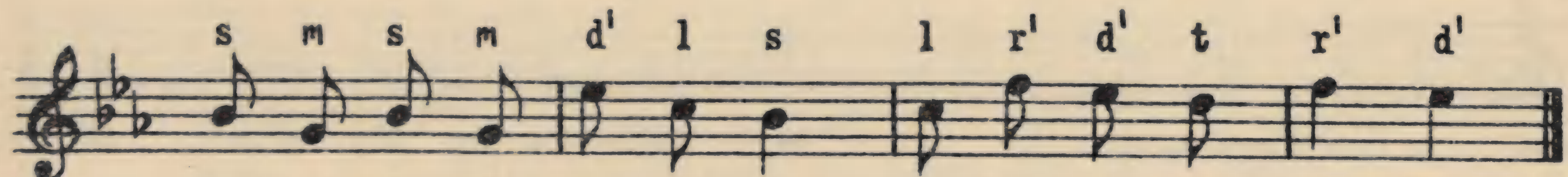
I. In the wood a boy one day Saw a wild rose



grow - ing. There so fresh and bright it lay, He would bear the



prize a - way, In its beau - ty glow - ing,

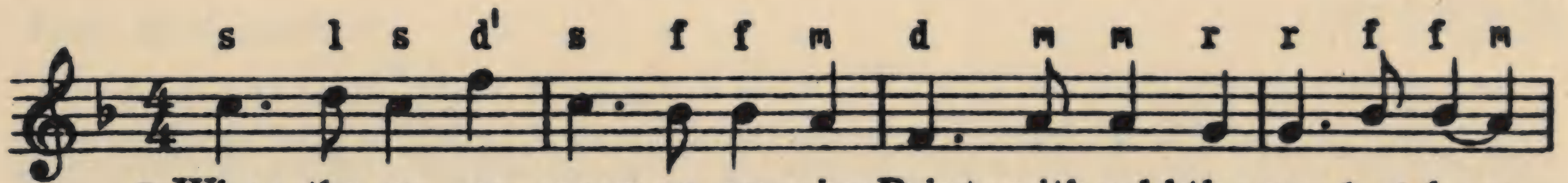


Pret - ty, pret - ty, red, red rose, In the wood - land grow - ing.

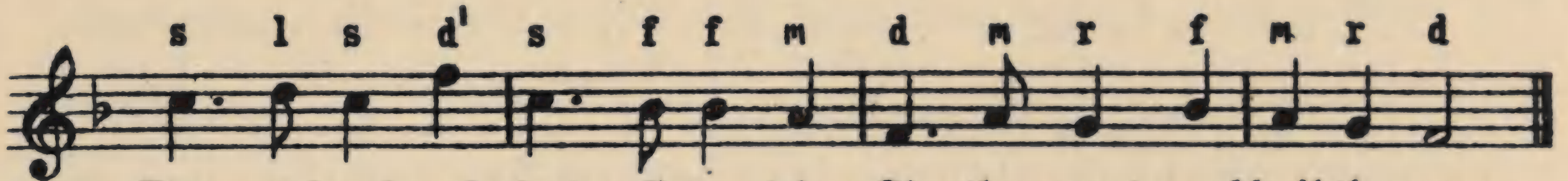
2. Said the boy, "I'll pluck thee now,
 Rose in beauty growing."
 Said the rose, "I'll sting, I vow,
 Make thee think of me, I trow,
 When the tears are flowing."
 Pretty, pretty, red, red rose,
 In the woodland growing.

THE ROSY MORN.

Folk Song.



1. When the ro - sy morn ap-pear-ing Points with gold the ver-dant lawn,



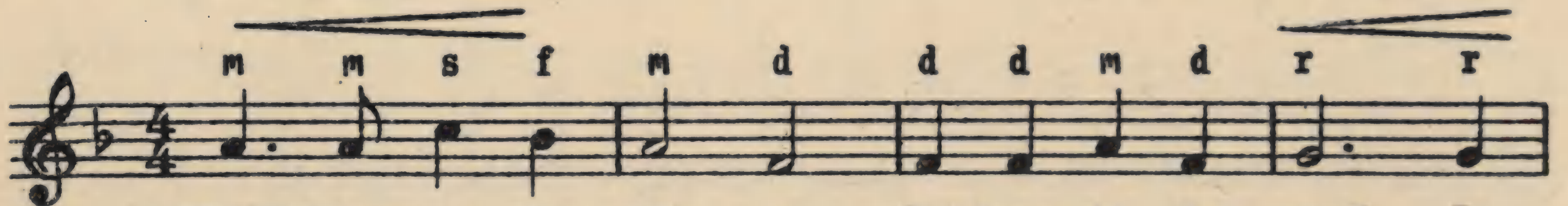
Bees on banks of thyme dis-port-ing Sip the sweets and hail the morn.

2. Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
Carol sweet their lively strain,
They forsake their leafy dwelling
To procure the golden grain.

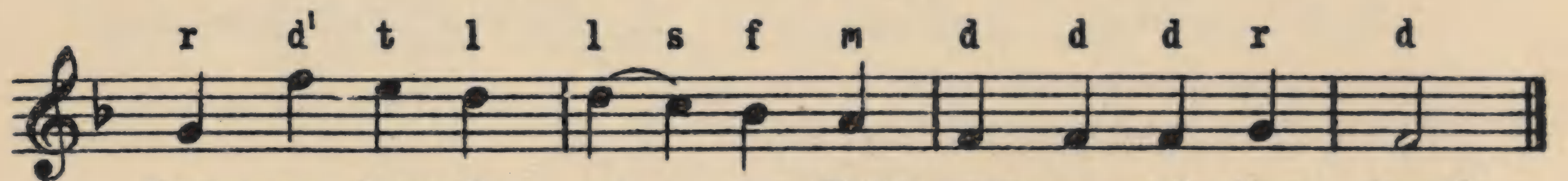
WHERE GO THE BOATS?

R.L. Stevenson.

Rev. Thomas Crawford. B.D.



1. Dark brown is the riv - er, Gold-en is the sand. It



flows a - long for ev - er, With trees on ei - ther hand.

2. Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

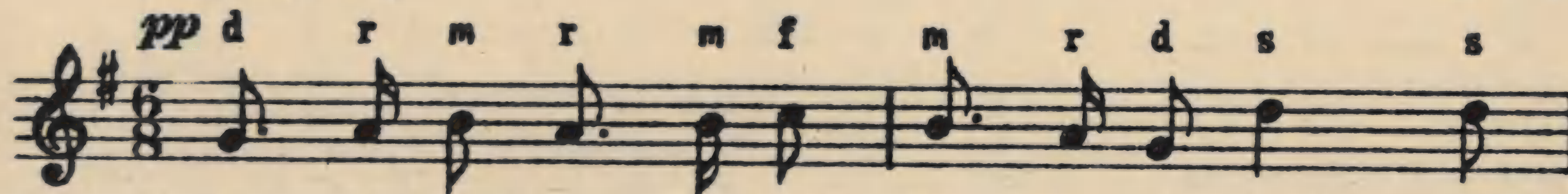
3. On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

4. Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

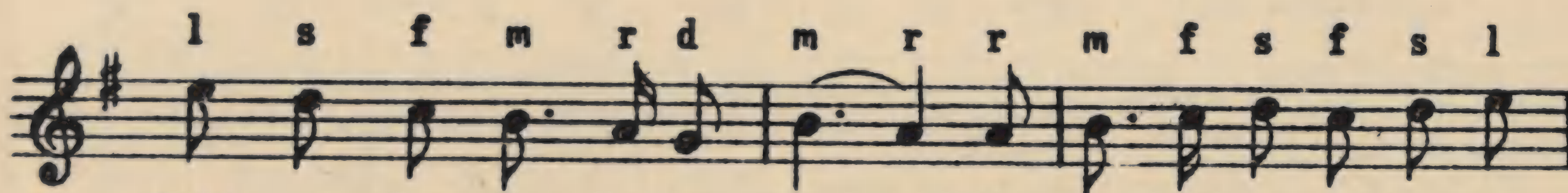
THE LADY BIRD.

Very lightly.

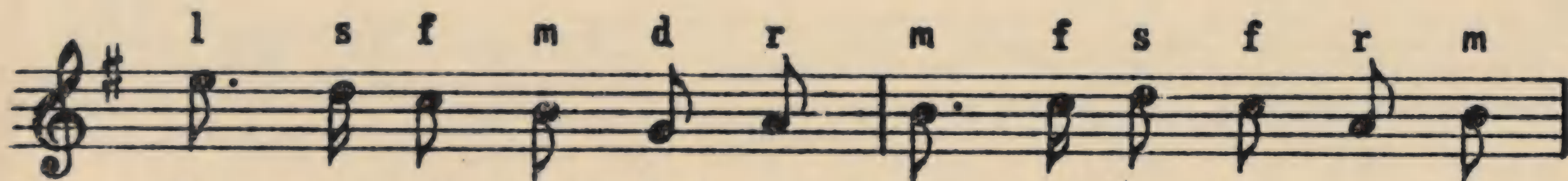
R.T.B.



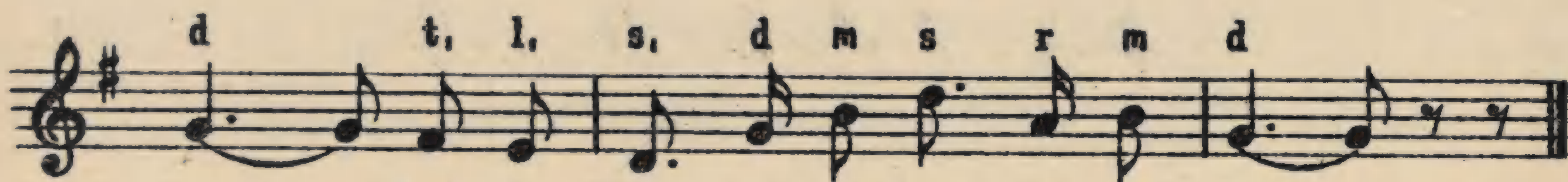
I. La - dy bird! La - dy bird! fly a - way home, The



field mouse has gone to her nest, The dai - sies have shut up their



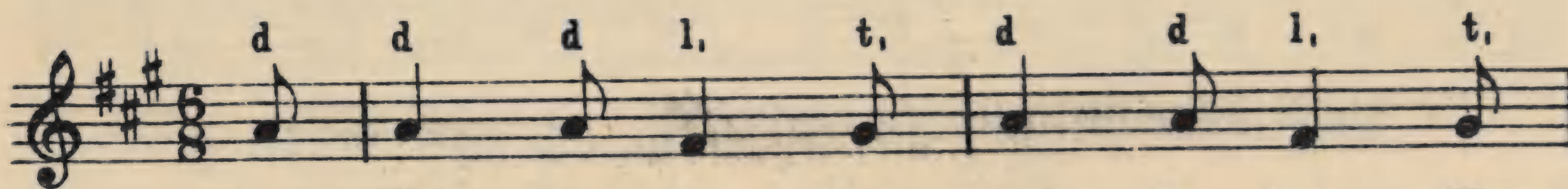
sleep - y red eyes, And the bees and the birds are at



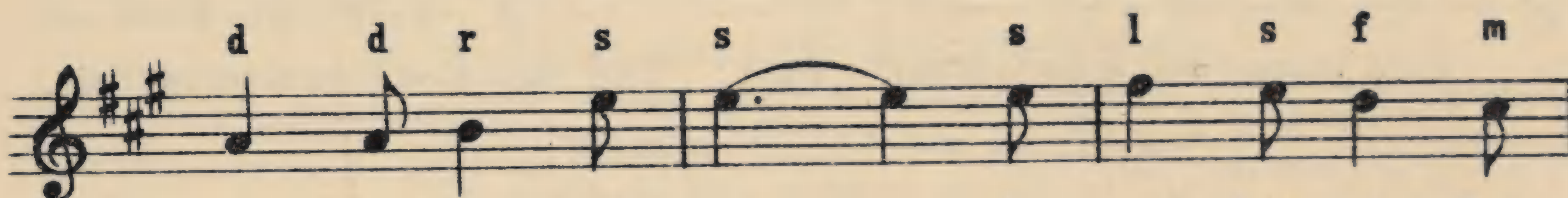
rest, And the bees and the birds are at rest.

2. Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home,
The glow-worm is lighting his lamp;
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will be wet with the close clinging damp,
Will be wet with the close clinging damp.
3. Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home,
The fairy bells tinkle afar;
Make haste, or they'll catch you and harness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car,
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

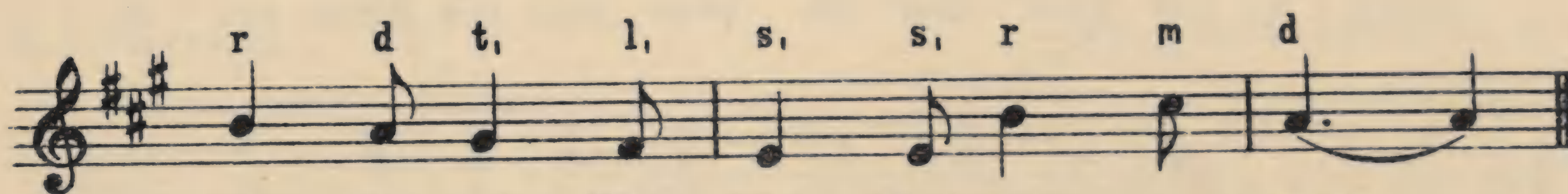
THREE CHILDREN SLIDING.



I. Three chil - dren sli - ding on the ice, Up -



on a sum - mer's day, It so fell out, they



all fell in, The rest they ran a - way.

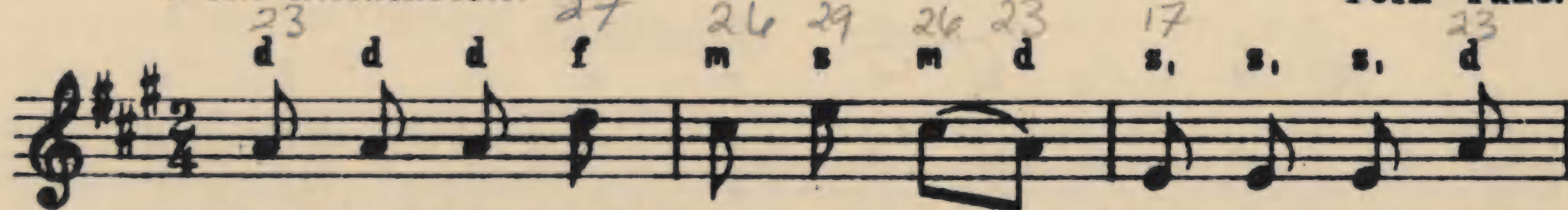
2. Now had these children been at home
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not then been drowned.

3. You parents that have children dear,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

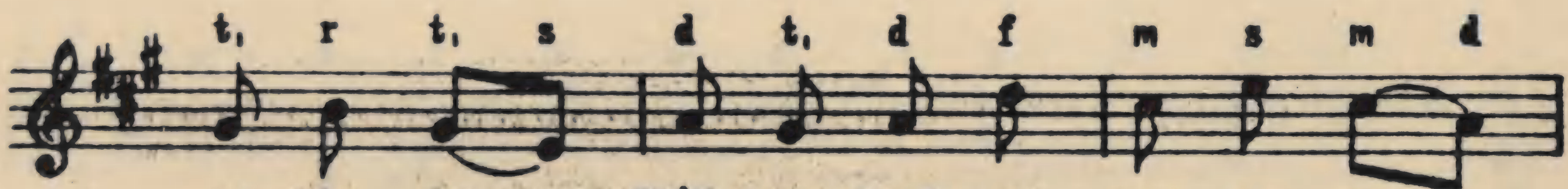
BOBBY SHAFTOE.

With animation.

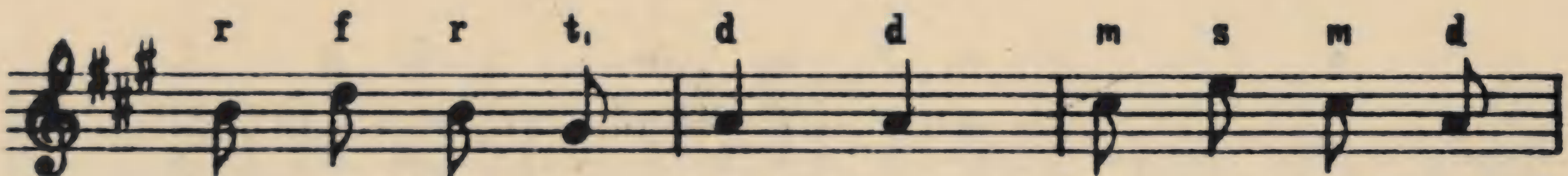
Folk Tune.



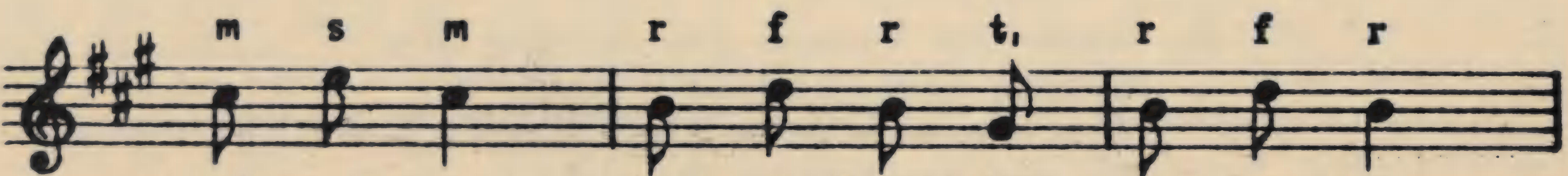
I. Bob - by Shaf - toe's gone to sea, Sil - ver buck - les



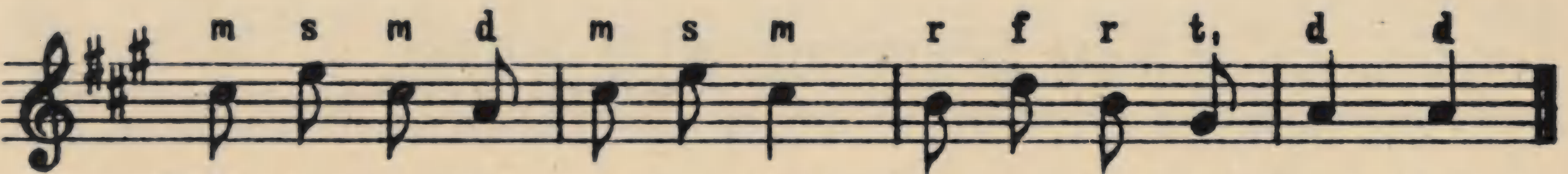
on his knee. He'll come back and mar - ry me,



Bon - ny Bob - by Shaf - toe. Bob - by Shaf - toe's



bright and fair, comb - ing down his yel - low hair,



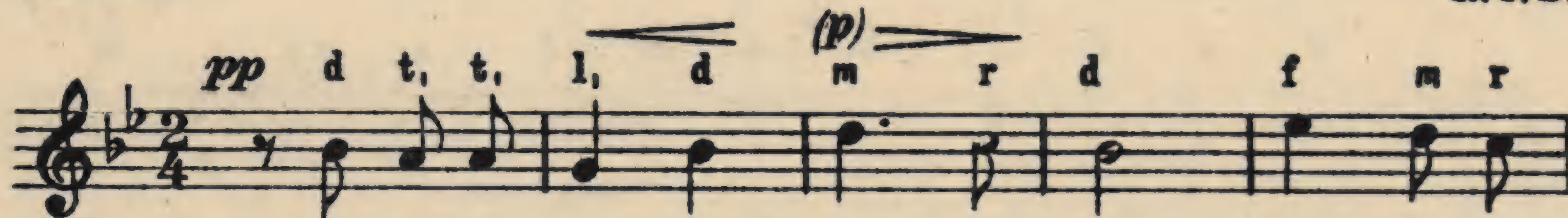
He's my ain for ev - er mair, Bon - ny Bob - by Shaf - toe.

2. Bobby Shaftoe's been to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He's come back and married me,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.
Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair,
He's my ain forever mair,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

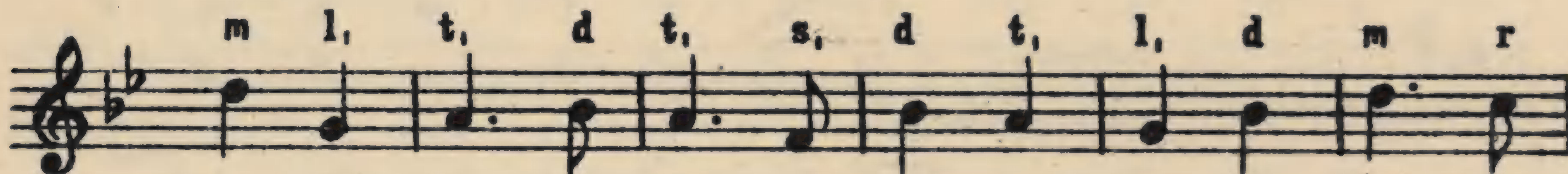
A ROCKING HYMN.

Wither.

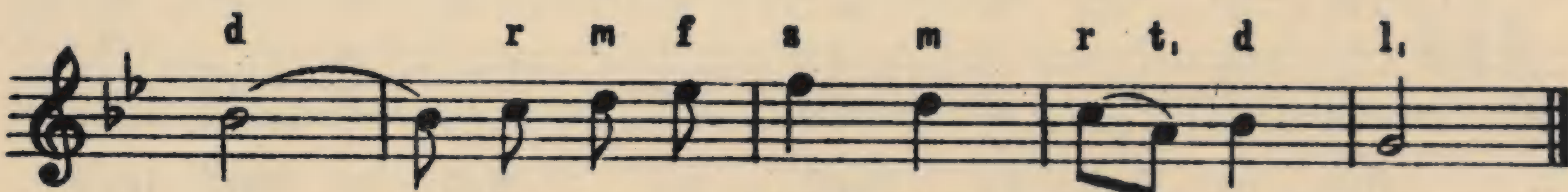
R. T. B.



I. Sweet ba-by, sleep, What ails my dear? What ails my



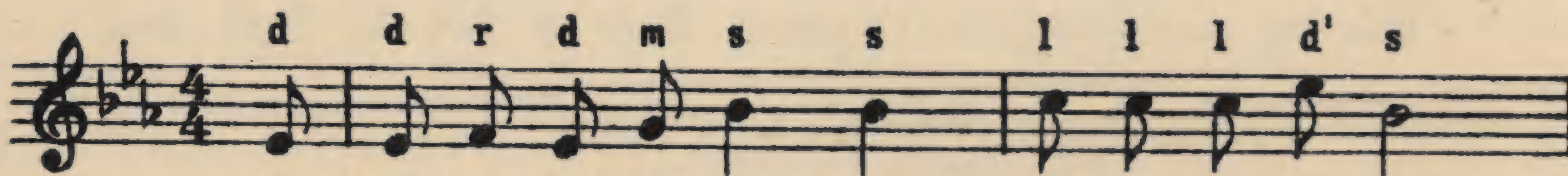
dar-ling thus to cry? Be still, my child, and lend thine



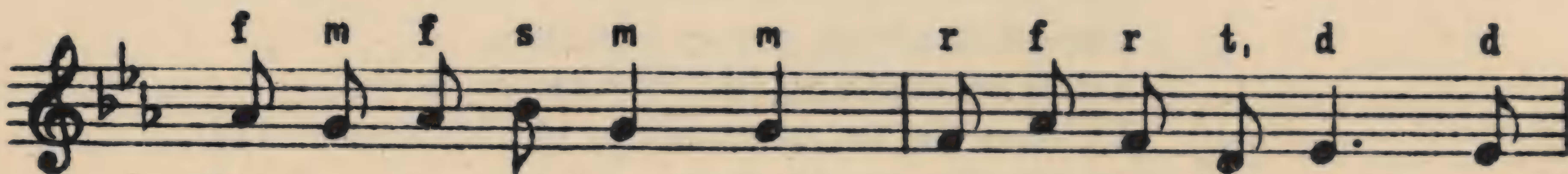
ear, To hear me sing thy lul-la-by.

2. When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes he took delight;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.

I HAD A LITTLE NUT TREE.

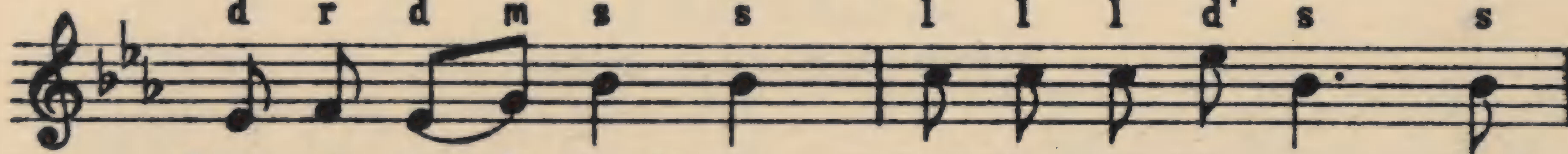


I. I had a lit-tle nut tree, Noth-ing would it bear,



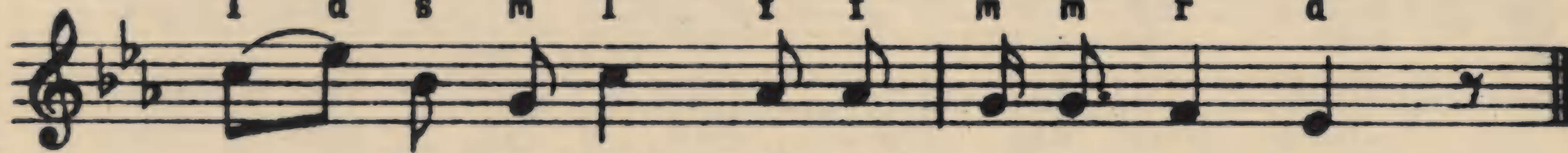
But a sil-ver nut-meg, and a gol-den pear; The

d r d m s s l l l d' s s



King of Spain's daugh-ter came to vis-it me, And

l d' s m l f f m m r d



all for the sake of my lit-tle nut tree.

2. Her dress was all of crimson, coal black was her hair,
 She ask'd me for my nut tree and my golden pear.
 I said, "So fair a princess never did I see,
 I'll give to you the fruit of my little nut tree."

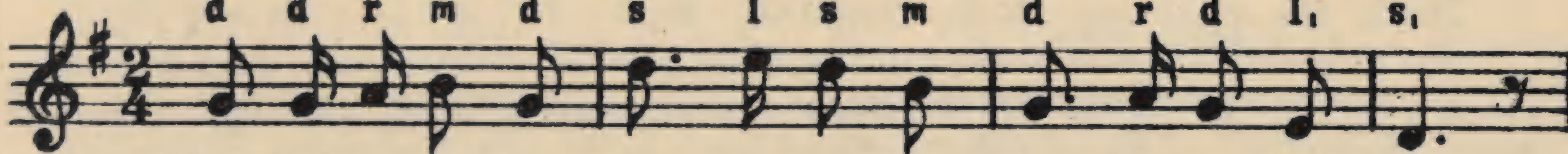
SHOES.

Gertrude Murray.

R. T. B.

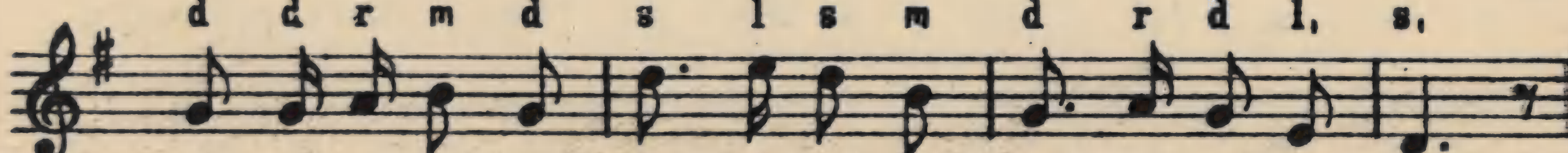
Cheerily.

d d r m d s l s m d r d l, s,



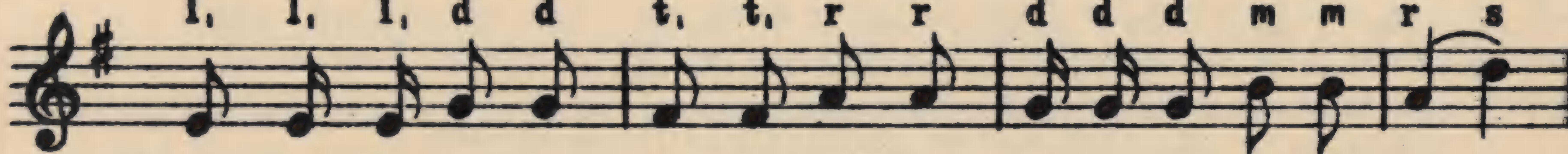
How does a cob-bler make a shoe With lit-tle but-ton bright?

d d r m d s l s m d r d l, s,



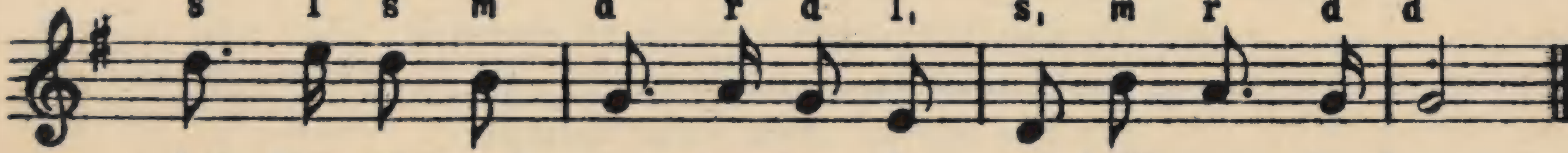
How does he ev-er know the way To make it left or right?

l, l, l, d d t, t, r r d d d m m r s



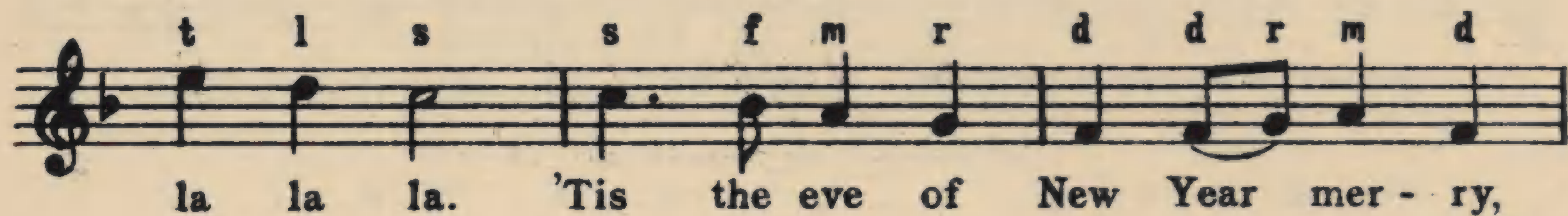
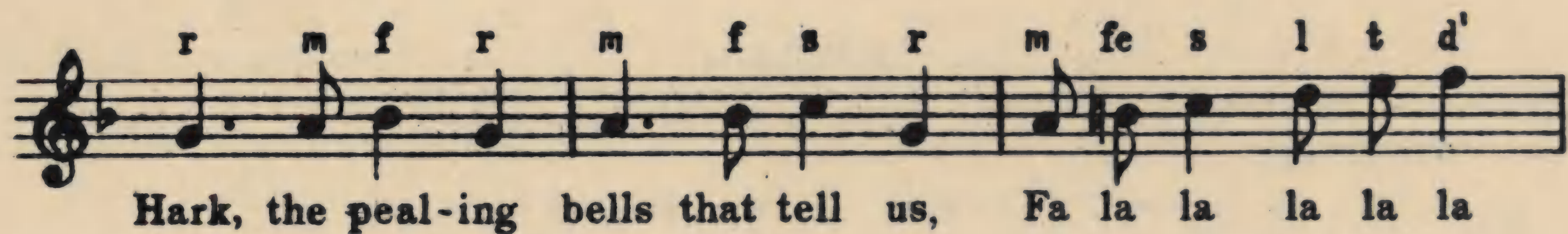
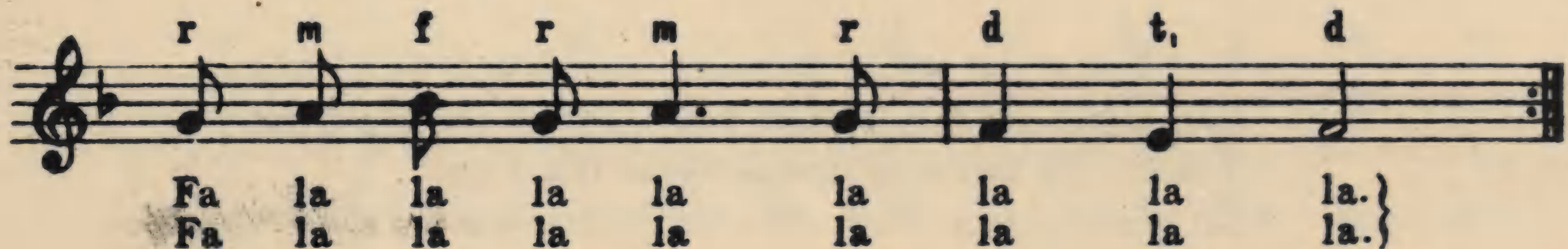
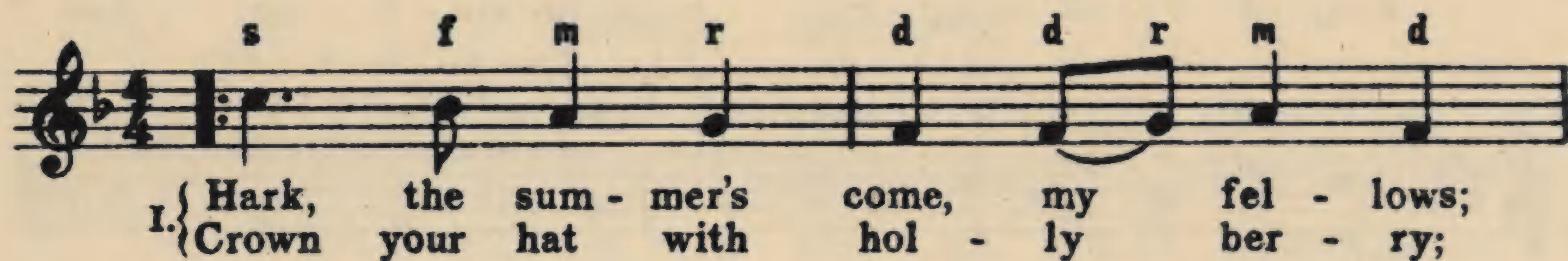
Where does he get the leath-er soft To cov-er each ti-ny toe?

s l s m d r d l, s, m r d d



Ask him, if you're won-der-ing, For oh, he'll sure-ly know!

NEW YEAR'S EVE.



2. Quick join hands and foot it neatly;
Fa la la la la la la la,
In the dance we ne'er can weary;
Fa la la la la la la la,
To the harp that sounds so sweetly;
Fa la la la la la la la,
On the eve of New Year merry;
Fa la la la la la la la.

THE CLOCK.

s, s, d d d d t, d m r r r d r

I. See the neat lit-tle clock in the cor-ner it stands, And

m r d d t, d r d t, l, s, s, s,

points out the time with its two pret-ty hands. The

d d d d t, d m r r r m f

one shows the min-ute, the oth-er the hour, As you

s m d l, f, f, s, l, t, d r m f

oft - en may see in the Church's high tow'r, As you

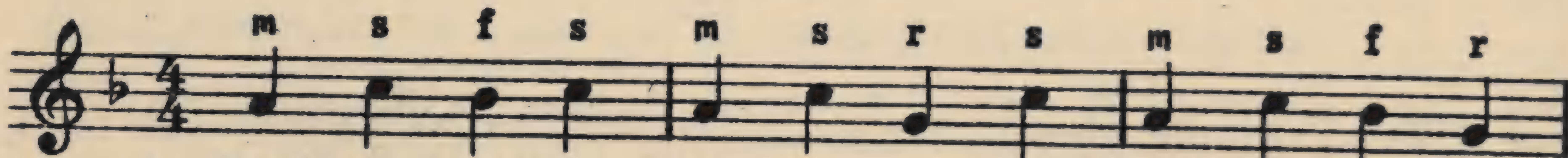
s m d l, f, f, s, l, t, d

oft - en may see in the Church's high tow'r.

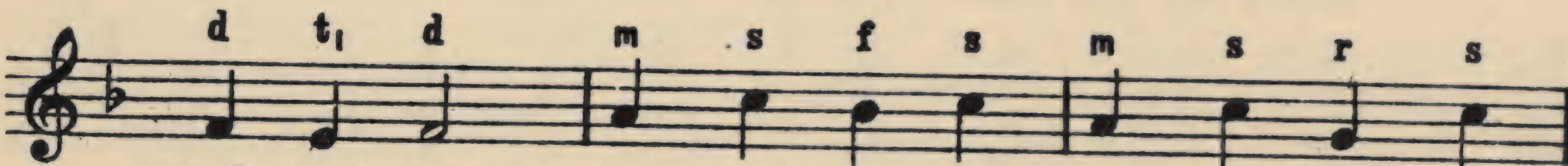
2. The pendulum swings inside the long case,
And sends the two hands round the neat pretty face;
And lest they should move on too slow or too quick,
It swings to and fro with a tick, tick-a-tick,
It swings to and fro with a tick, tick-a-tick.
3. But the wheels would not move, nor the pendulum swing,
Nor hammer's tap-tap make the hour-bell ring,
Only two little weights pull the wheels round and round,
And while they're in motion they still make a sound,
And while they're in motion they still make a sound.
4. So must I, like the clock, have my face clean and bright,
And my hands when they're moving should always be right:
My tongue must be guided to say what is true,
Wherever I go, or whatever I do,
Wherever I go, or whatever I do.

VESPER HYMN.

Thomas Moore.

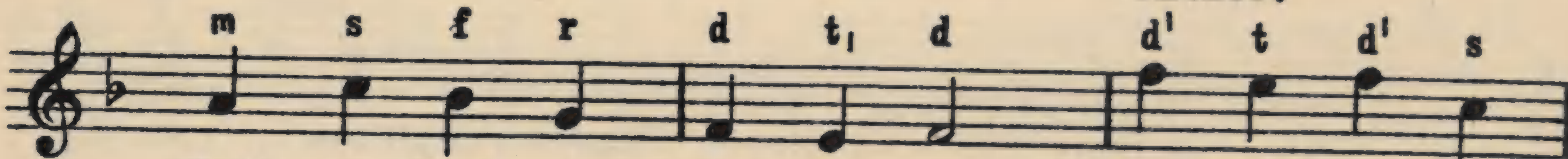


I. Hark! the ves-per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters

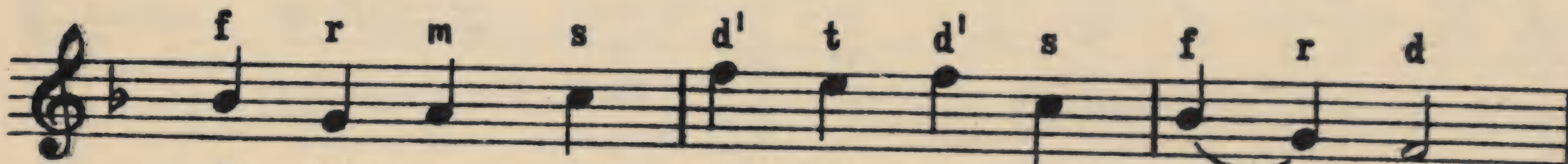


soft and clear, Near-er yet and near-er peal-ing,

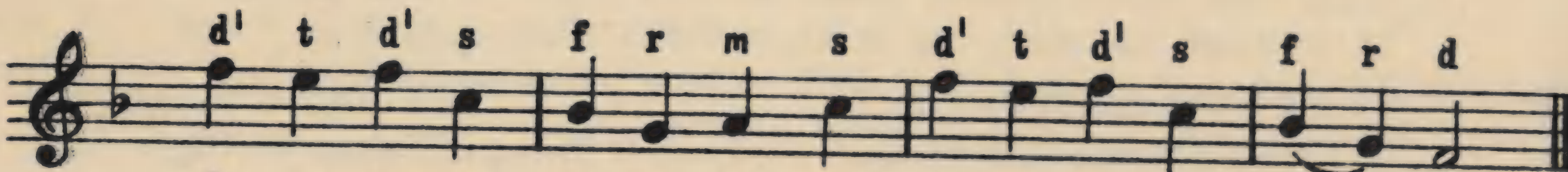
CHORUS.



Soft it breaks up - on the ear. Ju - bi - la - te!



Ju - bi - la - tel 'Ju - bi - la - tel A - men;



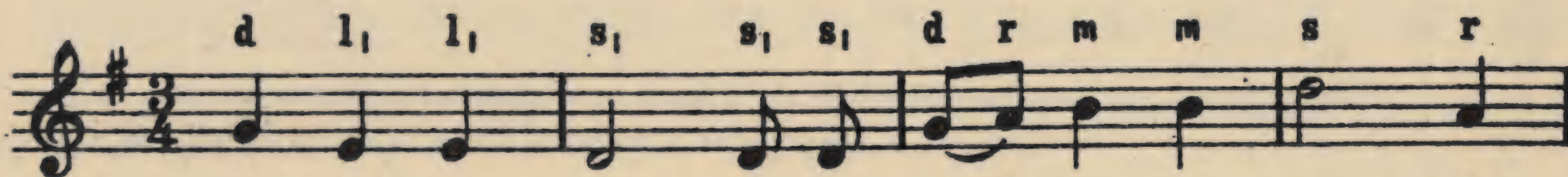
Ju - bi - la - tel Ju - bi - la - tel Ju - bi - la - tel A - men.

2. Once again sweet voices ringing
 Louder still the music swells.
 While on summer breezes winging
 Comes the chime of vesper bells.

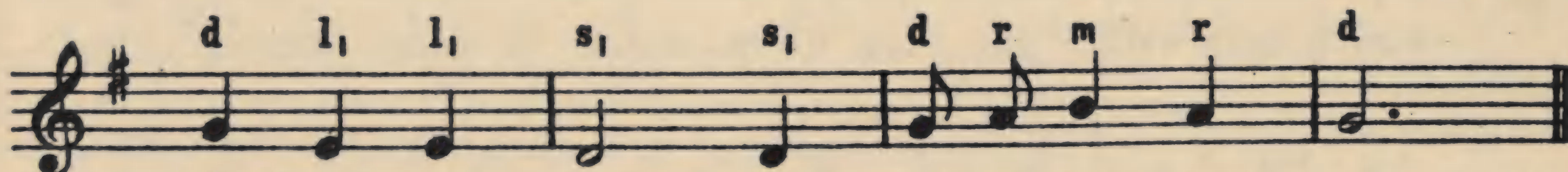
PAST THREE O'CLOCK. (SONG OF THE WATCHMAN.)

Steadily.

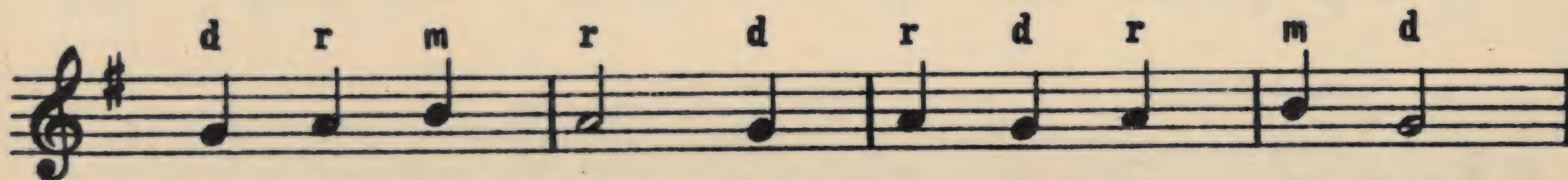
Old English.



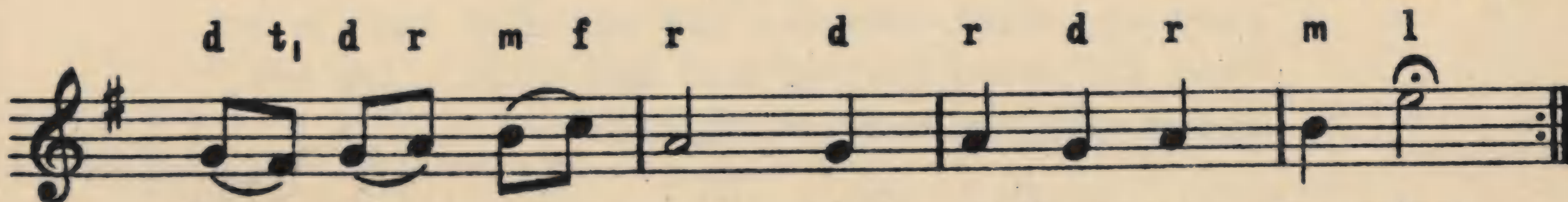
Past three o' - clock, on a cold frost-y morn - ing,

Fine.

Past three o' - clock, good mor-row, mas-ters all.



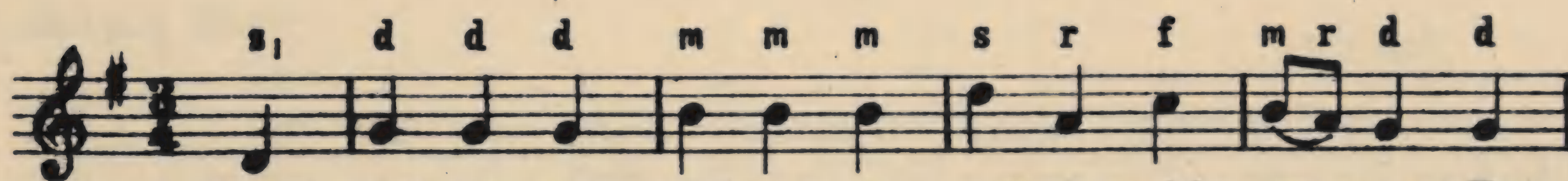
1. While in your beds you're peace-ful - ly sleep-ing,
2. We go our rounds, you rest at your leis - ure,
3. When morn-ing breaks and slum-ber is end - ed,

D. C. al Fine.

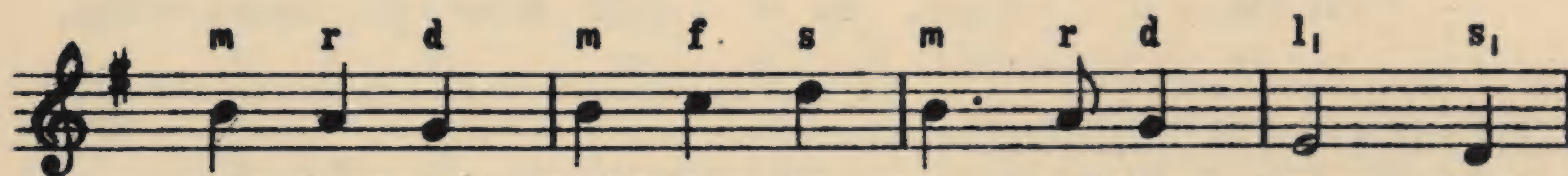
Un - der the stars our watch we are keep-ing.
 Safe is your house, and safe is your treas-ure.
 Give us your thanks your homes who've de - fend-ed.

THE LIBRARY
 UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA
 VICTORIA, B. C.

THREE SAILORS WERE SAILING.



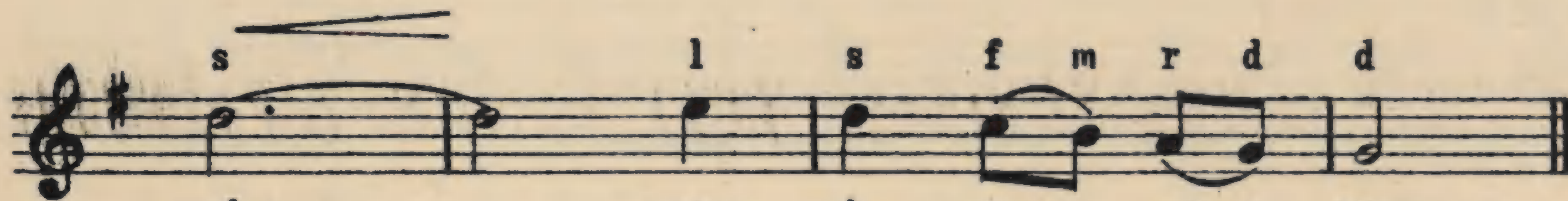
1. Three sail-ors were sail-ing up - on the wide o - cean; But



where they were sail-ing they none of them knew. They



simp-ly went sail-ing wher - e'er the wind blew, wher-



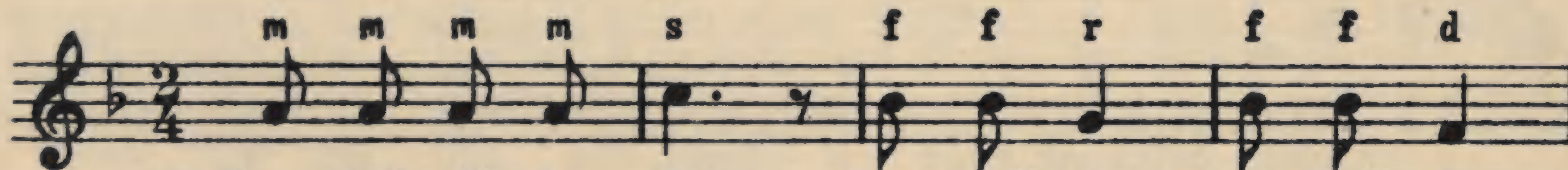
- e'er, wher - e'er the wind blew.

2. They came to an island and landed upon it,
They ate some bananas and knocked down a nut,
Then cut down the nut tree and built a log hut,
And built, and built a log hut.

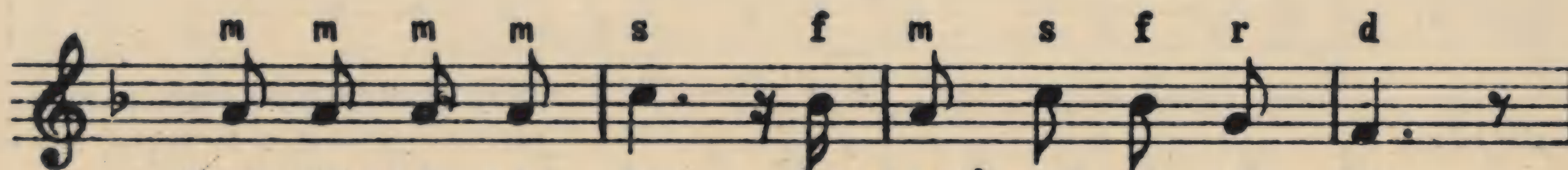
3. But after a while they returned to the ocean,
They hoisted a sail and went floating away,
And where they are now I really can't say,
I really, really can't say.

SOME FOLKS.

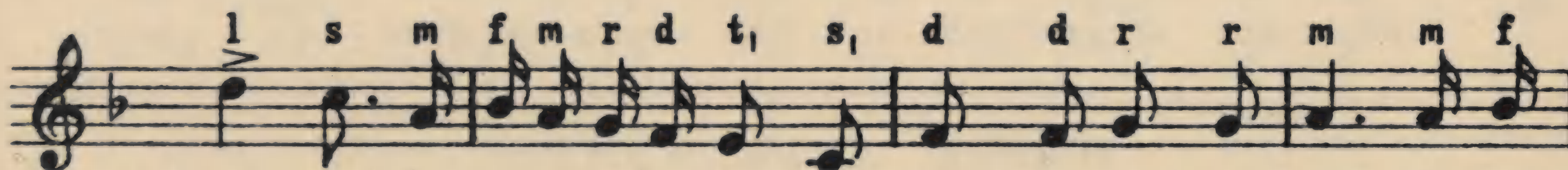
Foster.



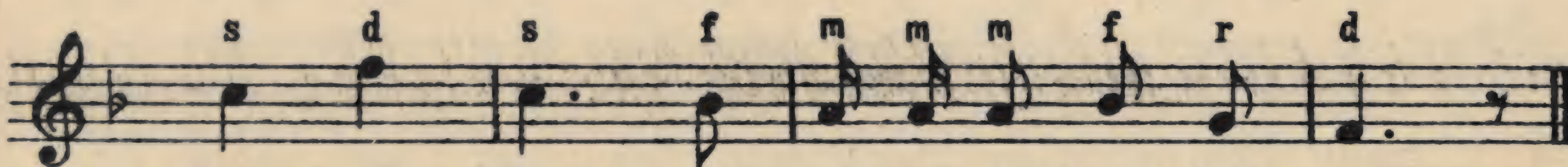
I. Some folks like to sigh; Some folks do, some folks do,



Some folks long to die; But that's not me nor you.



Long live the merry merry heart that laughs by night and day, Like the



Queen of Mirth no mat-ter what some folks say.

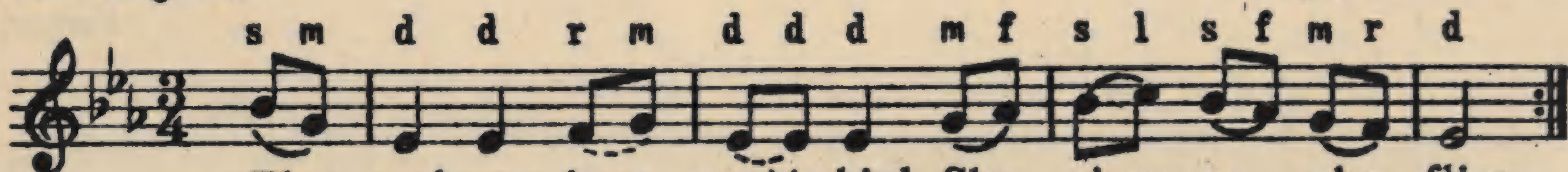
2. Some folks fear to smile;
Some folks do, some folks do,
Others laugh through guile;
But that's not me nor you.
Long live the merry heart, etc.

3. Some folks toil and save;
Some folks do, some folks do,
To buy themselves a grave;
But that's not me nor you.
Long live the merry heart, etc.

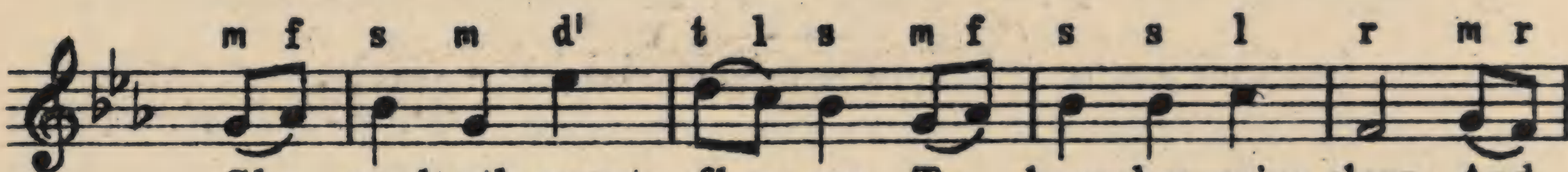
THE CUCKOO BIRD.

Old English.

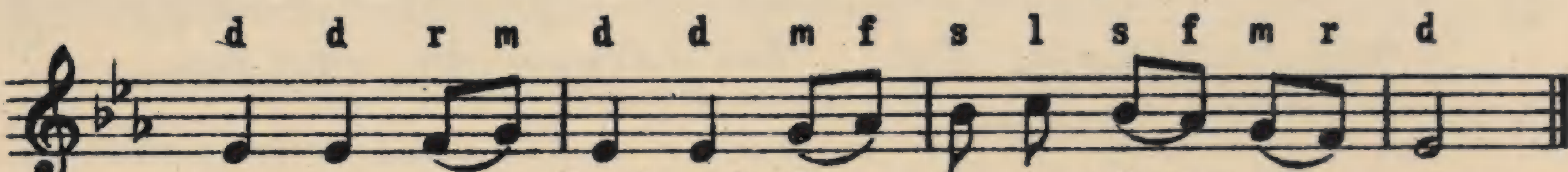
Old English Tune.



The cuck-oo is a pret-ty bird, She sings as she flies.
She bring-eth good ti - dings, She tell - eth no lies.



She suck-eth sweet flow-ers To keep her voice clear, And



when she sings "cuck-oo", The sum-mer draw - eth near.

HASTE THEE, NYMPH.

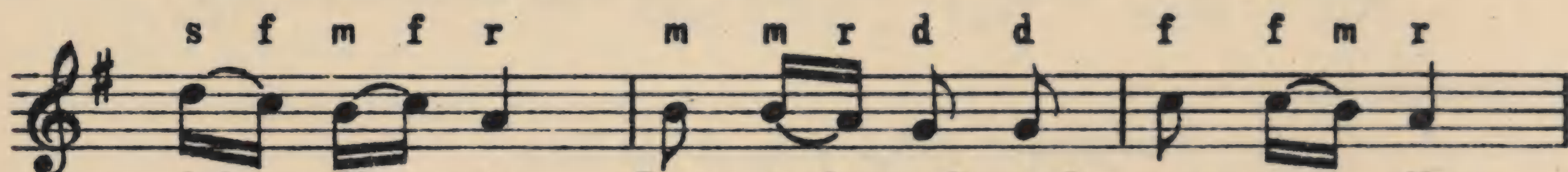
Milton.

With joyous animation.

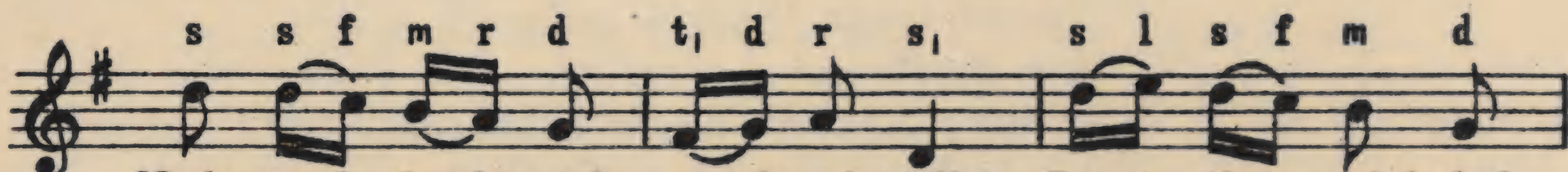
Freely adapted from a round by Arnold—R.T.B.



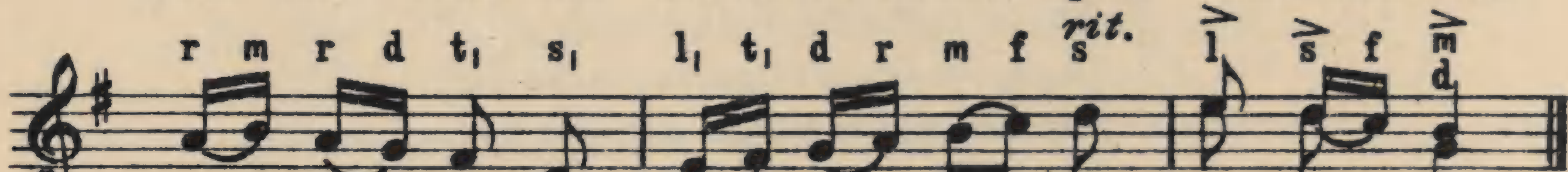
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youth - ful



jol - li - ty. Imps and cranks and wan - ton wiles,



Nods and becks and wreath - ed smiles, Sport that wrink - led

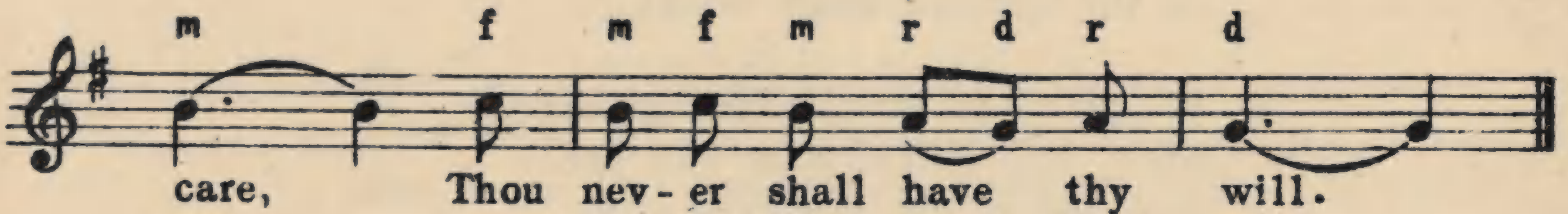
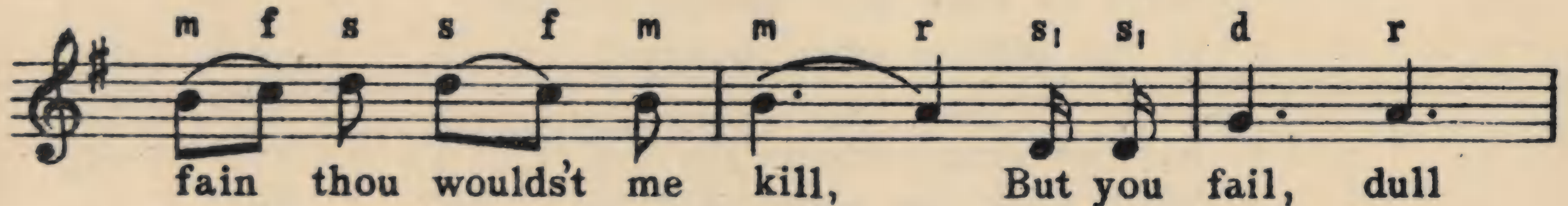
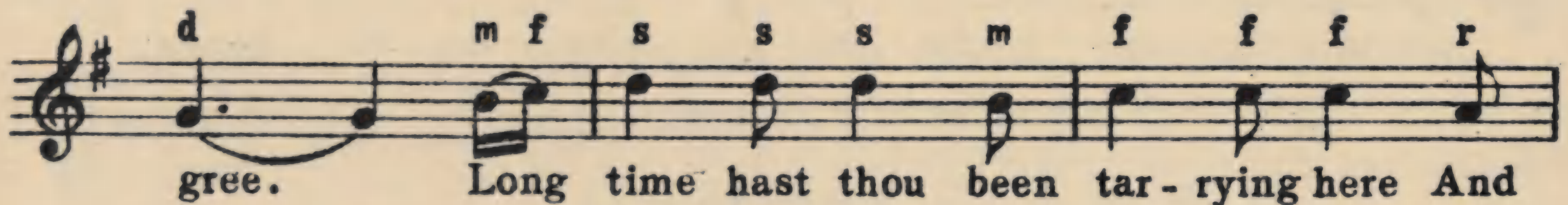
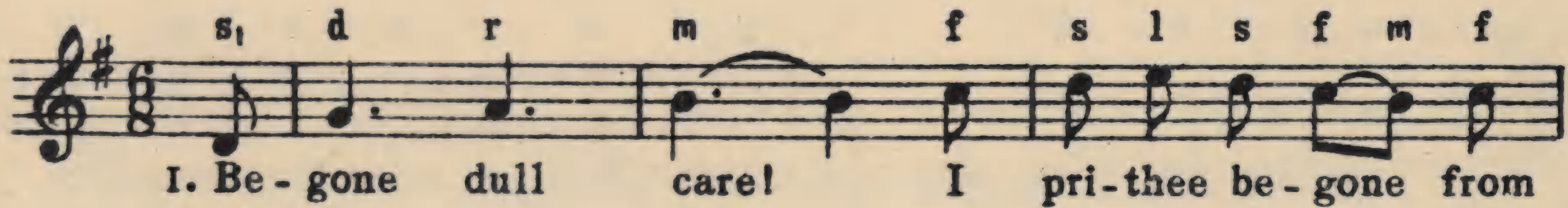


care de - rides, And laugh - ter hold - ing both his sides.

BEGONE DULL CARE.

Traditional.

17th Cent. Queen's Jig



2. Too much care will make a young man turn grey;
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
 My wife shall dance and I will sing, so merrily pass the day,
 For I hold it one of the wisest things to drive dull care away.

PICTURE BOOKS IN WINTER.

R. L. Stevenson.

Rev. Thos. Crawford B.D.

s s d' d' t t d' r' r' m' m' r' r'

I Sum-mer fa - ding, win - ter comes, Frost - y morn - ings, ting - ling

m' d' t l t d' t l s s s

thumbs, Win - dow rob - ins, win - ter rooks, And the

d' t d' r' m' d' t l r' d' t d'

pic - ture sto - ry books, And the pic - ture sto - ry books.

2. Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story books.
3. All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks
In the picture story books.
4. We may see how all things are,
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story books.
5. How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story books?

DREAM FAIRY.

Flemish Melody.

d m r d m s l s d
1. A lit - tle fai - ry comes at night, Her

m r d m s l s s
eyes are blue, her hair is brown, With

f l f m s m r m f s s
sil - ver spots up - on her wings, And

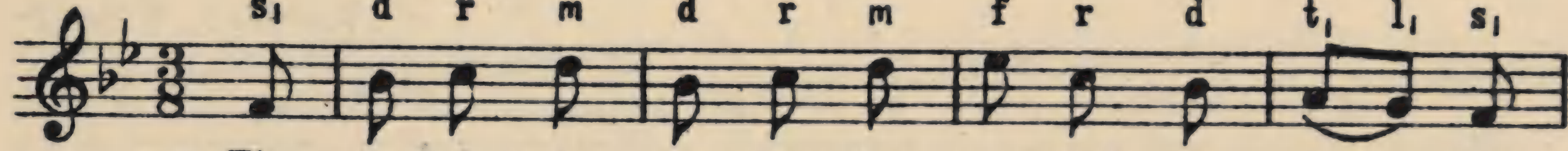
f l f m s m r m r d
from the moon she flut - ters down.

2. She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

3. And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish.

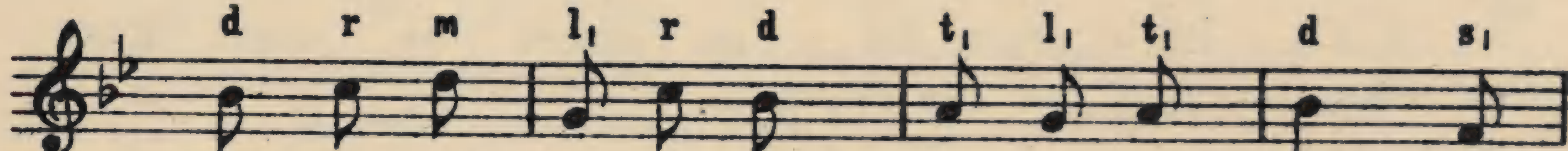
GOOD-NIGHT, LITTLE PEOPLE.

s₁ d r m d r m f r d t₁ l₁ s₁



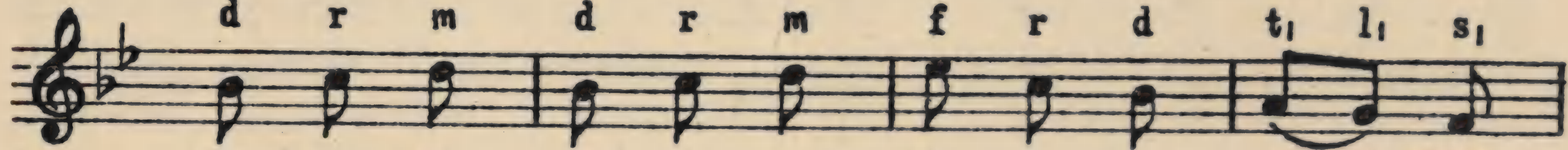
I. The ev-'ning is com-ing, the sun sinks to rest, The

d r m l₁ r d t₁ l₁ t₁ d s₁



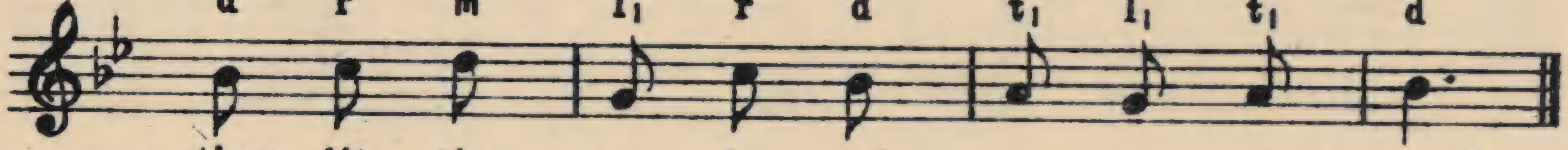
rooks are all fly-ing straight home to their nest; "Caw,

d r m d r m f r d t₁ l₁ s₁



caw," says the rook as he flies o-ver-head, "It's

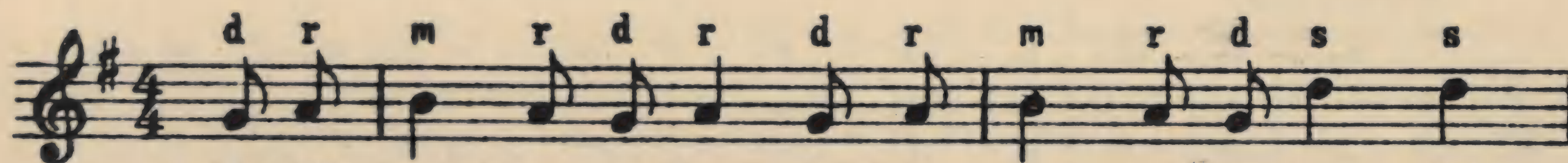
d r m l₁ r d t₁ l₁ t₁ d



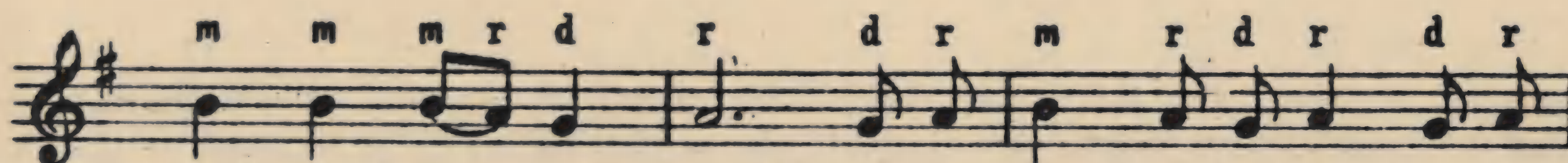
time lit-tle peo-ple were go-ing to bed."

2. The flowers all are closing, the daisy's asleep,
The primrose is buried in slumber so deep;
And shut for the night is the pimpernel red,
"It's time little people were going to bed."
3. The butterfly drowsy has folded its wings,
The bees are returning, no more the bird sings;
Their labor is over, their nestlings are fed,
"It's time little people were going to bed."
4. Good-night little people, good-night and good-night,
Sweet dreams to your eyelids till dawning of light.
The evening has come, there's no more to be said,
"It's time little people were going to bed."

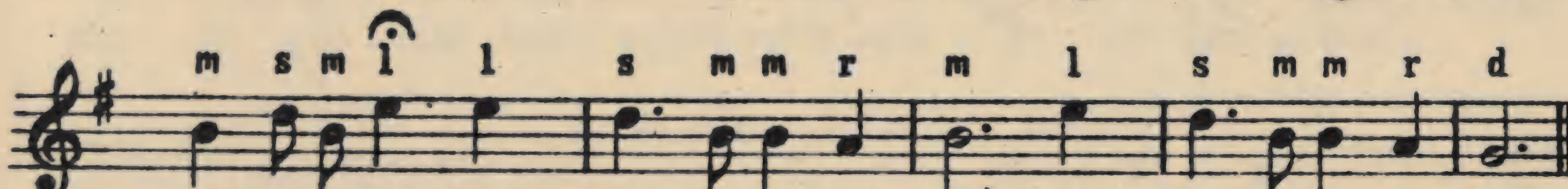
I WILL GALLOP ALONG.



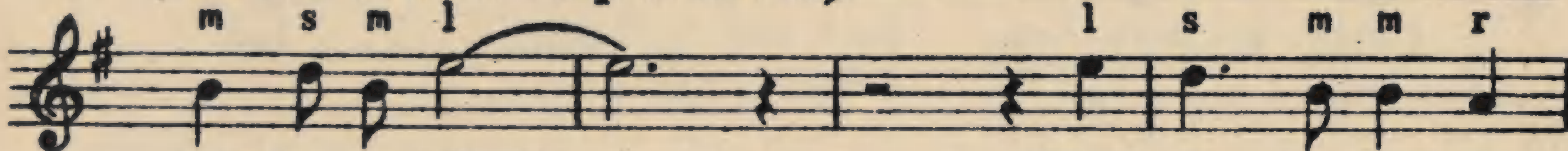
I. I will gal - lop a - long with a stick for a horse, And



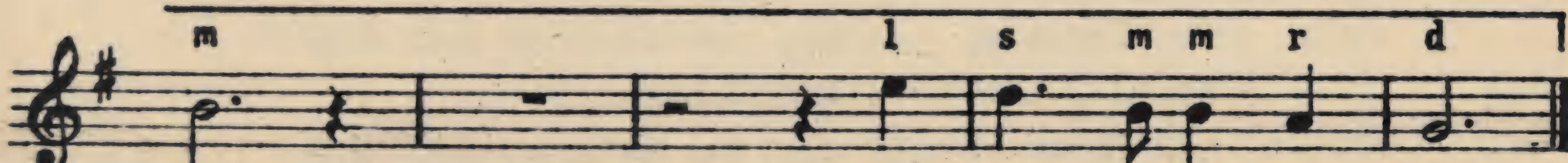
who shall say me nay? I'm a king or a knight or a



rob-ber in flight, When I am free to play, When I am free to play.
(For use with accompaniment.)



rob-ber in flight, — When I am free to



play, When I am free to play.

2. There is nothing I cannot go and see,
If only I know the way.
On my prancing steed I'm a prince indeed,
When I am free to play, when I am free to play.

3. I will gallop along with a stick for a horse,
And who shall say me nay?
I'm a baron bold or a minstrel of old,
When I am free to play, when I am free to play.

I SAW THREE SHIPS.

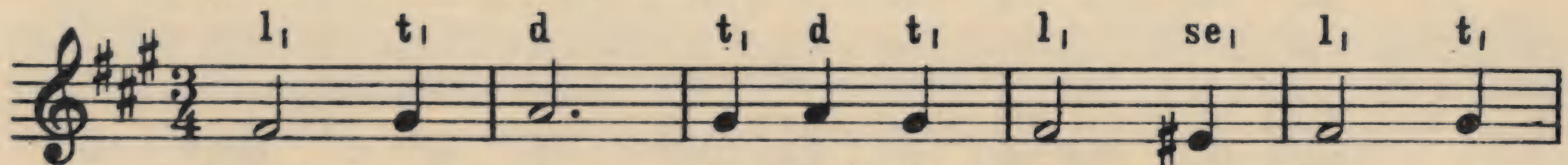
Smoothly.

The musical notation is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of three lines of music. Above the notes are letters indicating pitch: s, d, d, d, l, s, f, m, r, m, f, m for the first line; r, m, f, m, s, d, d, d, l, s, f, m, s for the second line; and l, s, f, m, r, d, t, l for the third line. The lyrics are: '1. I saw three ships come sail - ing by, sail - ing by, sail - ing by, I saw three ships come sail - ing in On Chris - si - mas day in the morn - ing.'

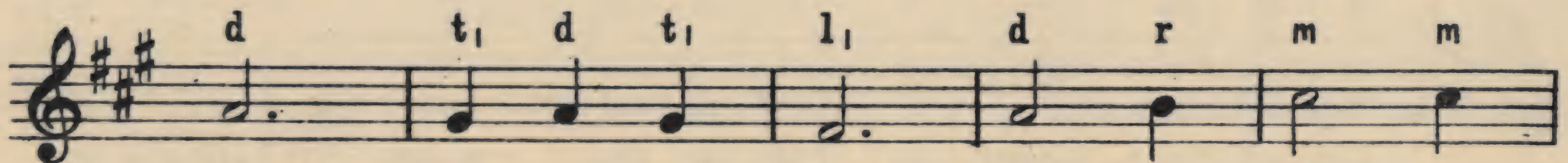
1. I saw three ships come sail - ing by, sail - ing by, sail - ing by, I saw three ships come sail - ing in On Chris - si - mas day in the morn - ing.

2. They sailed into Bethlehem,
On Chris-si-mas day, on Chris-si-mas day.
They sailed into Bethlehem,
On Chris-si-mas day, on Chris-si-mas day.
3. All the bells on earth shall ring,
On Chris-si-mas day, etc.
4. All the souls on earth shall sing,
On Chris-si-mas day, etc.
5. Let us all rejoice amain,
On Chris-si-mas day, etc.

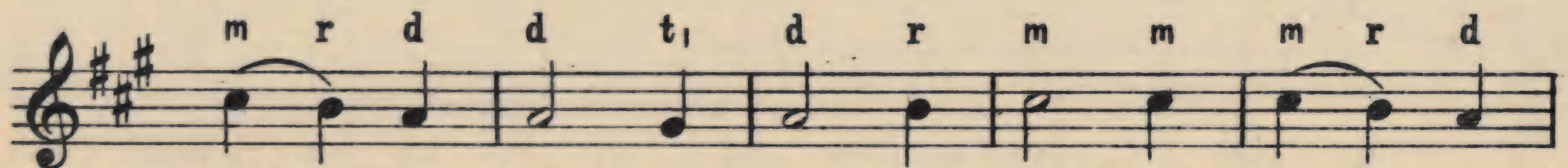
A .BASQUE LULLABY.

Softly and tenderly.

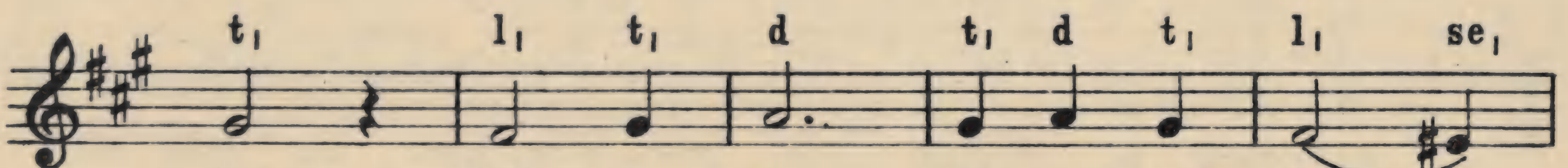
1. Lul - la - by, twi-light is spread-ing Sil - ver



wings o - ver the sky; Fair - y elves are



soft - ly tread - ing, Fold - ing buds as they pass



by Lul - la - by, whis-per and sigh,

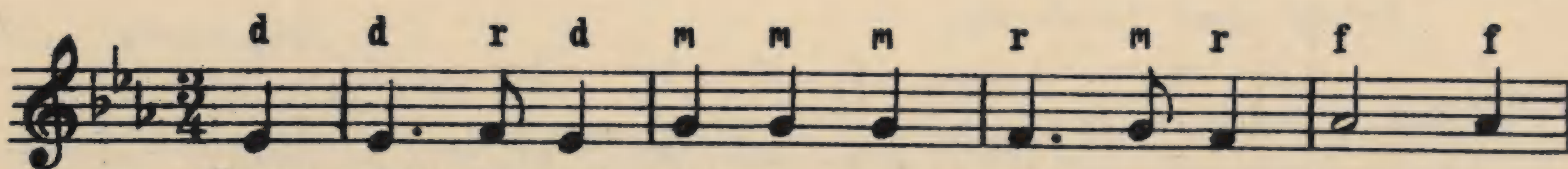


Lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

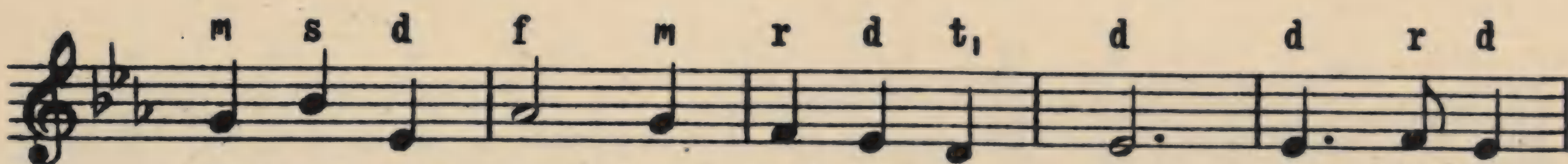
2. Lullaby, deep in the clover
 Drone the bees softly to rest;
 Close white lids your dear eyes over,
 Mother's arms shall be your rest.
 Lullaby, whisper and sigh,
 Lullaby, lullaby.

THE OLD WOMAN TOSSED UP IN A BASKET.

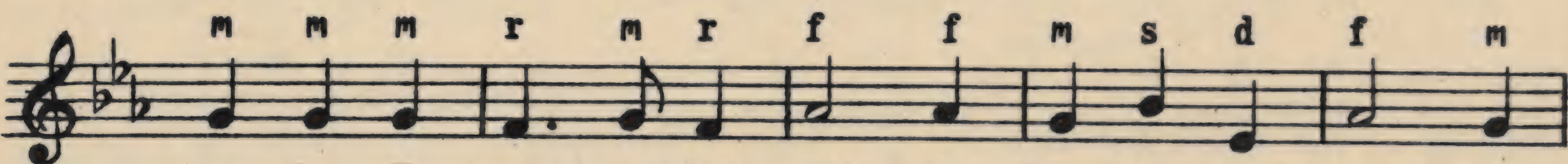
Purcell.



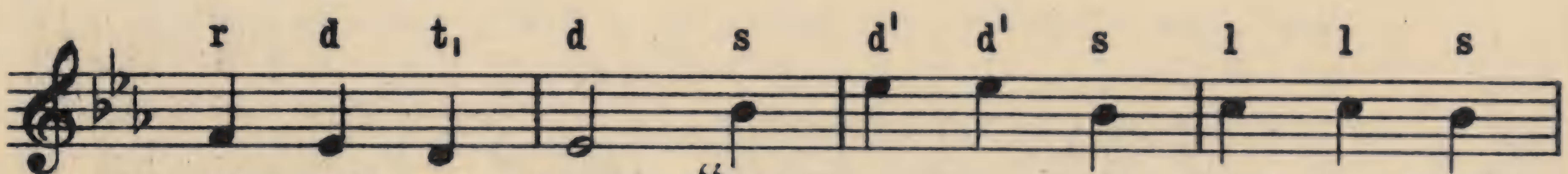
There was an old wo - man tossed up in a bask - et



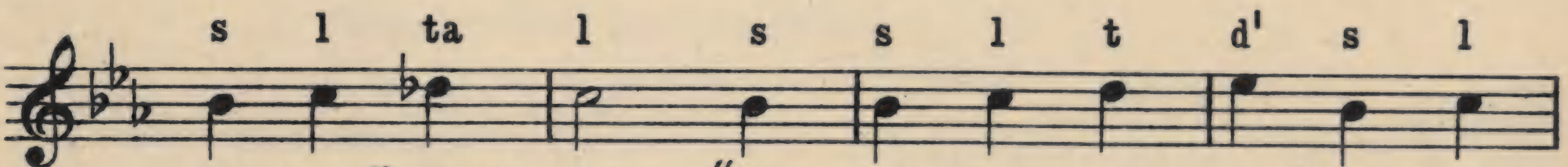
Sev-en-teen times as high as the moon. Where she was



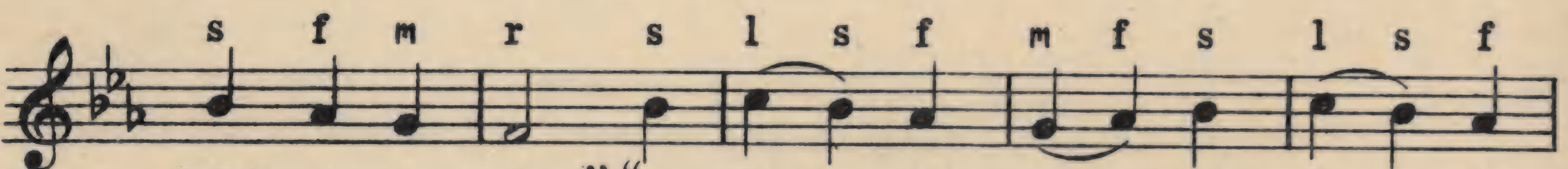
go - ing I could not but ask it, For in her hands she



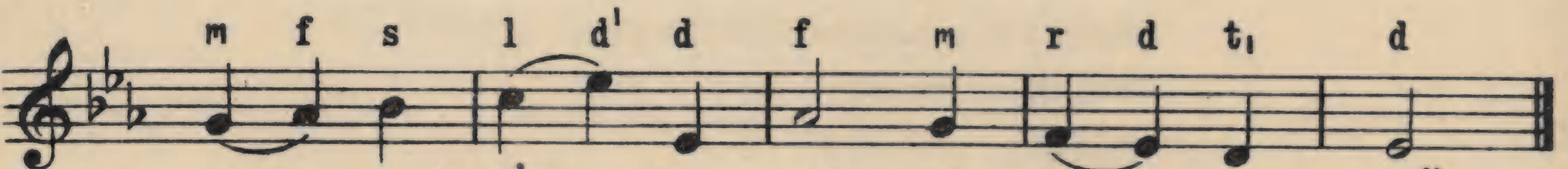
car - ried a broom. "Old wo - man, old wo - man, old



wo - man," quoth I, "Oh whith - er, oh whith - er, oh



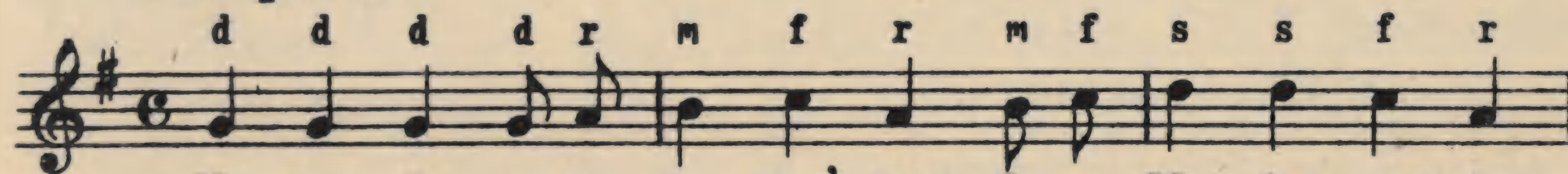
whith - er so high?" "To sweep the cob - webs from the



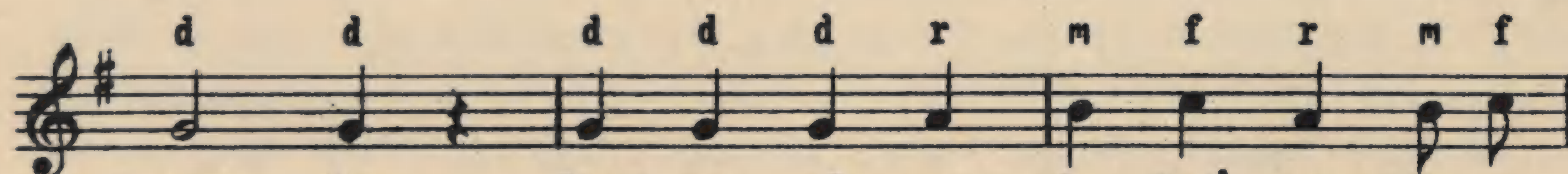
sky, And I'll be with you by and by."

THE FARMYARD.

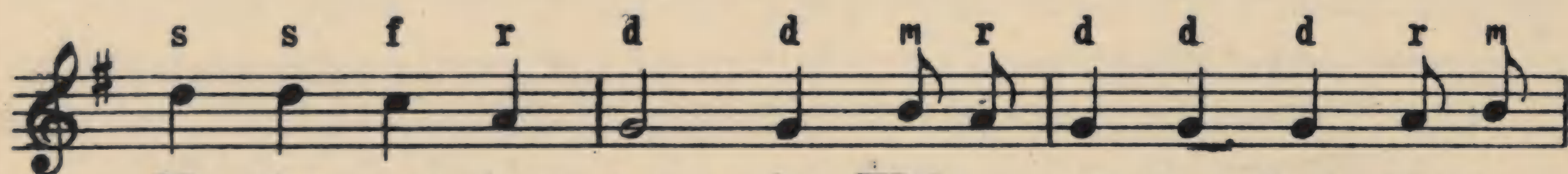
English Folk Song.

Con Spirito.

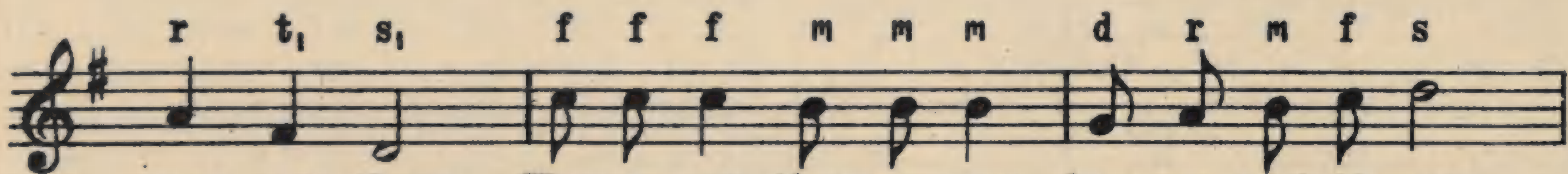
1. Up was I on my fa - ther's farm, On a May day morn - ing



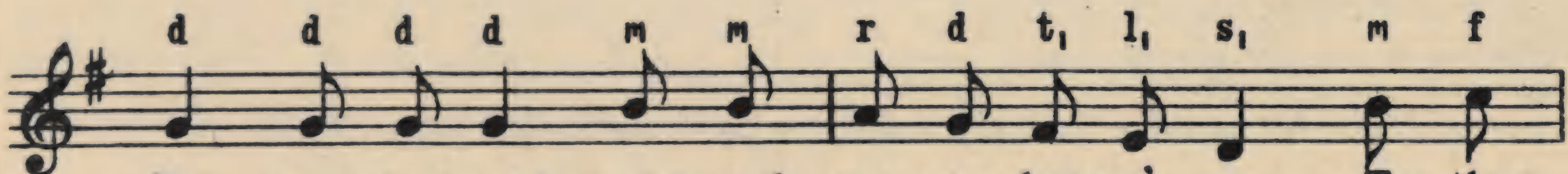
ear - ly, Feed - ing of my fa - ther's cows On a



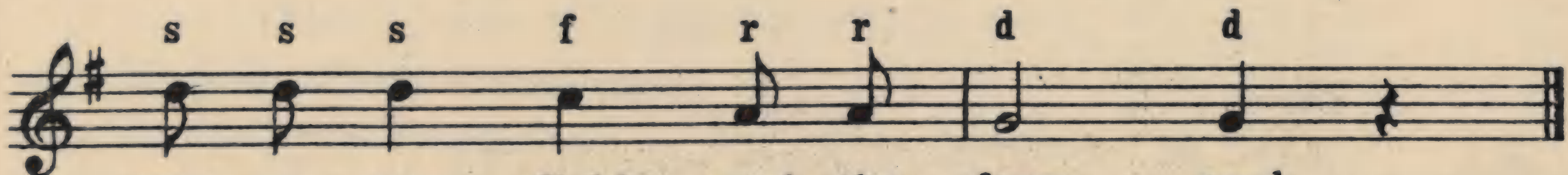
May day morn - ing ear - ly. With a moo, moo, here, and a



moo, moo, there, Here a moo, there a moo, here a pret - ty moo.



Six pret - ty maids come and gang a - long o' me, To the



mer - ry green fields and the farm - yard.

2. Up was I on my father's farm
 On a May day morning early,
 Feeding of my father's goats
 On a May day morning early.
 With a nan nan here, and a nan nan there,
 Here a nan, there a nan, here a pretty nan.
 Six pretty maids come and gang along o' me,
 To the merry green fields and the farmyard.

CRADLE SONG.

Words 1600.

Adapted from W. Byrd.

Arr. by R.T. B.

dolce
p d d d r m r f m d r d *pp* m

My sweet lit - tle dar - ling, my com - fort and joy, Sing

f r m r r d m m m s *mf* s f

lul - la - by lul - la. In beau - ty sur - pass - ing the

m r d r *p* m s d r d d *pp* m

prin - cess of Troy, Sing lul - la - by lul - la; Sweet

r d t, t, d d *pp* s f m *rit.* r d r d d

ba - by lul - la lul - la; Sweet ba - by lul - la - by lul - la.

JOHN PEEL.

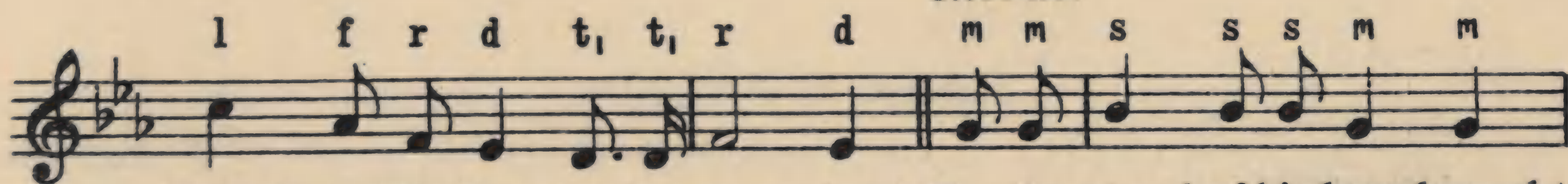
Hunting Song.

m m s s m m m s s m m f f r r r

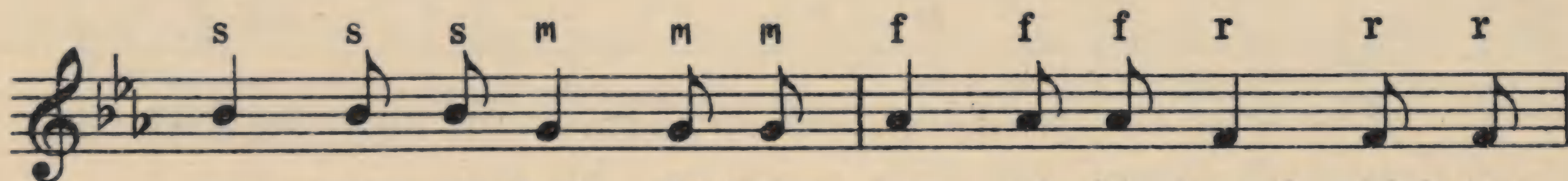
I. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray, D'ye ken John Peel at the

f f r r d d d' d' t t l l s f m

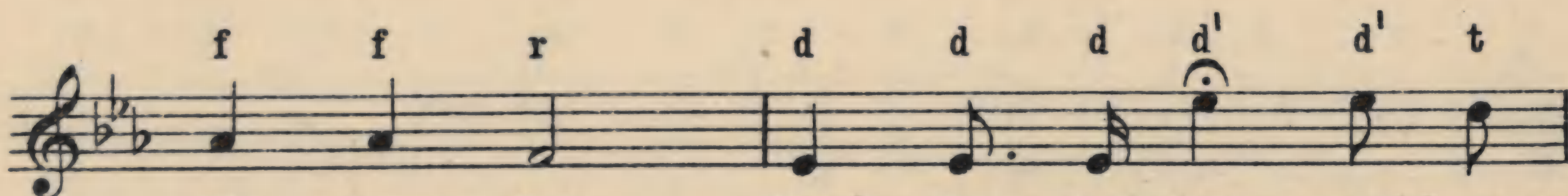
break o' day, D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way With his

Chorus.

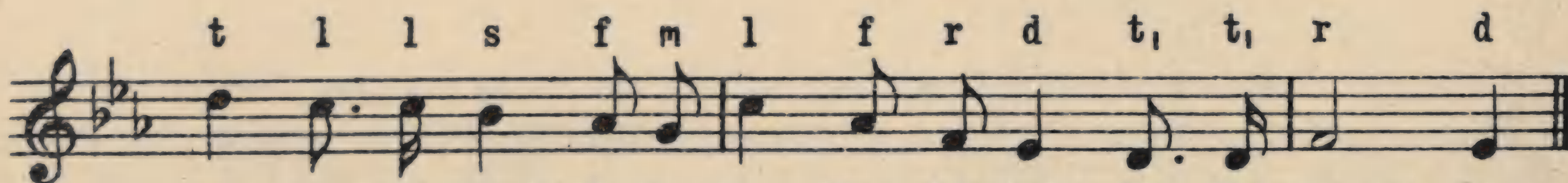
hounds and his horn in the morn-ing? For the sound of his horn brought



me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds which he



oft times led, Peel's view hal-loo would a -



wa - ken the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

2. Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True;
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

Chorus.

3. Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

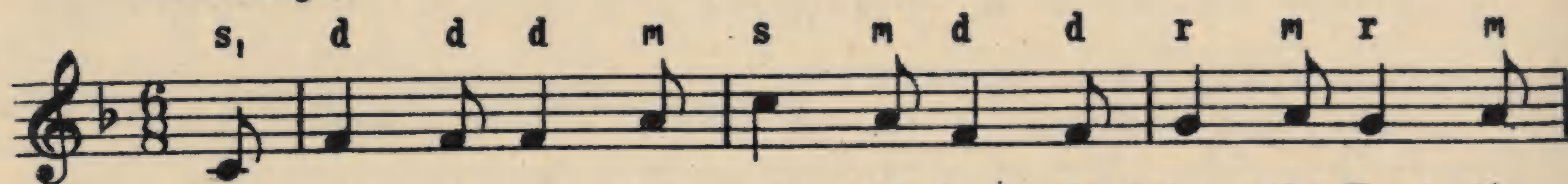
Chorus.

4. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray,
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day;
Now he has gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

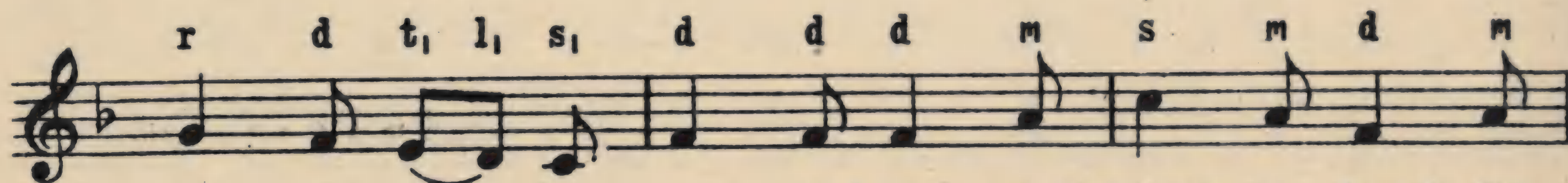
Chorus.

MORNING SONG.

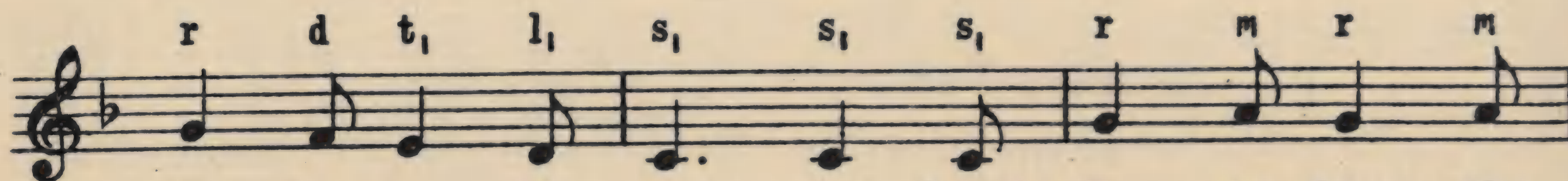
English.

Jauntily.

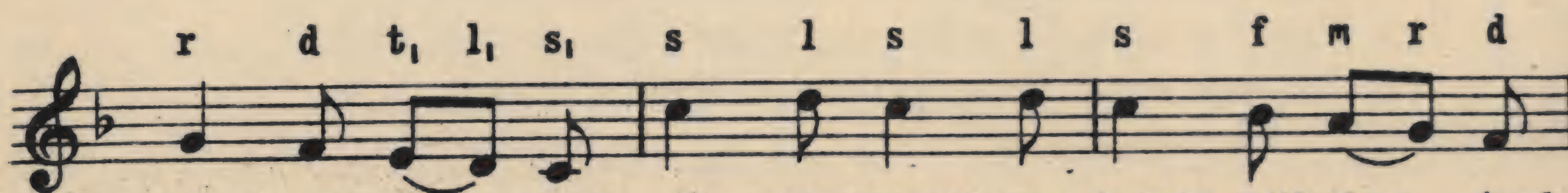
The sun is ris - ing out of bed And in the East the



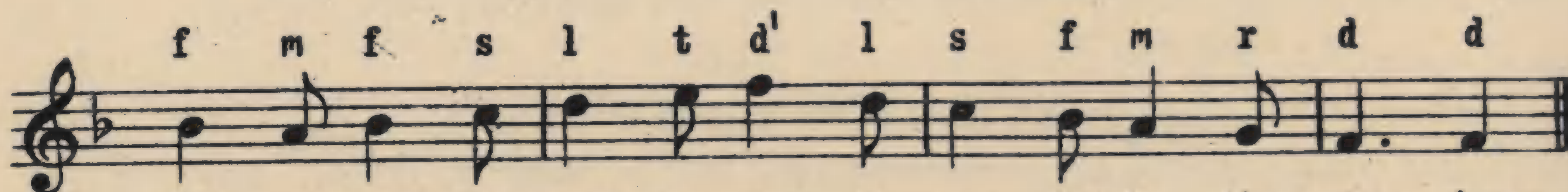
sky is red; Then up and wake each sleep - y head, So



ear - ly in the morn - ing. What shame to dream the



hours a - way; When all the world is bright with day, And

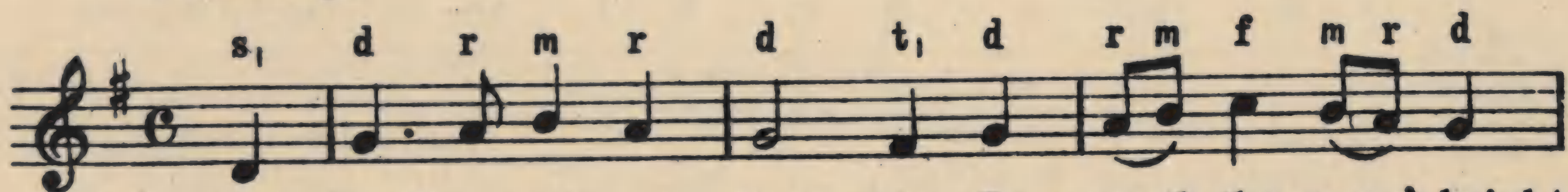


Na - ture calls to work or play, So ear - ly in the morn - ing.

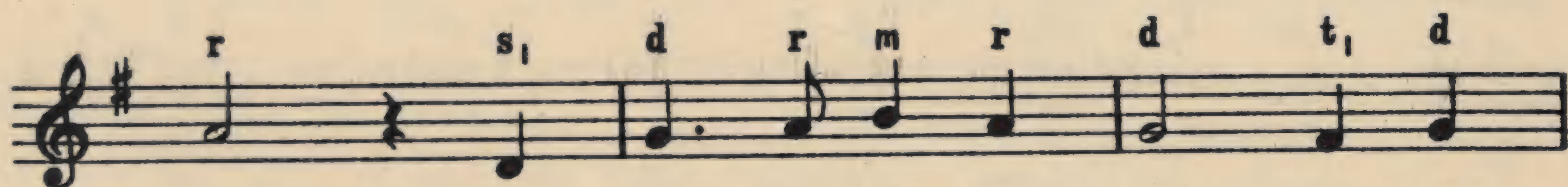
A LULLABY.

Words from the German.

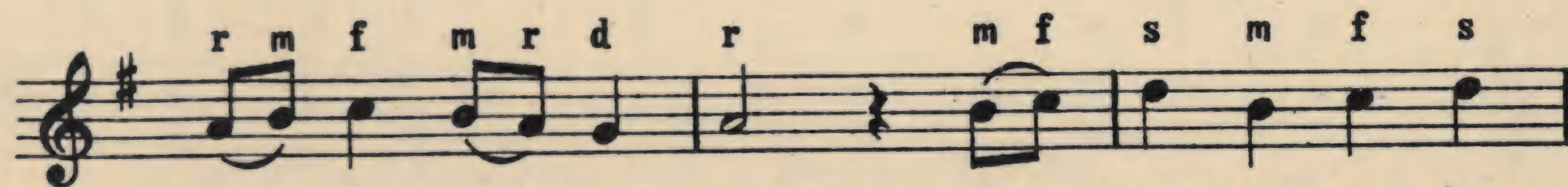
Arranged by Brahms.

Dreamily.

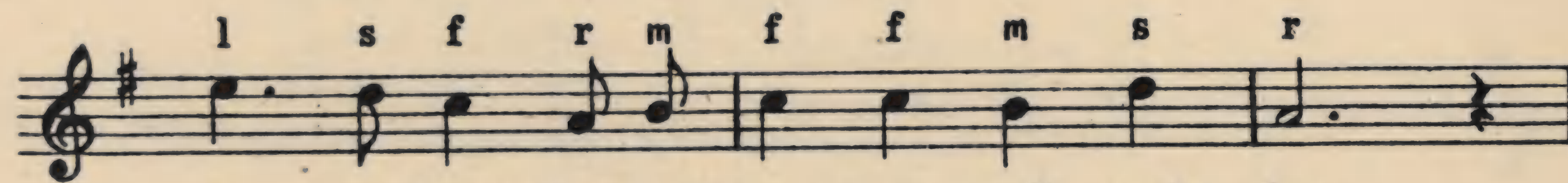
The flow'rets all are sleep - ing Be - neath the moon's bright



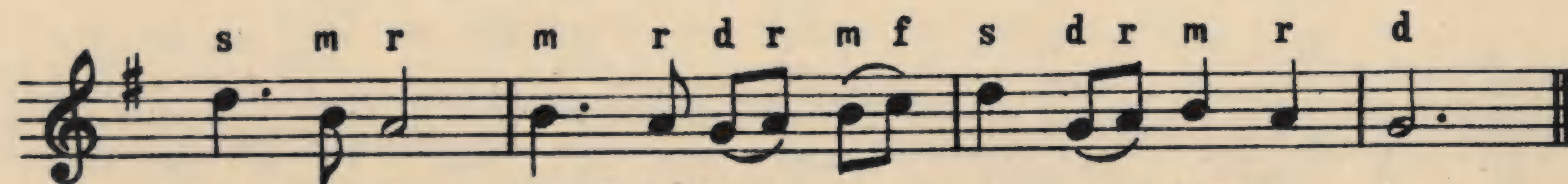
ray, They nest - le close to - geth - er And



dream the night a - way, The tree tops sway-ing



to and fro, Sing-ing songs so soft and low.

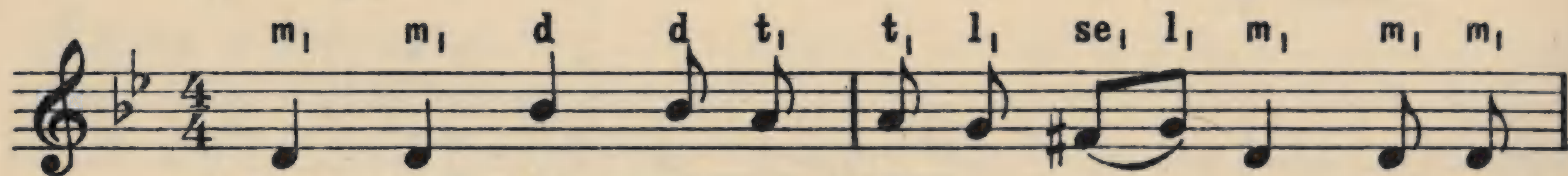


Lul - la-by, ba - by by, my own, my ba - by dear.

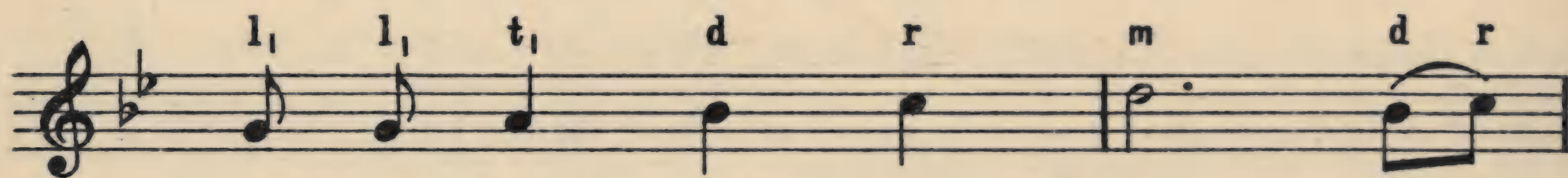
OLD KING COLE.

Sturdily.

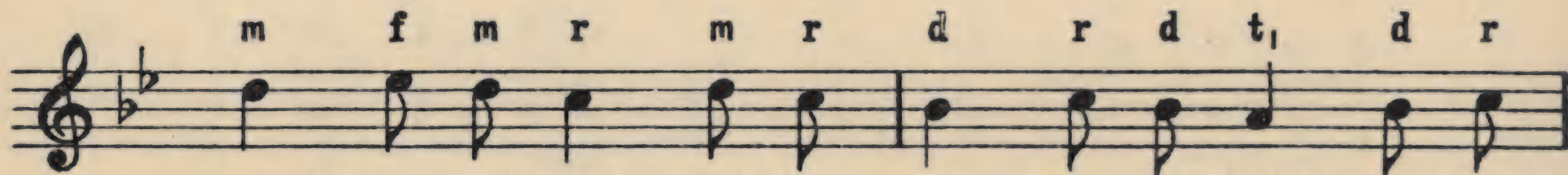
Old English.



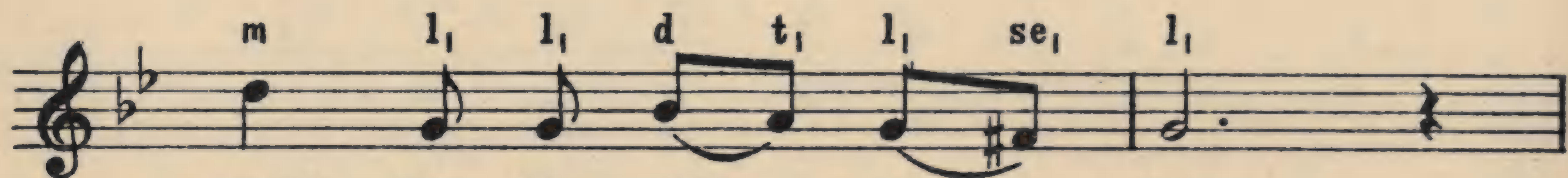
I. Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul And a



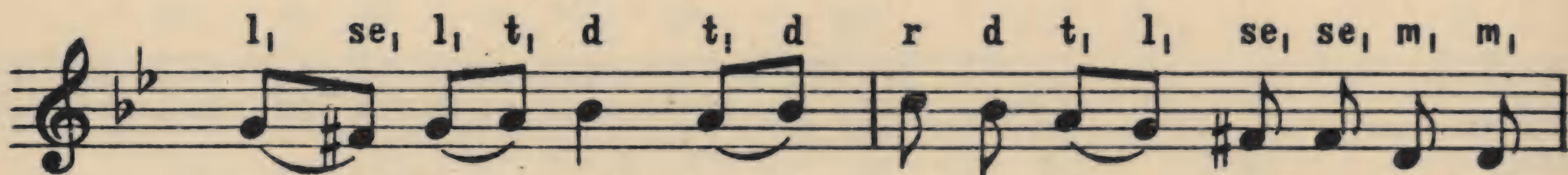
mer - ry old soul was he. He



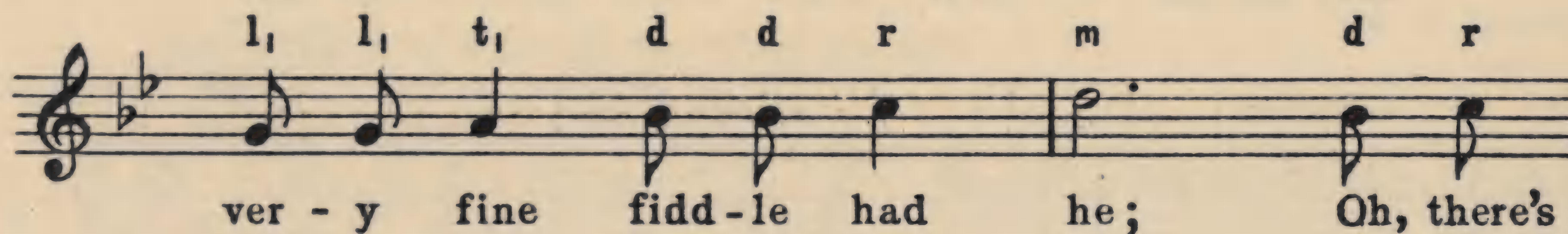
call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his bowl, And he



call'd for his fidd - lers three.



Ev - 'ry fidd - ler had a fine fiddle, And a



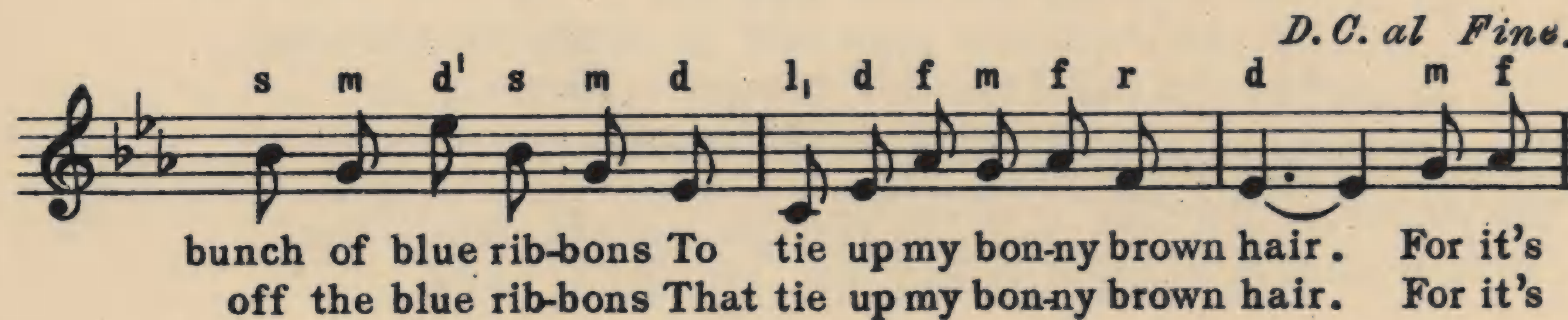
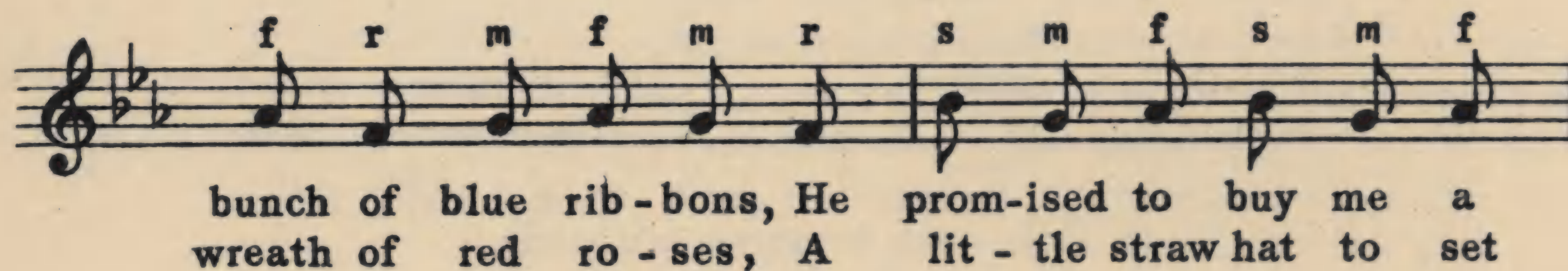
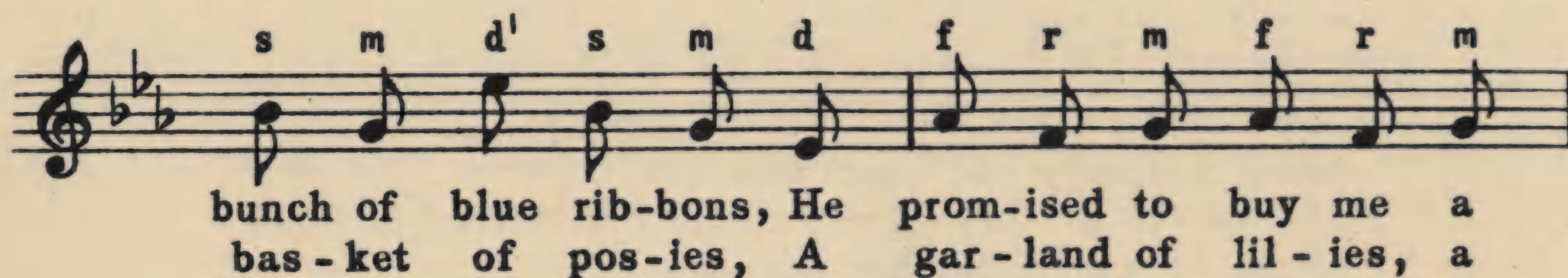
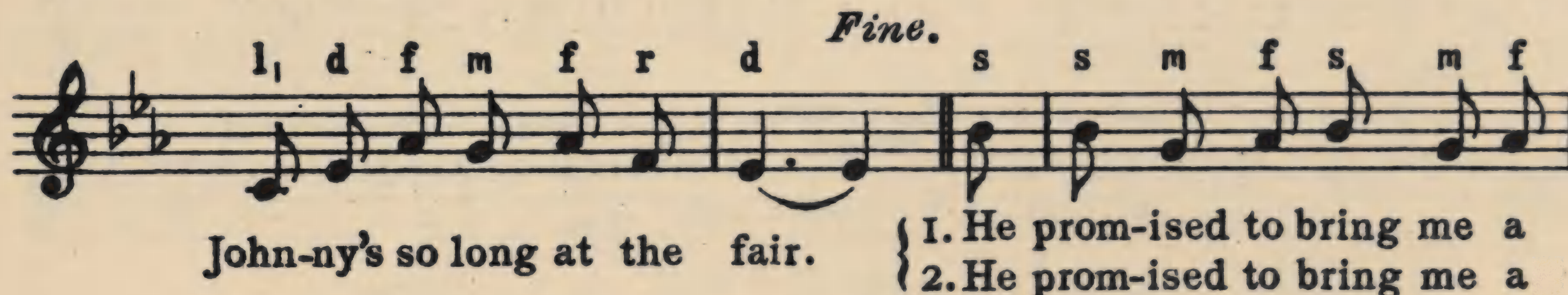
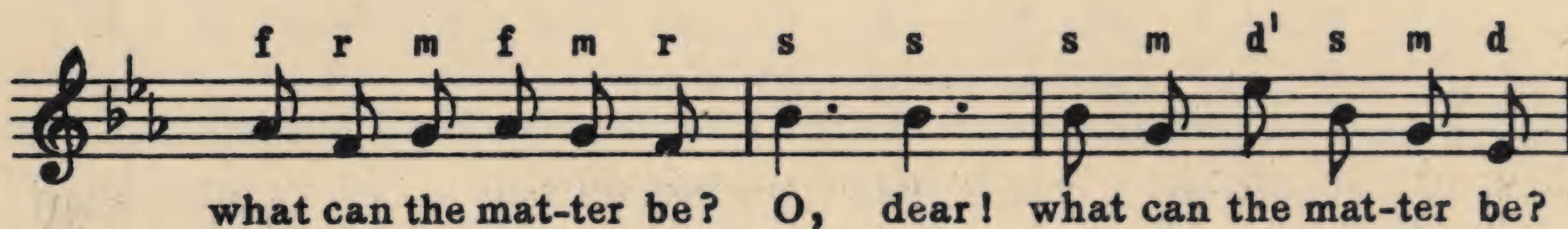
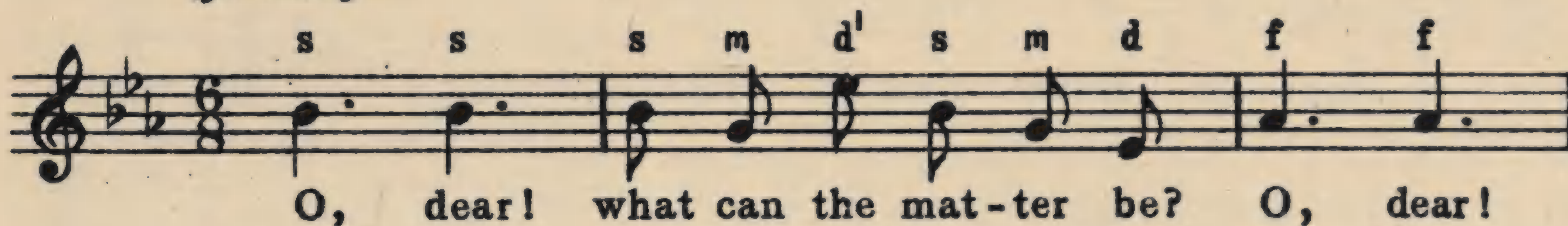
2. Old King Cole was a merry old soul
 And a merry old soul was he.
 He call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his bowl
 And he call'd for his harpers three.
 Ev'ry harper had a fine harp
 And a very fine harp had he;
 Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
 With King Cole and his harpers three.

3. Old King Cole was a merry old soul
 And a merry old soul was he.
 He call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his bowl
 And he call'd for his drummers three.
 Ev'ry drummer had a fine drum
 And a very fine drum had he;
 Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
 With King Cole and his drummers three.

OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Quickly.

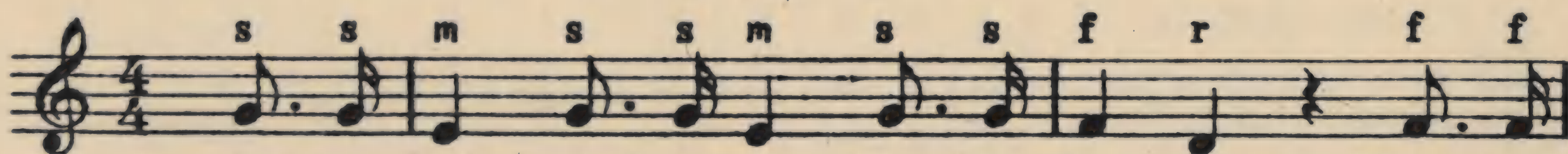
Old English.



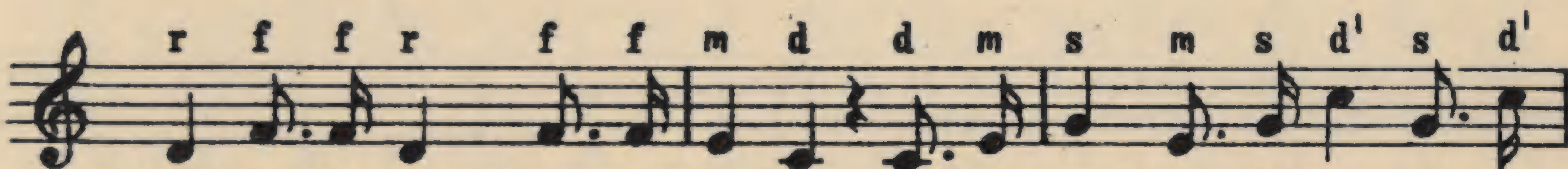
THE STURDY BLACKSMITH.

Sturdily and in well marked accent.

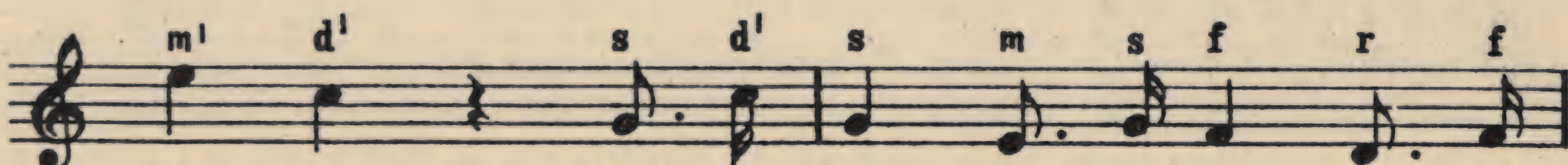
W. A. Mozart.



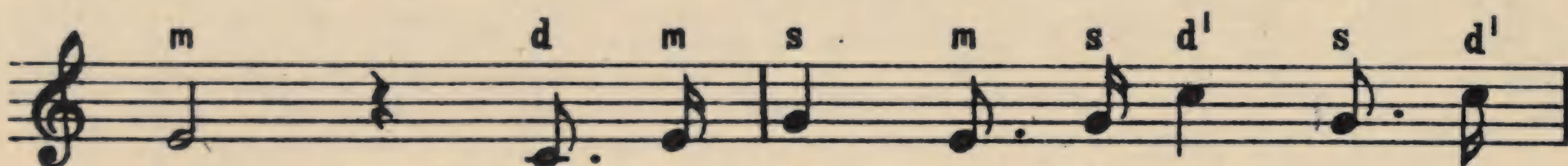
I Oh, the black-smith's a fine stur-dy fel-low! Hard his



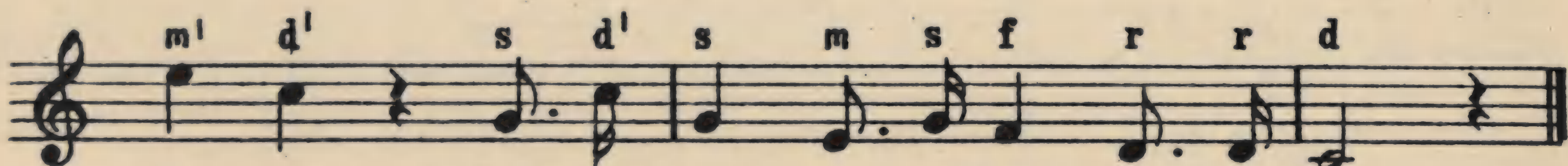
hand, but his heart's true and mel-low. See him stand there, his huge bel-lows



blow-ing, With his strong brawn-y arms free and



bare. See the fire in the fur-nace a



glow-ing; Bright its spar-kle and flash, loud its roar.

2. Blow the fire, stir the coals, heaping more on;
Till the iron's all aglow, let it roar on!
While the smith high his hammer's a-swinging,
Fi'ry sparks fall in show'rs all around.
And the sledge on the anvil is ringing;
Fills the air with its clanging sound.

3. Let the blows, strong and sure, quickly falling,
Haste the work, for the iron fast is cooling.
Oh, the smith he's a fine sturdy fellow!
Bravely working from morning till night;
Hard his hand, but his heart's true and mellow;
Like his anvil, he stands for the right.

SUMMER SCHOOL

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

VICTORIA, B. C.

WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY.

Sir Walter Scott.

R. T. B.

Vigorously.

d d r r m f s s s m r d r m

I. Wa - ken, lords and la - dies gay, On the moun - tain

r t, s, s, d d r r m f s s m

dawns the day. All the jol - ly chase is here With

r m r m f e s l s l f s m f r m d

hawk and horse and hunt - ing spear. Hounds are in their coup - les yell - ing,

f r m d r t, l, s, d d d r r r

Hawks are whis - tling, horns are knell - ing, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly

m f s s d' s m d m l s d

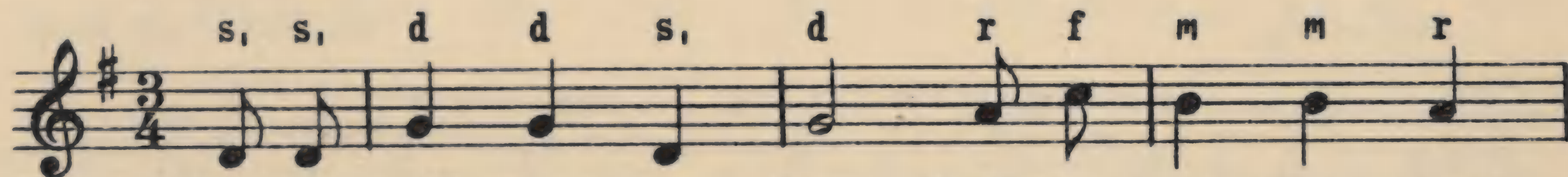
min - gle they. Wa - ken, lords and la - dies gay.

2. Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
Now we come to chant our lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay.
3. Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size,
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay.

SWEET NIGHTINGALE.

Smoothly.

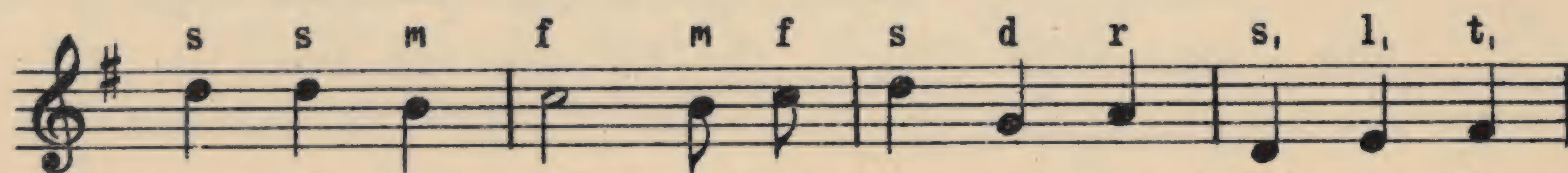
English Folk Song.



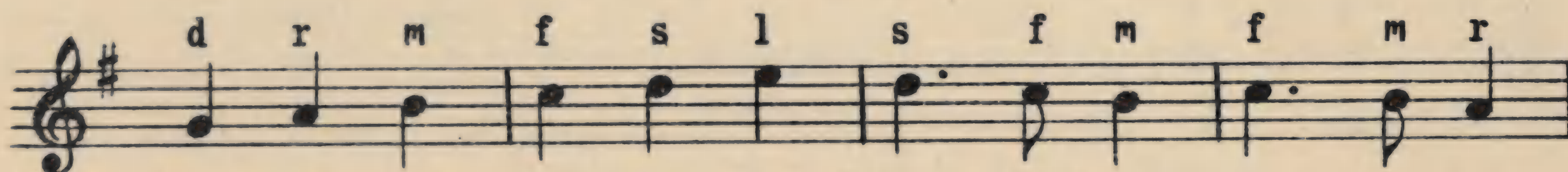
I. Pret-ty maid, come a - long, Don't you hear the sweet



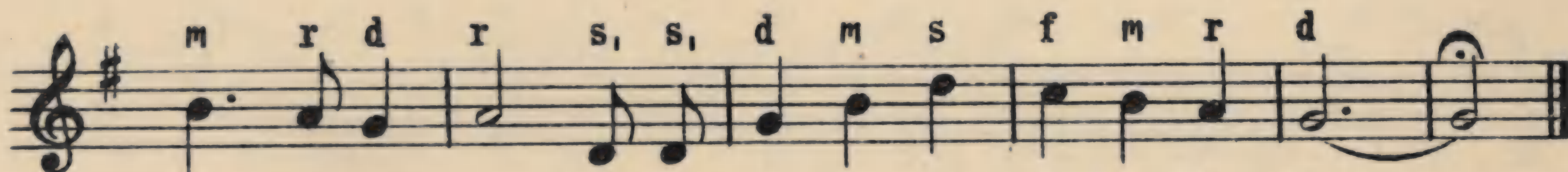
song, The sweet notes of the night-in-gale flow? Don't you



hear the fond tale Of the sweet night-in - gale, As she



sings in the val - ley be - low



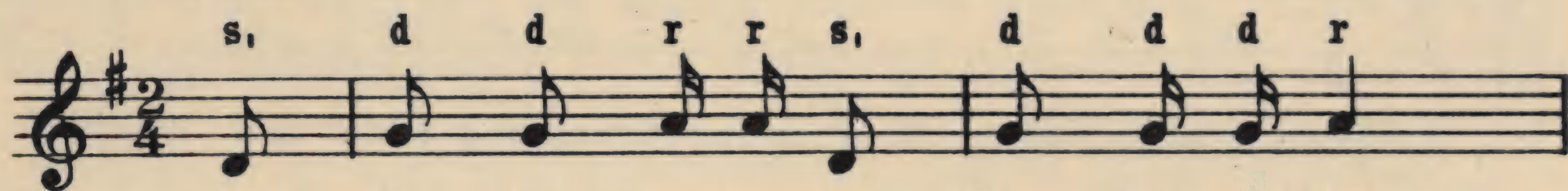
_____, As she sings in the val - ley be - low.

2. Pretty Betty, don't fail,
 For I'll carry your pail
 Safely home to your cot as we go.
 You shall hear the fond tale
 Of the sweet nightingale,
 As she sings in the valley below;
 As she sings in the valley below.

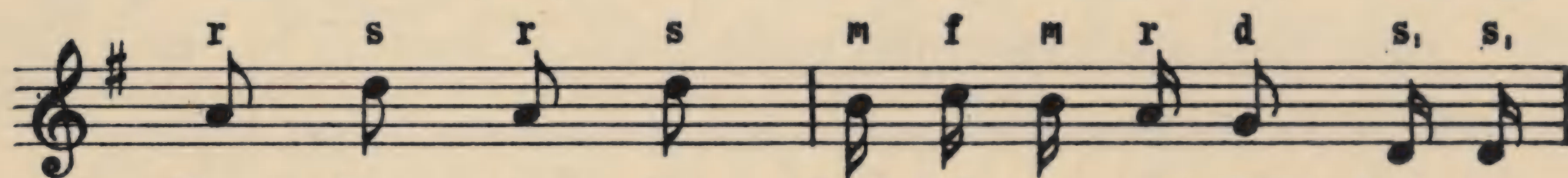
STRAWBERRY FAIR.

Daintily.

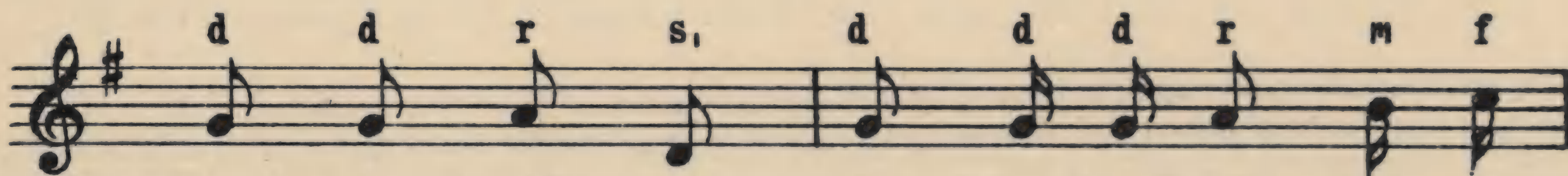
English Folk Song.



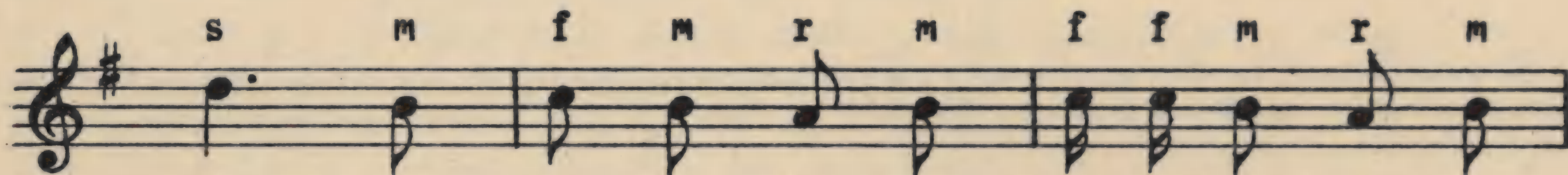
I. As I was go-ing to Straw-ber-ry Fair,



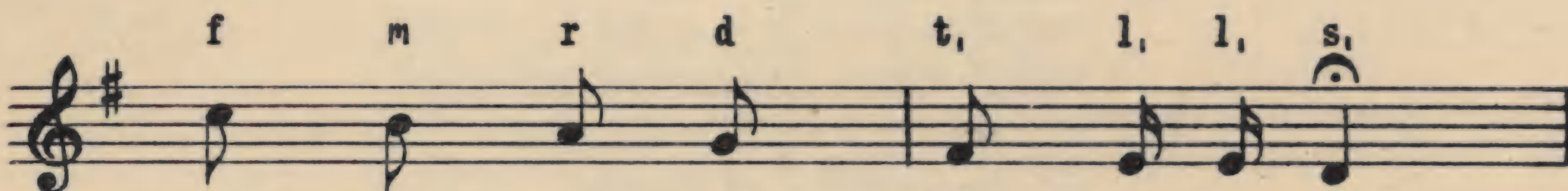
Sing - ing, sing - ing But-ter cups and dais - ies, I



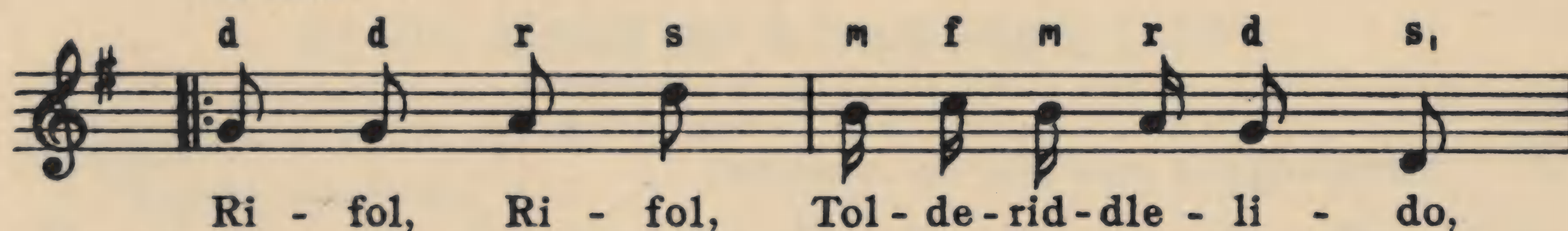
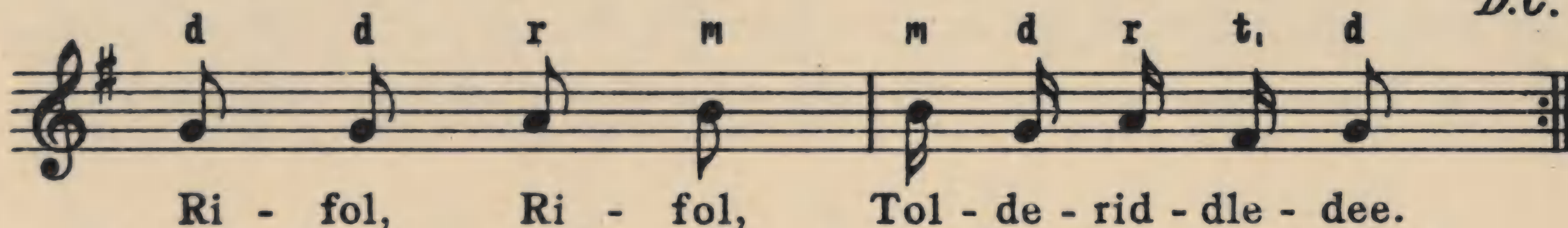
met a maid - en ta - king her wares, fol - de -



dee. Her eyes were blue and gold-en her hair, As



she went on to Straw - ber - ry Fair.

Chorus.*D.C.*

2. "Kind sir, pray pick of my basket," she said;
Singing, singing, Buttercups and daisies
"My cherries ripe or my roses red, fol-de-dee.
My strawberries sweet I can of them spare,
As I go on to Strawberry Fair." *Chorus.*

3. "Your cherries soon will be wasted away;"
Singing, singing, buttercups and daisies
"Your roses wither'd and never stay, fol-de-dee.
'Tis not to seek such perishing ware,
That I am tramping to Strawberry Fair." *Chorus.*

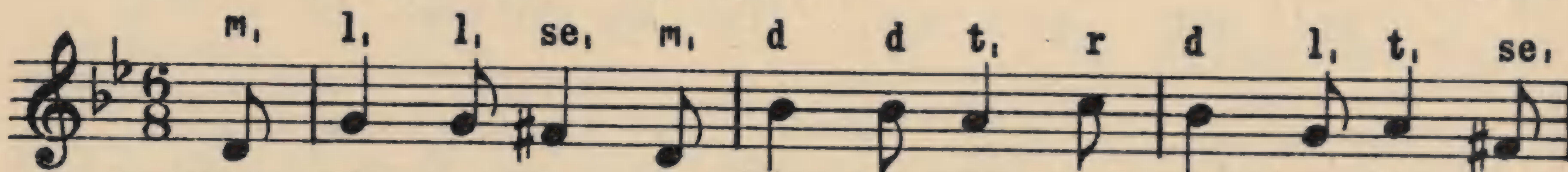
4. "I want to purchase a generous heart;"
Singing, singing, buttercups and daisies
"A tongue that neither is nimble nor tart, fol-de-dee
An honest mind, but such trifles are rare.
I doubt if they're found at Strawberry Fair." *Chorus.*

5. "The price I offer, my sweet pretty maid;"
Singing, singing, buttercups and daisies
"A ring of gold on your finger displayed, fol-de-dee,
So come, make over to me your ware
In church to-day at Strawberry Fair." *Chorus.*

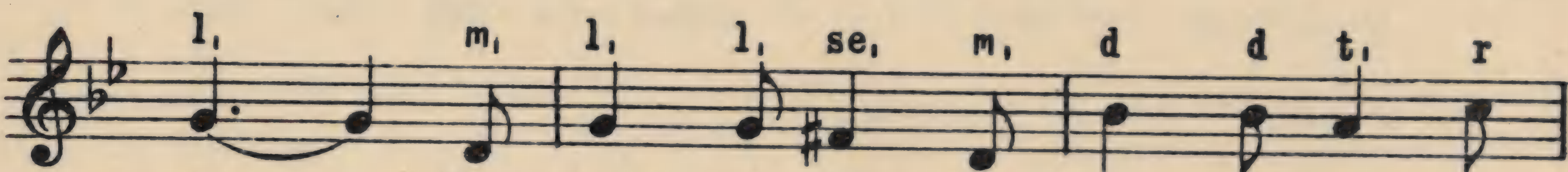
THE JOLLY MILLER.

In swinging and sturdy rhythm.

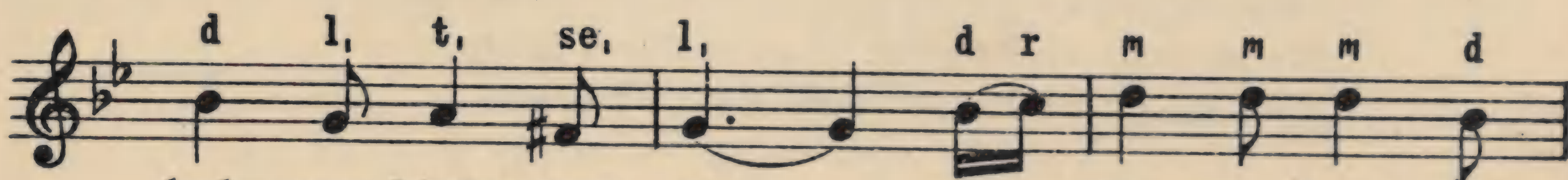
English.



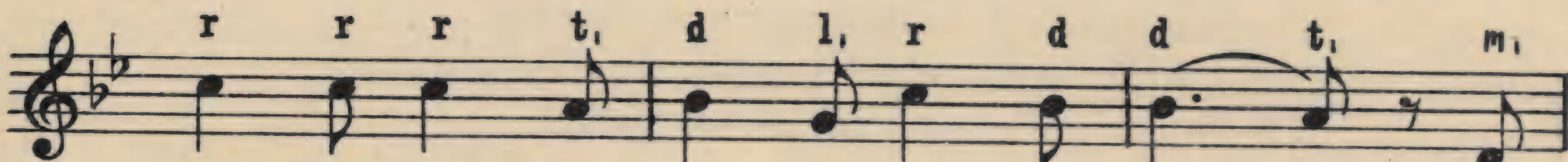
1. There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Liv'd on the riv - er



Dee. He work'd and sang from morn till night, No



lark more blithe than he And this the bur - den



of his song, For ev - er used to be. "I



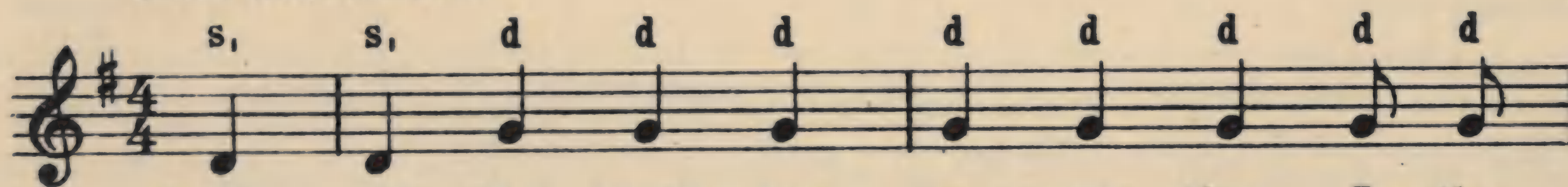
care for no-bod-y, no, not I, If no-bod-y cares for me.

2. "I live by my mill, she is to me
 Like kindred, child, and wife.
 I would not change my own degree
 For any other in life.
 This song shall pass from me to thee,
 And happy we will be,
 'I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me.'"

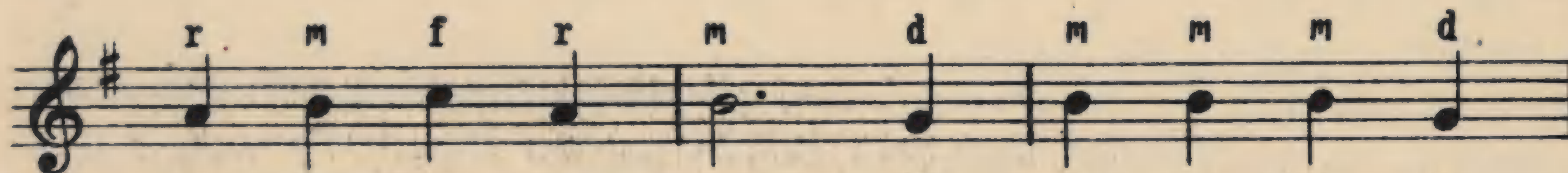
BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW.

Traditional.

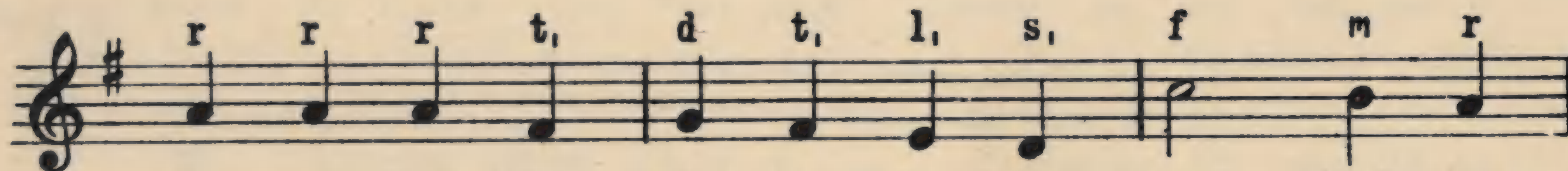
Old English Song.

With animation.

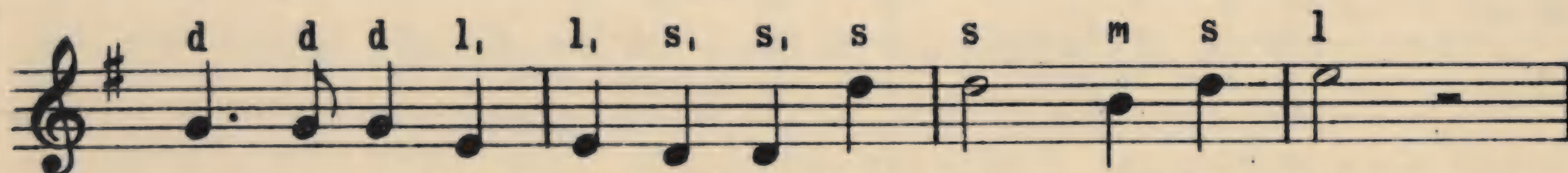
I. Up - on the sweet - est sum - mer time, In the



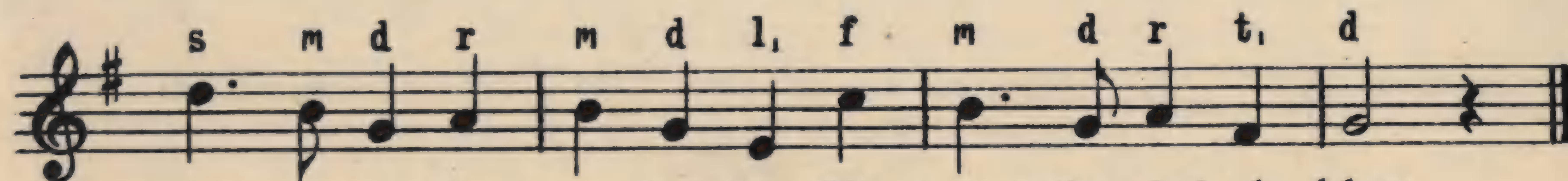
mid - dle of the morn, A pret - ty fair - y



I e - spied, The fair - est ev - er born. And sing,



blow a-way the morn-ing dew, The dew, and the dew,



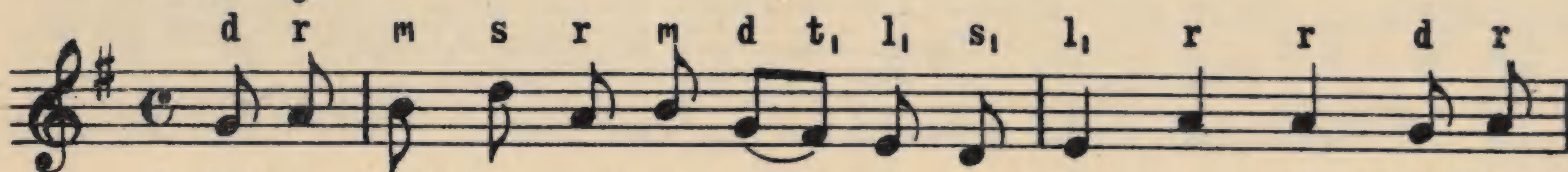
Blow a-way the morn-ing dew, How sweet the winds do blow.

2. She gathered to her lovely flow'r's,
 The pretty snowdrop bell
 That hides its head in sheltered bow'r's,
 The daffodil as well.
 And sing, blow away the morning dew,
 The dew, and the dew,
 Blow away the morning dew,
 How sweet the winds do blow.

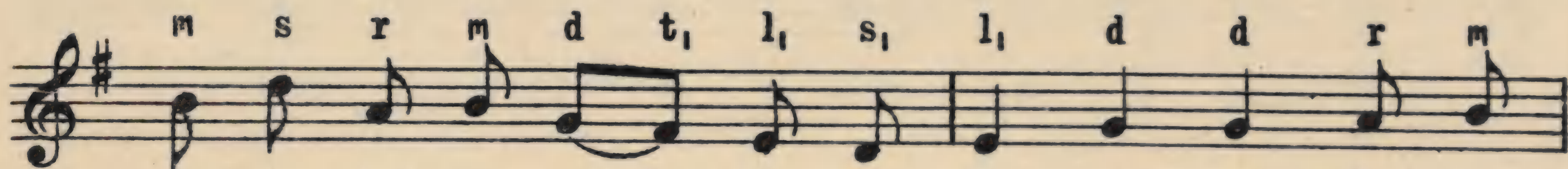
KELVIN GROVE.

Thomas Lyle.

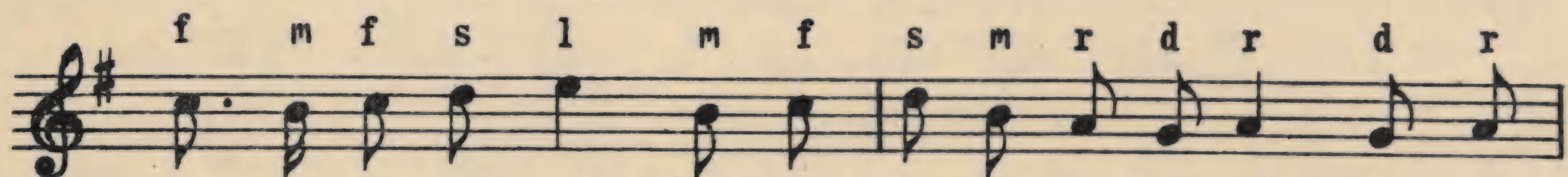
Scottish.

Cheerily.

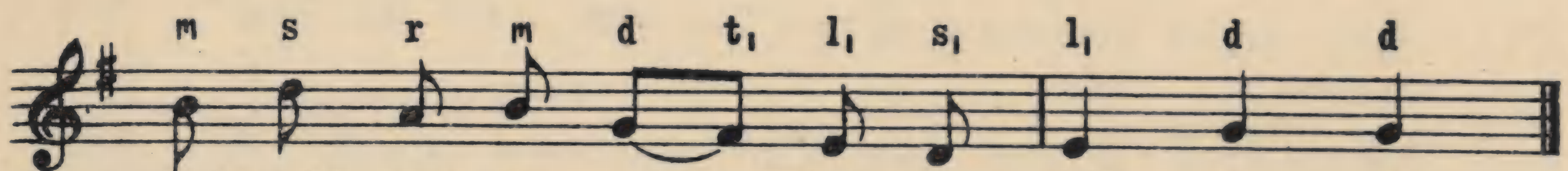
1. Let us haste to Kel-vin grove, bon-nie las - sie, O; Thro' its



ma - zes let us rove, bon - nie las - sie, O; When the



ro - ses in their pride Deck the bon-nie din-gle side, Where the

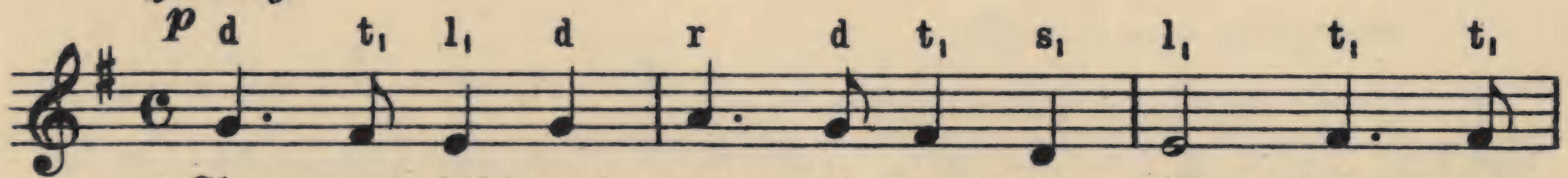


mid-night fair - ies glide, bon - nie las - sie, O.

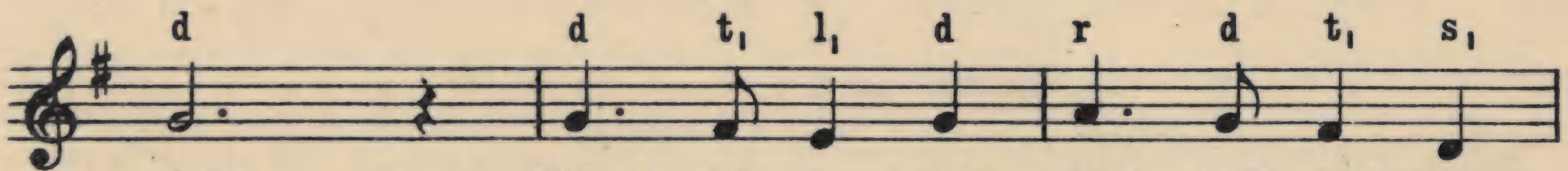
2. Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O;
 To the cave beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O;
 Where the glens rebound the call
 Of the roaring waters' fall,
 Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

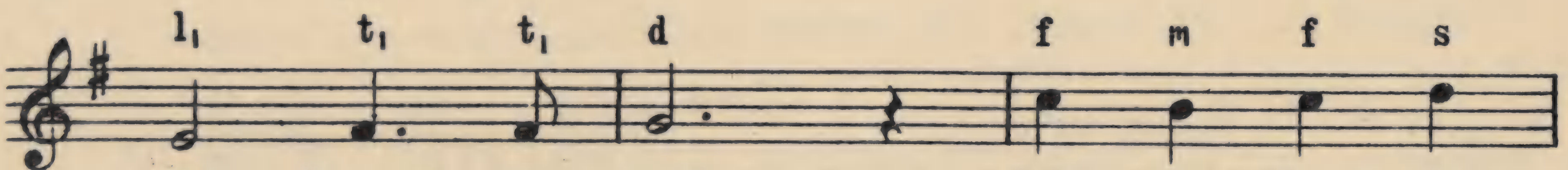
Welsh.

Quietly.

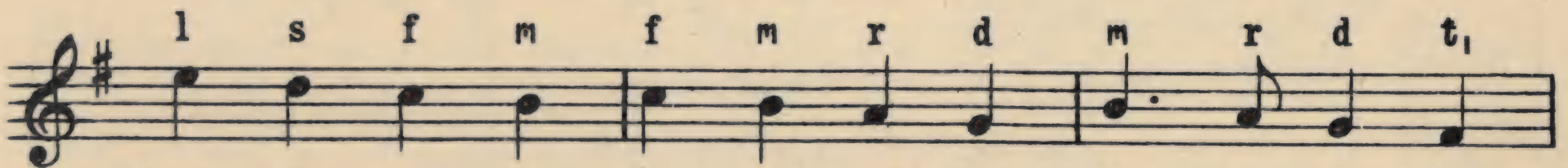
I. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All through the



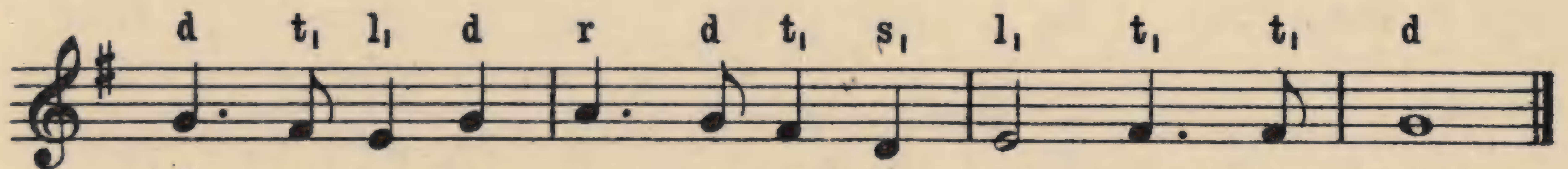
night. Guard-ian an-gels God will send thee,



All through the night. Soft the drow-sy



hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing;



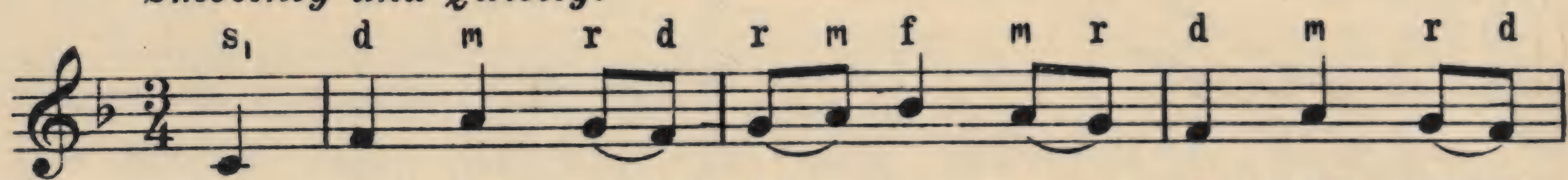
I my lov-ing watch am keep-ing All through the night.

2. While the moon her watch is keeping
 All through the night.
 While the weary world is sleeping
 All through the night.
 O'er thy spirit gently stealing,
 Visions of delight revealing;
 Breathes a pure and holy feeling
 All through the night.

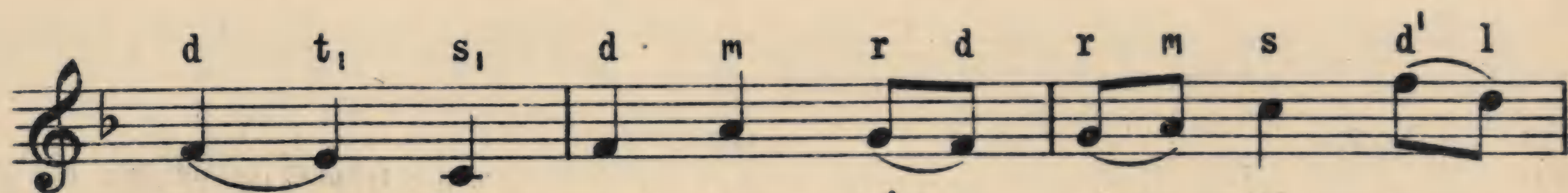
AFTON WATER.

Robert Burns.

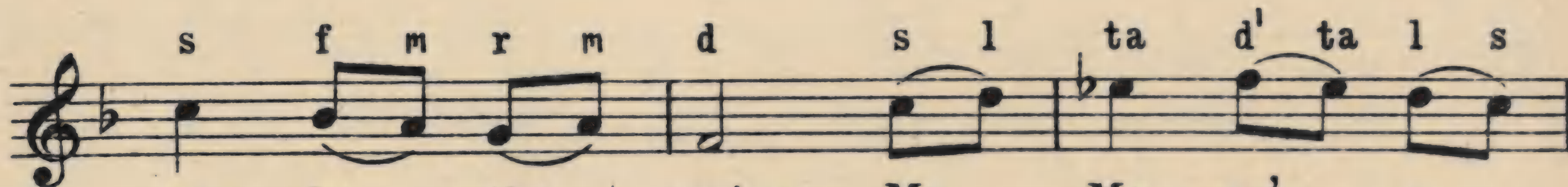
Scottish.

Smoothly and Quietly.

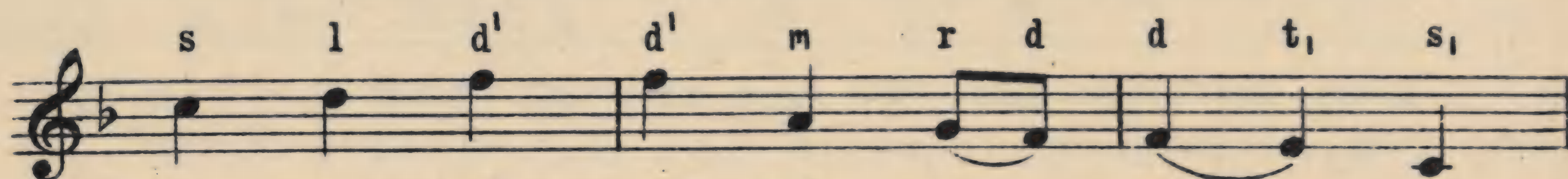
1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green



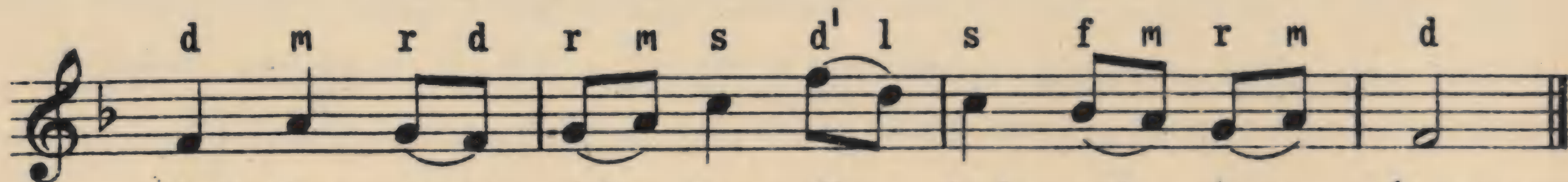
braes, Flow gent - ly, I'll sing thee a



song in thy praise: My Ma - ry's a -



sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow



gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

2. Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And it winds by the cot where my Mary resides,
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

ROUNDS.

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT.

I. d d d r m II. m r m f s

Row, row, row your boat Gent-ly down the stream,

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly; Life is but a dream.

LOVELY EVENING. *round* *into of fa*

I. d r m d f m m r d f m m r d II. m f s m

Oh how love-ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning, When the bells are

sweet-ly ring-ing, sweet-ly ring-ing, Ding dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

HEY-HO, TO THE GREENWOOD.

Traditional.

Old English Round.

I. s, m d d t, r d s, II. s, s m r t, d

Hey - ho, to the green-wood go, And there find buck and doe.

LONDON'S BURNING.

I. *s, s, d d s, s, d d* II. *r r m m r r*

Lon-don's burn-ing, Lon-don's burn-ing, Fetch the en-gines, fetch the

III. *m m s s s s* IV. *s f m m s f m m*

en-gines, Fire! fire! fire! fire! Pour on wa-ter, pour on wa-ter.

EARLY TO BED.

Benjamin Franklin.

English.

I. *s l s s d' s s f m* II. *m f m*

Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, Makes a man

III. *m r f m m r d d d t, l, s, d*

health-y and wealth-y and wise, Wise health-y and wealth-y.

GREAT TOM IS CAST.

I. *s l t d' d'* II. *r' d' f' r'*

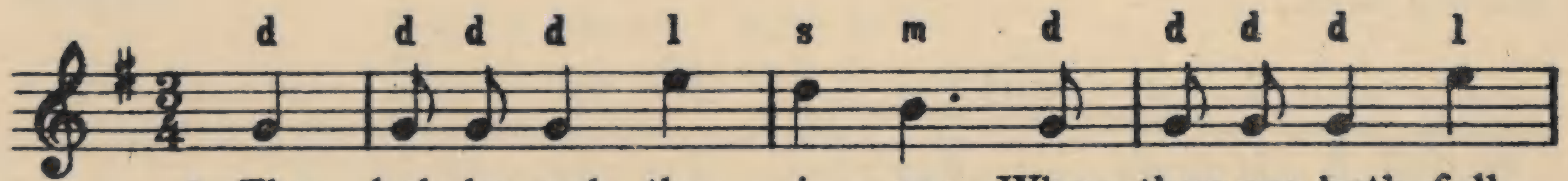
Great Tom is cast, And Christ Church bells ring,

III. *m' r' d' t l s m f s d*

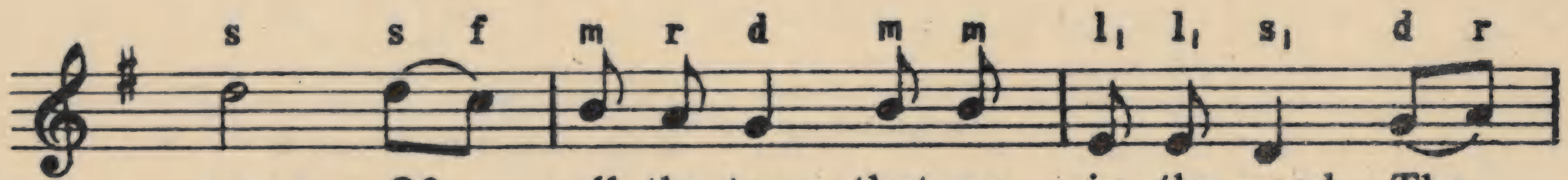
One, two, three, four, five, six, And Tom comes last.

CAROLS.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY.

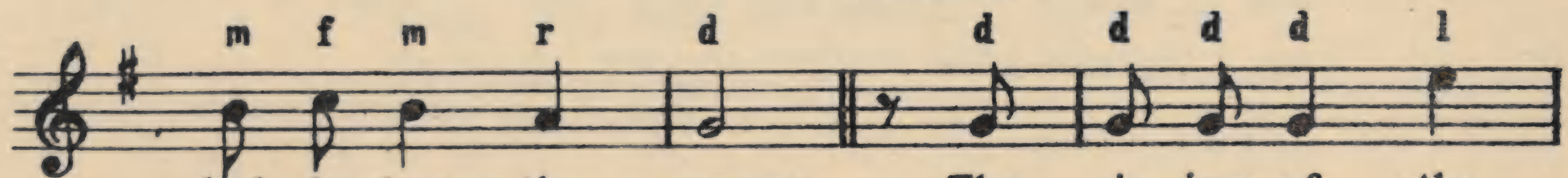


1. Thy hol-ly and the i - vy, When they are both full

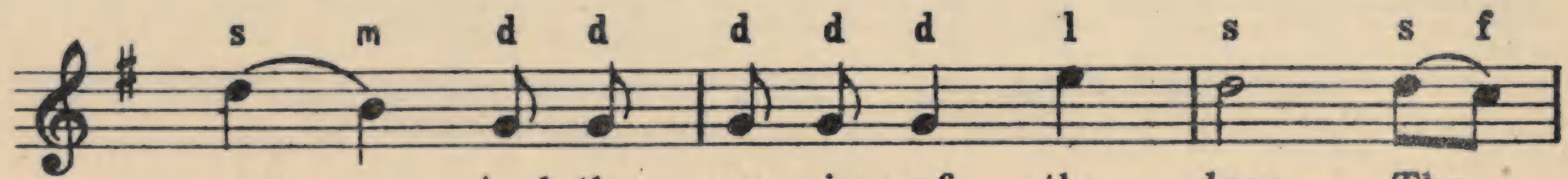


grown, Of all the trees that are in the wood, The

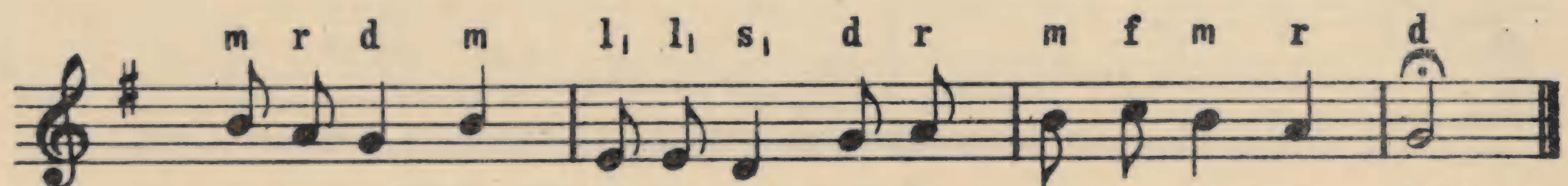
CHORUS.



hol-ly bears the crown: The ris-ing of the



sun And the run-ning of the deer, The



play-ing of the mer-ry or - gan, Sweet sing-ing in the choir.

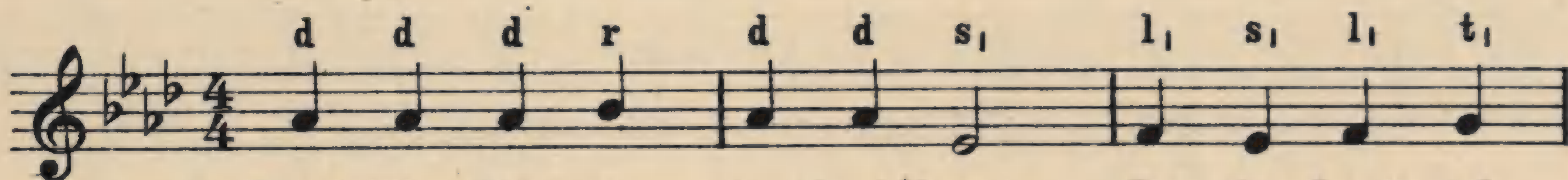
2. The holly bears a blossom,
As white as the lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.

Chorus.

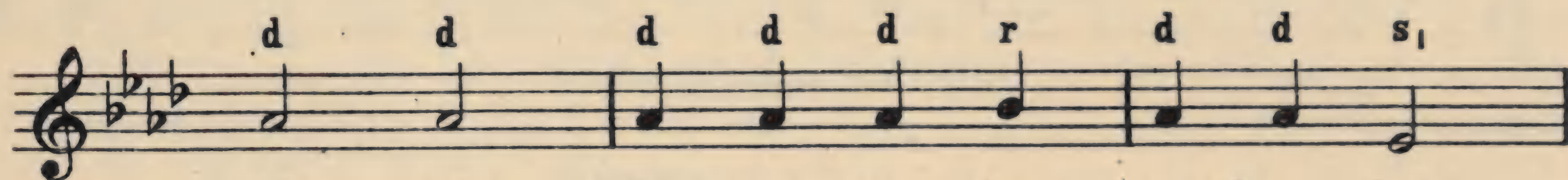
GOOD KING WENCESLAS.

Simson Cook.

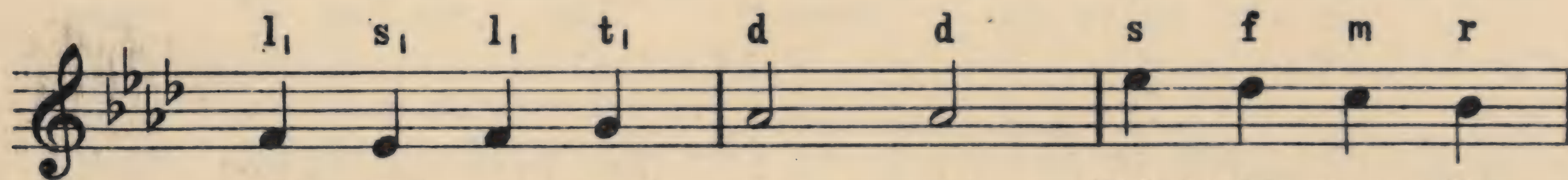
Mediaeval.



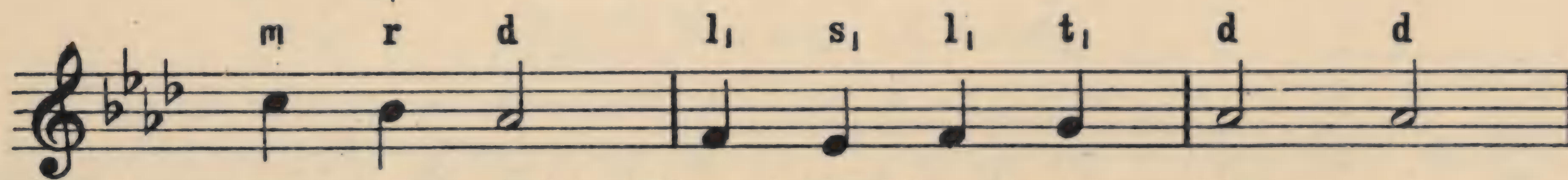
I. Good King Wen-ces - las look'd out, On the feast of



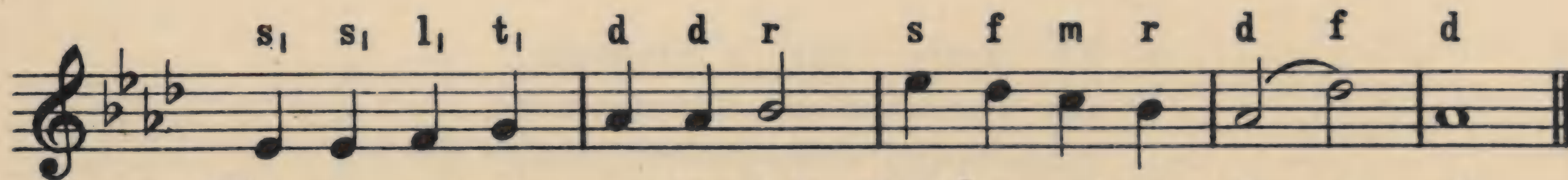
Ste - phen, When the snow lay round a - bout,



Deep and crisp and e - ven: Bright-ly shone the



moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,

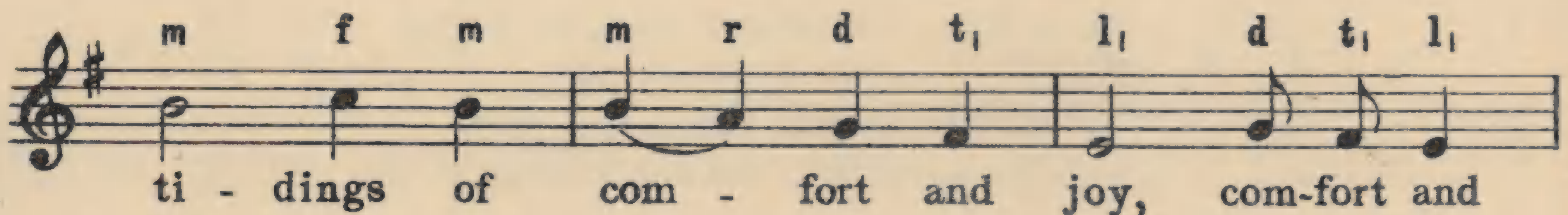
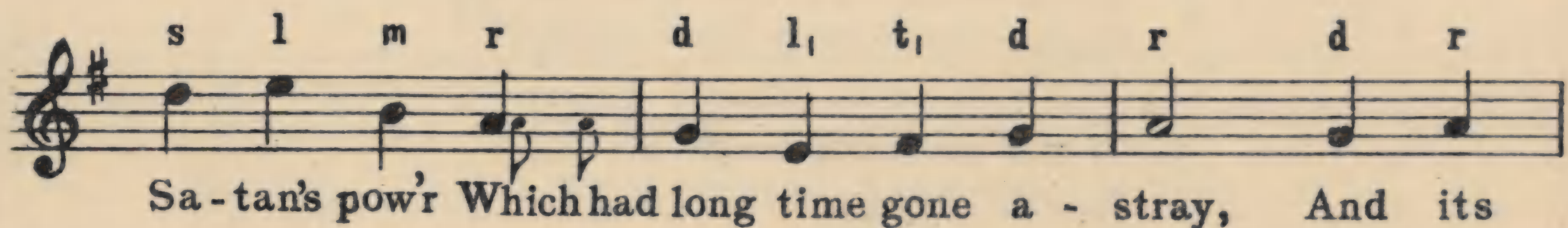
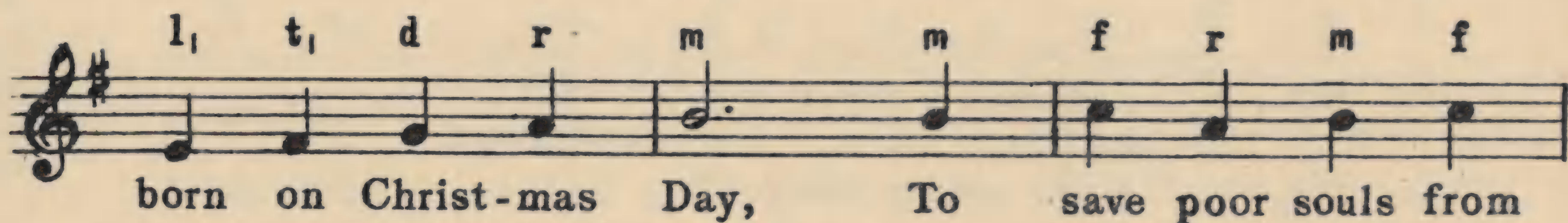
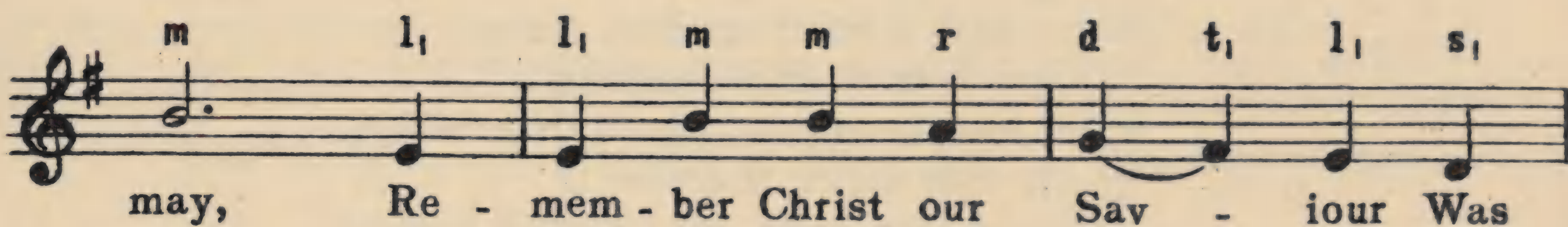
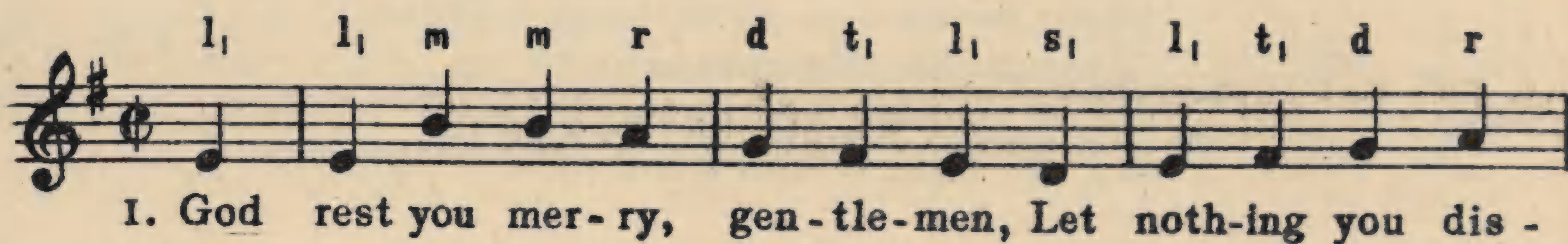


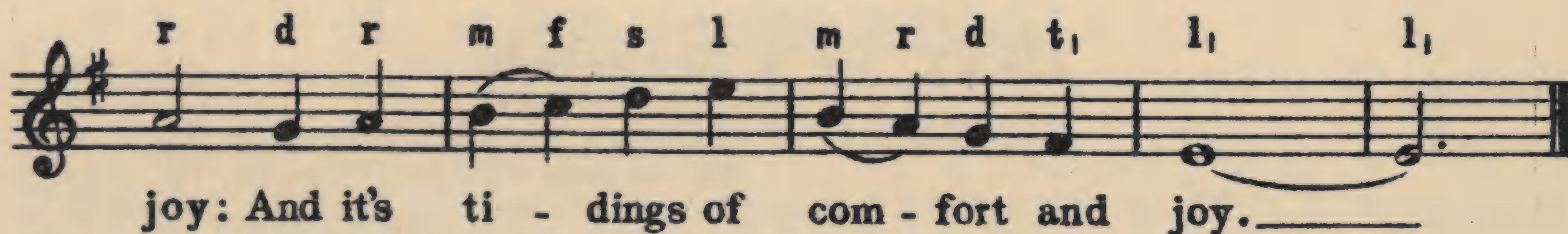
When a poor man came in sight Gath'ring winter fu - el.

2. "Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By St. Agnes' fountain?"
3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.
4. "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."
5. In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

GOD REST YOU MERRY.

London.





2. From God that is our Father.
 The blessed Angels came,
 Unto some certain Shepherds,
 With tidings of the same,
 That there was born in Bethlehem.
 The son of God by name.
 And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

3. The Shepherds at those tidings
 Rejoiced much in mind,
 And left their flocks a-feeding
 In tempest storms of wind,
 And strait they came to Bethlehem
 The son of God to find.
 And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

4. Now when they came to Bethlehem,
 Where our sweet Saviour lay,
 They found him in a manger,
 Where oxen feed on hay,
 The blessed Virgin, kneeling down,
 Unto the Lord did pray.
 And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

AWAY IN A MANGER.

By courtesy of Hope Publishing Co. Chicago.
From the Hymnary.

s₁ d d r m d d m f s s l f r m

1. A - way in a man-ger, No crib for a bed, The

f f s m m d m r l₁ d t₁ s₁

lit - tle Lord Je - sus Laid down His sweet Head. The

d d r m d d m f s s l f r m

stars in the bright sky Look'd down where he lay, The

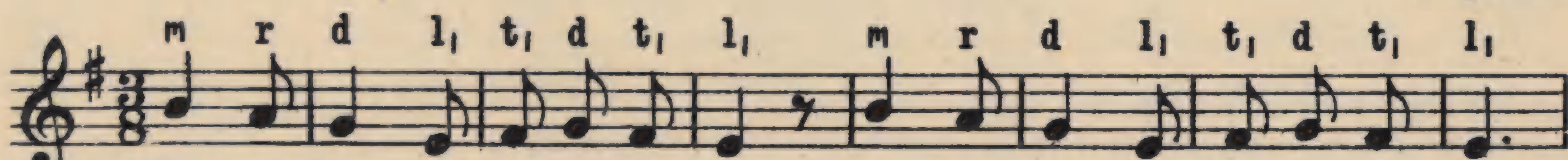
f f s m m d m r l₁ t₁ d

lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.

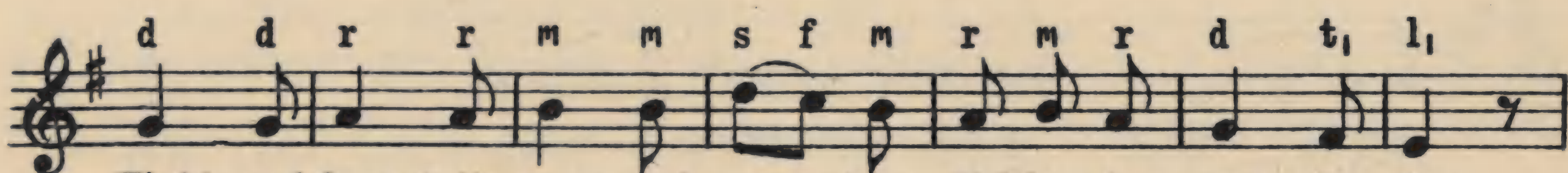
2. The cattle are lowing,
The baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus,
Look down from the sky
And stay by my side,
Until morning is nigh.

WE THREE KINGS.

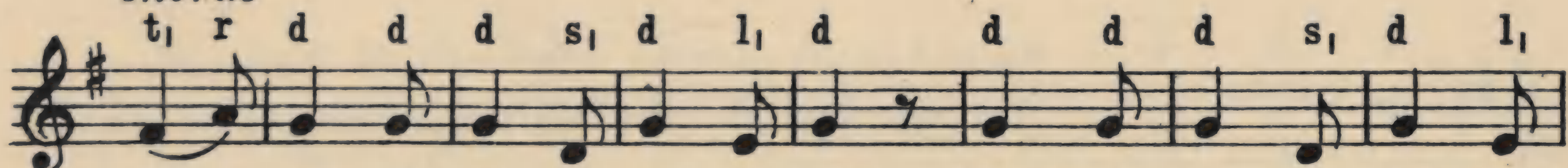
Hopkins.



I. We three Kings of Or-i-ent are; Bear-ing gifts we trav-erse a - far,



Field and foun-tain moor and moun-tain, Fol-low-ing yon - der star.

Chorus

O star of won-der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau-ty



bright, West-ward lead ing, still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to thy per-fect light.

2. Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again -
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign:— *Chorus*.
3. Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship him, God most high:— *Chorus*.
4. Myrrh is mine; its better perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb:— *Chorus*.
5. Glorious now behold Him rise
King, and God, and sacrifice!
Heaven sings alleluia,
Alleluia, the earth replies:— *Chorus*.

THE FIRST NOWEL.

Traditional.

Allegretto.

m r d r m f s l t d' t l s l t

I. The first Now - el the An-gels did say, Was to

d t l s l t d s f m m r

cer - tain poor shep - herds in fields as they lay. In

d r m f s l t d' t l s l t

fields where they lay keep - ing their sheep, On a

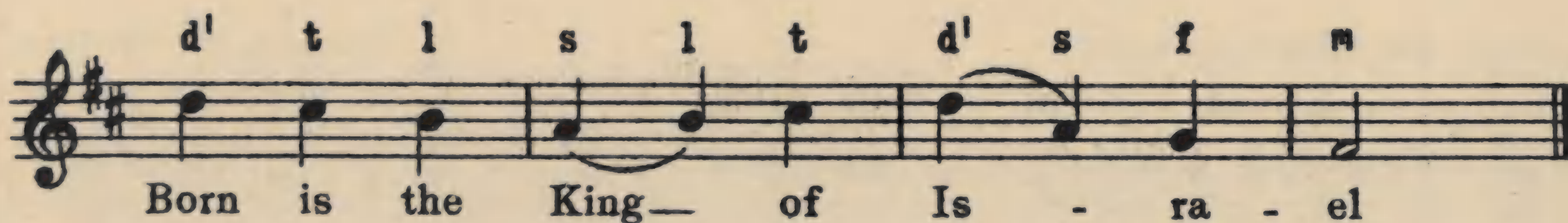
d' t l s l t d' s f m

cold win - ter's night that was. so deep

Chorus

m r d r m f s d' t l l s

Now - el, Now - el, Now - el, Now - el

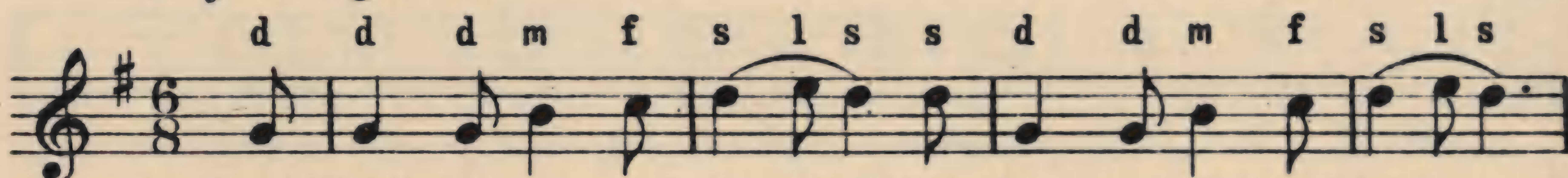


2. They looked up and saw a Star,
 Shining in the East, beyond them far,
 And to the earth it gave great light,
 And so it continued both day and night.— *Chorus.*
3. And by the light of that same Star,
 Three Wise Men came from country far,
 To seek for a King was their intent,
 And to follow the star wherever it went.— *Chorus.*
4. This Star drew nigh to the North-West,
 O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
 And there it did both stop and stay,
 Right over the place where Jesus lay.— *Chorus.*
5. Then entered in those Wise Men three,
 Full reverently upon their knee,
 And offered there, in His presence,
 Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.— *Chorus.*
6. Then let us all with one accord,
 Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
 That hath made Heaven and earth of nought,
 And with His Blood mankind hath bought.— *Chorus.*

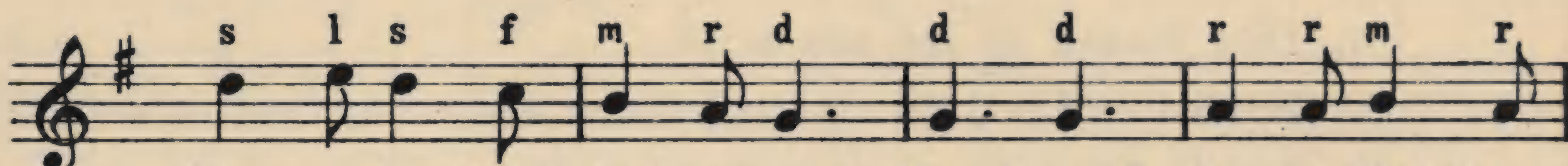
GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE.

In flowing time.

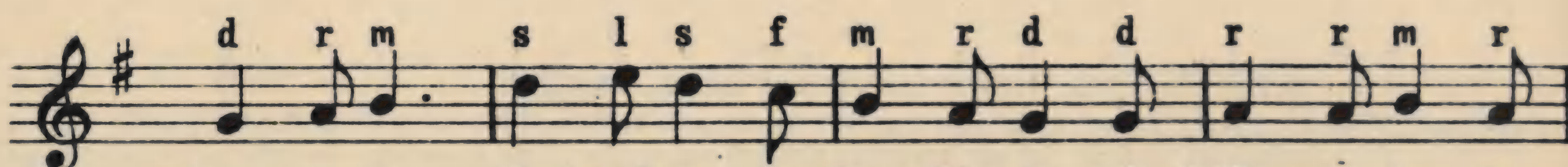
German, XV Century.



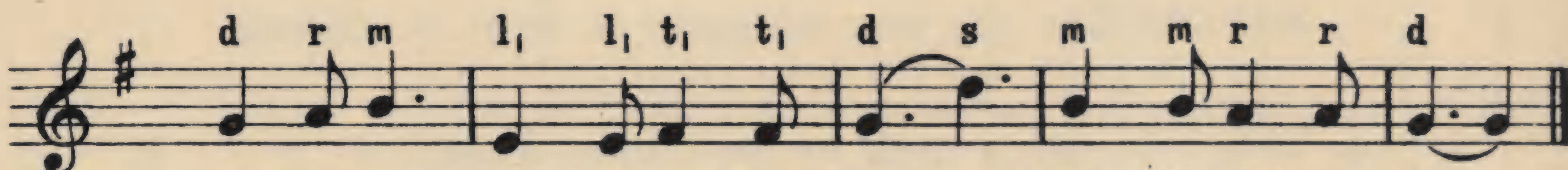
1. Good Chris-tian men, re - joice With heart and soul and voice;



Give ye heed to what we say. News! news! Je - sus Christ is



born to-day. Ox and ass be-fore Him bow, And He is in the



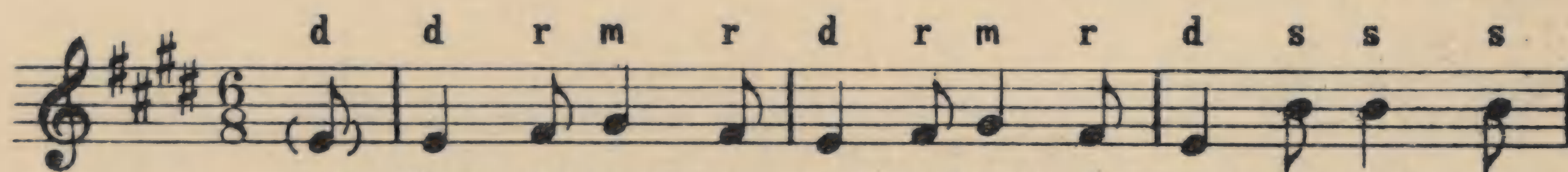
man-ger now. Christ is born to - day, Christ is born to - day.

2. Good Christian men, rejoice
 With heart, and soul, and voice;
 Now ye hear of endless bliss;
 Joy! Joy!
 Jesus Christ was born for this!
 He hath oped the heavenly door,
 And man is blessed evermore.
 Christ was born for this!

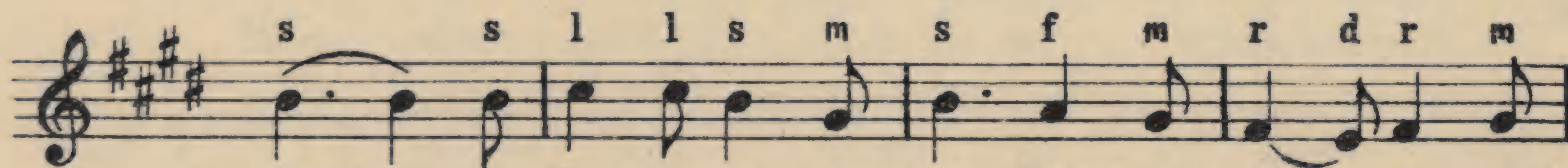
3. Good Christian men, rejoice
 With heart, and soul, and voice;
 Now ye need not fear the grave:
 Peace! Peace!
 Jesus Christ was born to save!
 Calls you one and calls you all,
 To gain His everlasting hall:
 Christ was born to save!

THE WASSAIL SONG.

Old English.

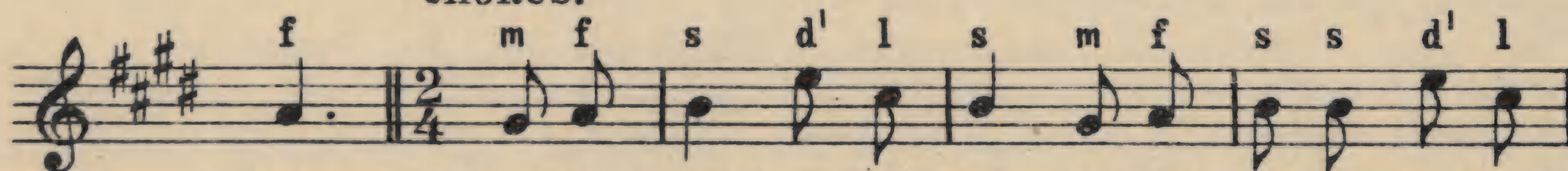


1. Here we come a - was-sail-ing A - mong the leaves so

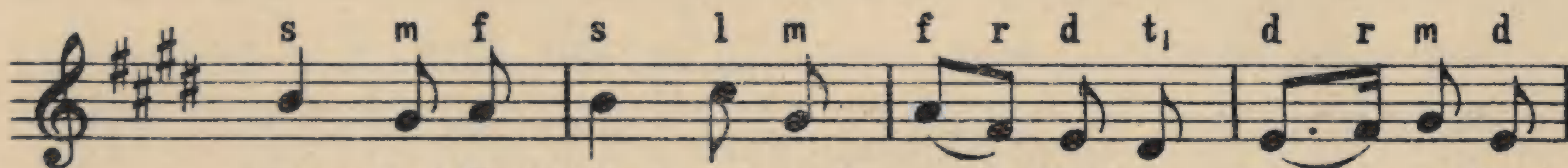


green, Here we come a wan-d'ring, So fair to be

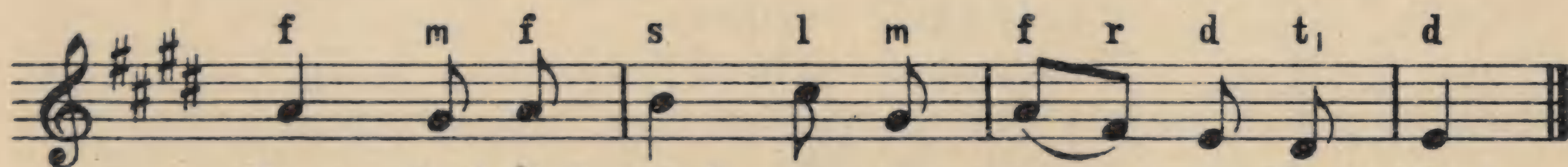
CHORUS.



seen. Love and joy come to you, And to you your was-sail



too, And God bless you and send you a hap - py New



Year, And God send you a hap - py New Year.

2. We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbors' children
Whom you have seen before.

Chorus.

3. God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress, too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

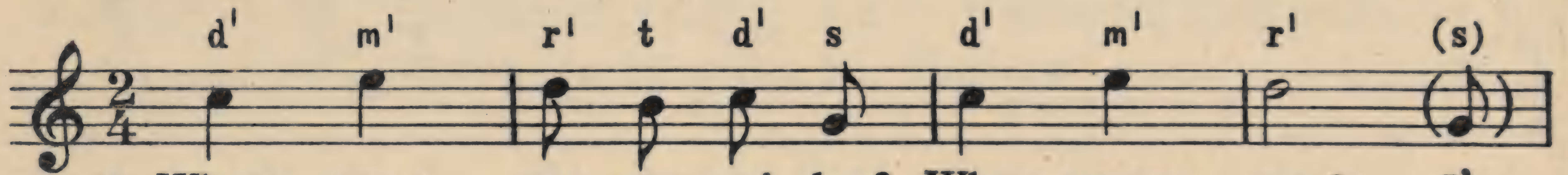
Chorus.

FRENCH CANADIAN SONGS.

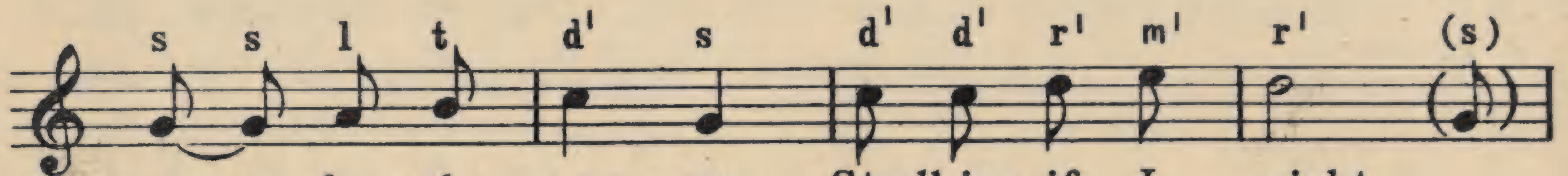
D'OU VIENS-TU, BERGÈRE?

Free Translation, R.T.B.

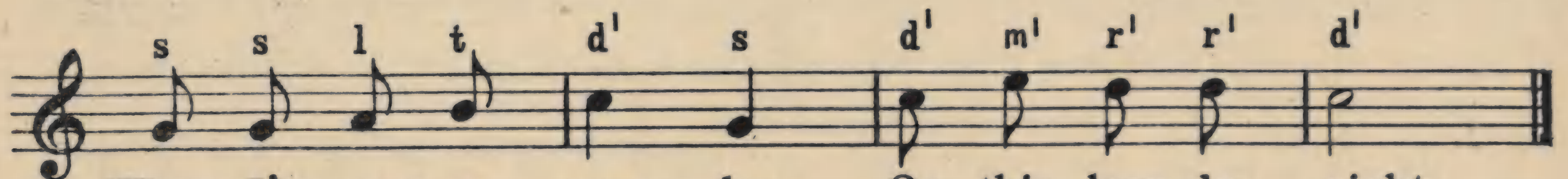
French Canadian.



I. Whence come you, my mai-den? Whence come you? I've



come from the man - ger, Stroll-ing if I might,



Where I've seen a won - der On this love - ly night.

2. What saw you, my maiden?

What saw you?

A holy child begotten,

Come from heaven above;

In the staw so golden

Tenderly he lies.

3. Nothing more, my maiden,

Nothing more?

With Mary his mother

Tending him with care,

And Joseph his father

Near the cradle there.

4. Nothing more, my maiden,

Nothing more?

There were three bright angels

From heaven above

Sweetly chanting anthems

Of eternal love.

VIVE LA CANADIENNE!

French Canadian Folk Song.

s s s s d' s f m d r m s s f m r s

Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne! Vo - le, mon cœur, vo - le; Vi -

s s s d' s f m d r f m r d s₁

ve la Ca - na - dien - ne! Et ses jo - lis yeux doux, Et

d m s s s l s f m f s l s s₁

ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux, Et

d m s s s l s f m f s

ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux, Et ses jo - lis

l s s s s s d' s f m

yeux doux, Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne!

d r m s s f m r s s s s d'

Vo - le, mon cœur, vo - le; Vi - ve la Ca - na -

s f m d r f m r d

- dien - ne! Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.

A LA VOLETTE.

Free translation, R.T.B.

French Canadian Folk Song.

m s d r m d m s m r
 I. Moth-er bird was sing-ing by the sil - v'ry
 d m s d r m d m s m r
 stream, Moth-er bird was sing-ing by the sil - v'ry
 d m f s s f m f f r m
 stream, Moth - er bird, à la vo - let - te, Moth - er
 f f m r m m d r m r d
 bird, à la vo - let - te, By the sil - v'ry stream.

2. I ran up to hear her, and she made me cry, (*bis*)
 Made me cry, à la vo-let-te, (*bis*)
 And she made me cry.

3. For her pretty young ones wished to fly away, (*bis*)
 Wished to fly, à la vo-let-te, (*bis*)
 Wished to fly away.

-
4. But the little mother would not let them go, *(bis)*
Would not let — à la vo-let-te, *(bis)*
Would not let them go.
5. Now the clouds are gath'ring, and 'twill surely rain, *(bis)*
You'll get wet — à la vo-let-te, *(bis)*
You'll get wet, wet, wet!
6. Sparrow-hawk is watching and he'll eat you up; *(bis)*
He will eat — à la vo-let-te, *(bis)*
He will eat you up.
7. Baby birds left mother and they flew away. *(bis)*
Flew away — à la vo-let-te, *(bis)*
Yes they flew away.
8. To the woods they hurried without fear or dread. *(bis)*
Without fear — à la vo-let-te, *(bis)*
Without fear or dread.
9. But the hungry foxes quickly ate them up. *(bis)*
Ate them up — à la vo-let-te, *(bis)*
Quickly ate them up.
10. Mother bird wept sadly for her little ones. *(bis)*
How she wept! — à la vo-let-te, *(bis)*
For her little ones.
11. Disobedient birdies surely come to grief! *(bis)*
Surely come — à la vo-let-te, *(bis)*
Surely come to grief.

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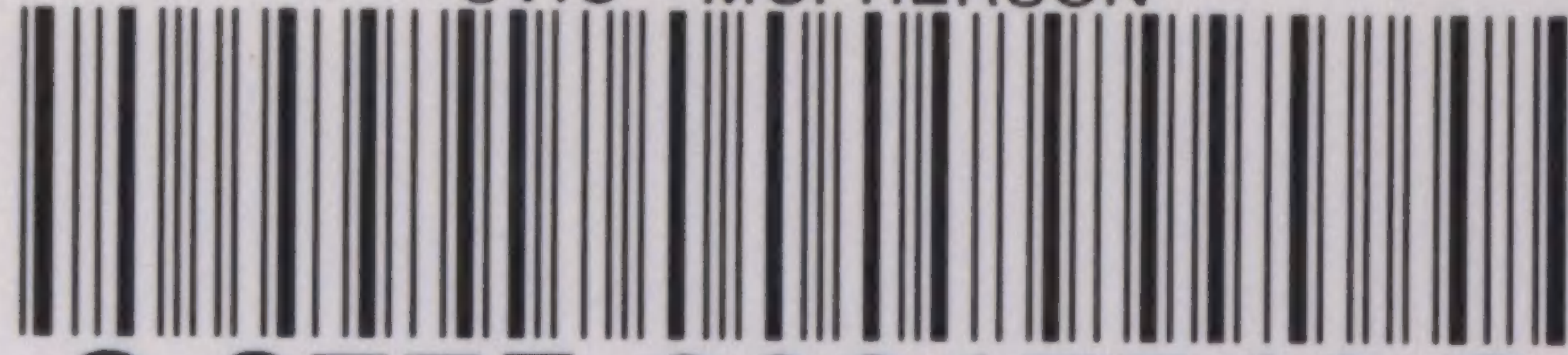
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